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THE NEW YORKER

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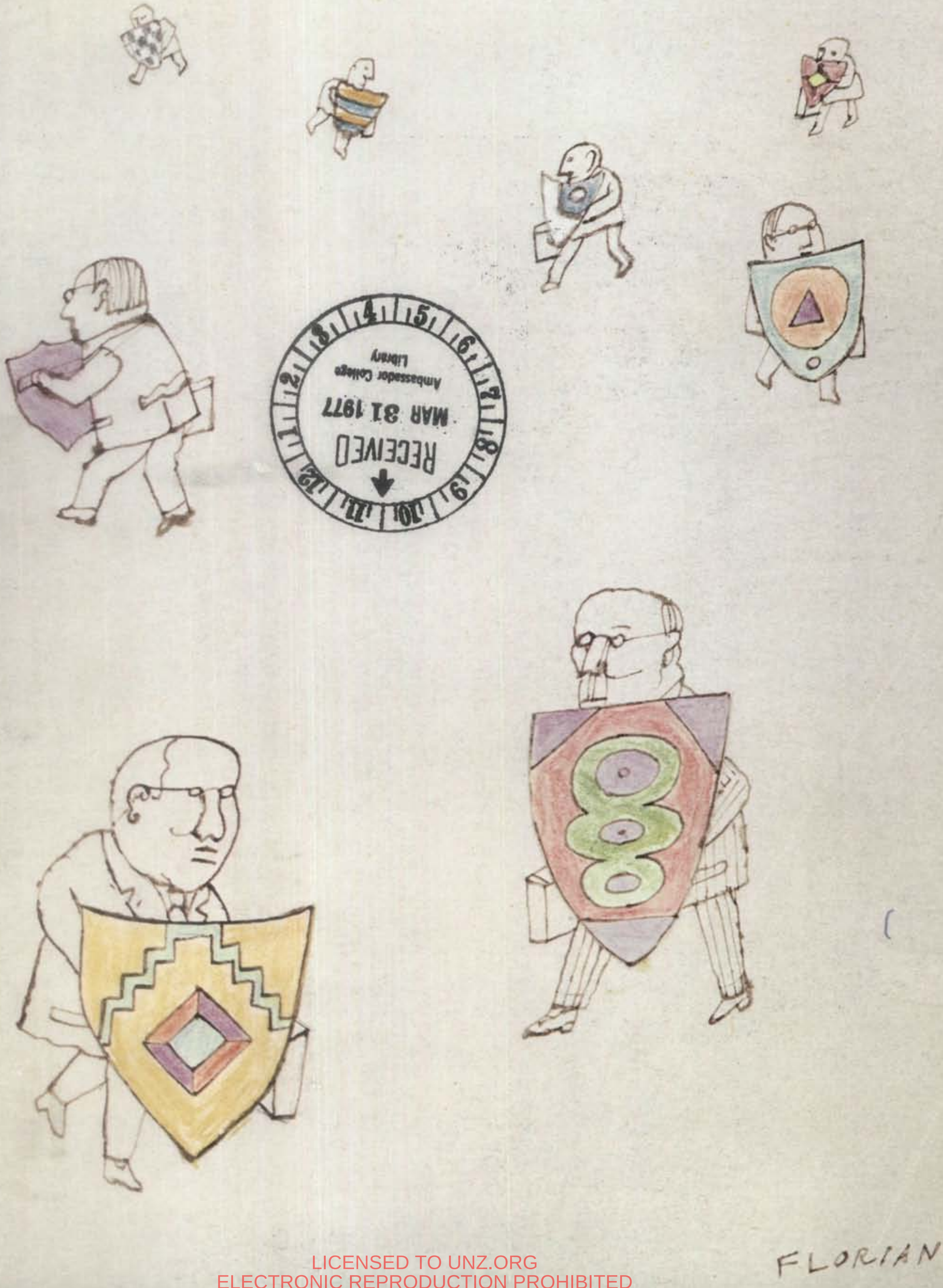

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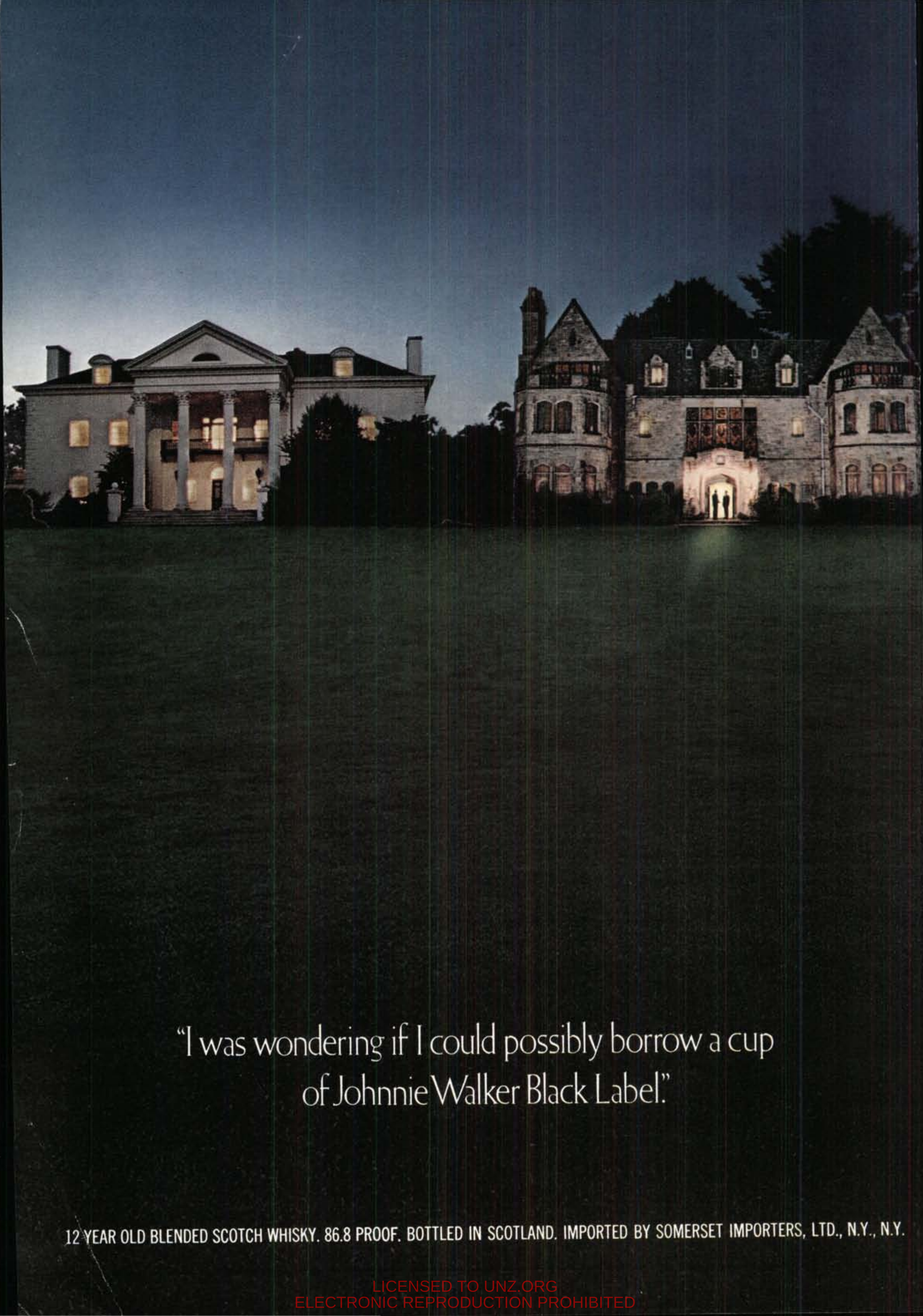

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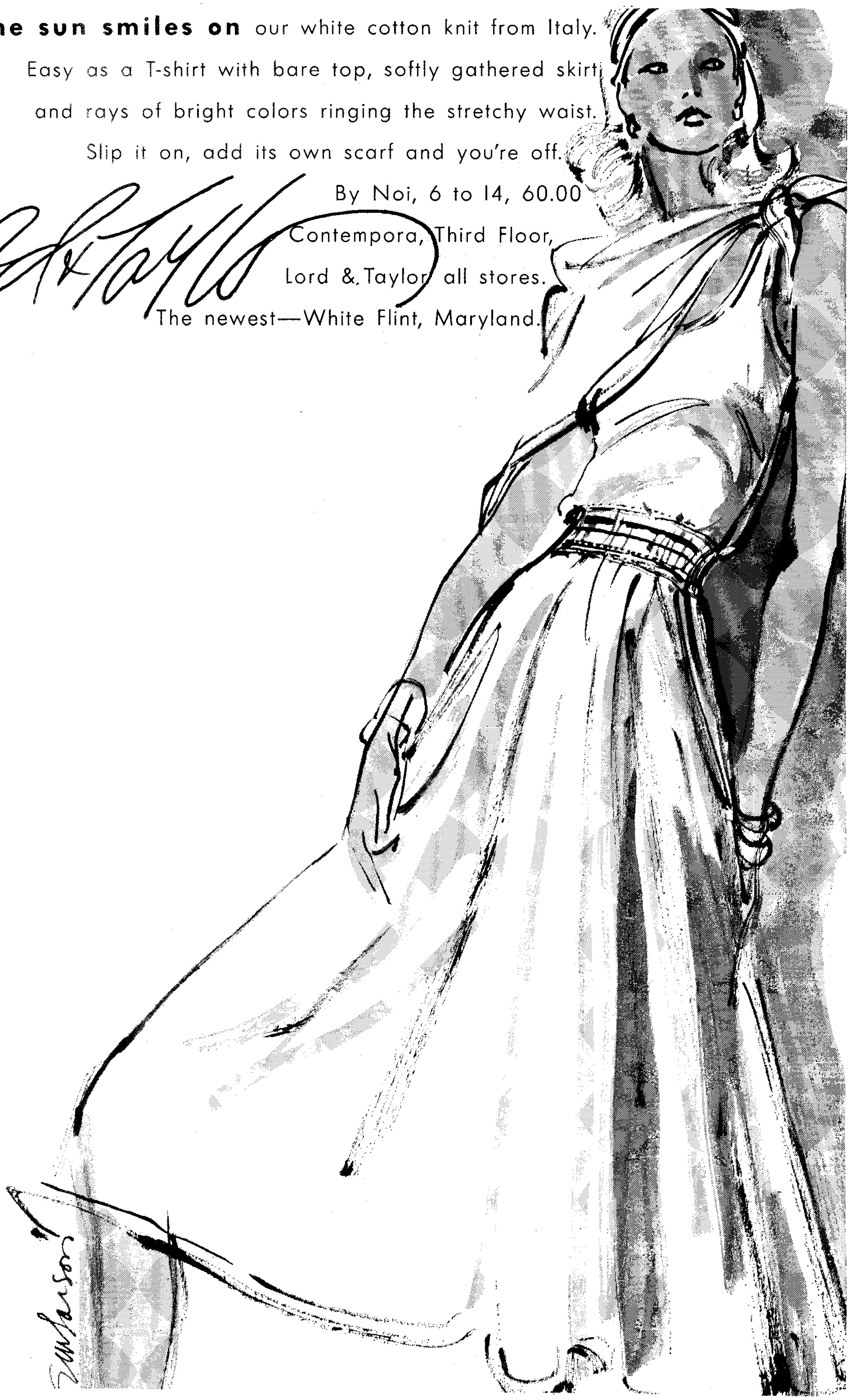

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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27	28	29	30	31	1	2

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

American Buffalo—A garrulous melodrama about some small-time crooks in Chicago. The author is David Mamet, and the brilliant cast consists of Robert Duvall, Kenneth McMillan, and John Savage. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ashes—This British import by David Rudkin tells of the unsuccessful efforts of a most engaging young couple first to conceive a child and later to adopt one—a sad situation, indeed, but an exhilarating play, for Mr. Rudkin is a true dramatist, who writes with feeling, wit, and style. The performances of Brian Murray and Roberta Maxwell as the husband and wife, and of John Tillinger and Penelope Allen as an assortment of other characters, are as close to perfection as makes no matter. Lynne Meadow is the excellent director. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Cherry Orchard—The Chekhov comedy has been willfully misdirected by Andrei Serban, but the cast, headed by Irene Worth, is superb, and Santo Loquasto's sets and costumes are ravishing. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 10.)

The Club—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the performance—the singing, and especially the dancing—under Tommy Tune's direction is proficient and exhilarating. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Comedians—A brilliant comedy by the English playwright Trevor Griffiths. With Milo O'Shea and an admirable supporting cast, nimbly directed by Mike Nichols. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Dirty Linen—Tom Stoppard's playlet, which ought never to have left Mother England. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the musical **WONDERFUL TOWN** (Joseph Fields, Jerome Chodorov, Leonard Bernstein, Betty Comden, and Adolph Green) is the sixth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 27. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A revival, with Zero Mostel, of what is evidently an indestructible musical. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Gathering—A play by Edna O'Brien, with Maria Tucci. Directed by Austin Pendleton. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 27.)

Gemini—In Albert Innaurato's very funny comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 10.)

Hagar's Children—A play by Ernest Joselovitz. Opens Wednesday, March 23. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Jules Feiffer's Hold Me!—A revue—entertaining more often than not—adapted from comic strips that Mr. Feiffer has drawn and written over the past twenty years. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Mark Twain Tonight!—A two-week return engagement (new program) of Hal Holbrook's impersonation of the Missouri humorist at seventy. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. CO 5-2314. Nightly at 8. Closes Saturday, March 26.)

Monsters—Two one-acters. William Dews' "Side Show" is a harsh Grand Guignol comedy about a pair of Siamese twins, cleverly played by Robert Drivas and Richard De Fabees. Albert Innaurato's "The Transfiguration of Benno Blimpie" is about a hugely fat boy and, later, man who is "eating himself to death" to the bafflement and disgust of his unloving family. James Coco gives the performance of his career in the title role, and Rosemary De Angelis is wonderful, too, as Benno's sharp-tongued, embittered mother. The play, while not for the squeamish, is both funny and tragic. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Mummenschanz—A Swiss mime-and-mask troupe of three. Preview Tuesday, March 29. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 30,

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DRAWINGS: *William Steig, Edward Frascino, Donald Reilly, James Stevenson, Lee Lorenz, Mischa Richter, Henry Martin, William Hamilton, Frank Modell, Jack Ziegler, Tom Funk, Dana Fradon, Al Ross, Robert Weber, Arnie Levin, Bernard Schoenbaum, Nurit Karlin, Sam Gross, Leo Cullum*

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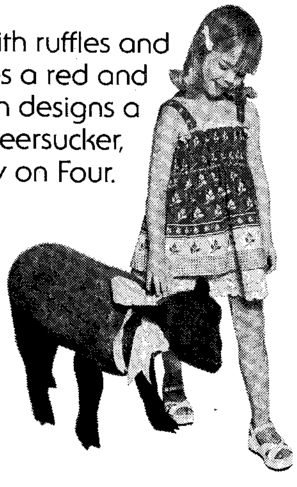

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and will run through Saturday, April 23. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 869-1537. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Thursday, March 31, at 2.)

Nightclub Cantata—The remarkable young composer Elizabeth Swados has set poems and passages of prose by a number of writers, among them herself, to her own arresting, dramatic music. Her selections are, for the most part, strong and theatrical; and they are variously sung, spoken, and enacted by a good company of four men and four women, among them herself. Miss Swados also directed. The accompaniment—Judith Fleisher (piano), William Milhizer (percussion), and Miss S. (guitar)—is first-rate. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Oh! Calcutta!—*A collection of short sketches* that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Otherwise Engaged—Tom Courtenay is the star of Simon Gray's comedy about a London publisher who asks less of life than life is determined to give him. An able cast backs up Mr. Courtenay, under the direction of Harold Pinter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Party with Betty Comden and Adolph Green—A happy evening of song and skits. The hosts provide the audience with everything except a good-night kiss. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Peg o' My Heart—A creditable revival of the delightful comedy that J. Hartley Manners wrote for Laurette Taylor in 1912. Sofia Landon does well as Irish Peg, and Jim Ricketts is very funny and stylish as her *nouveau* poor English cousin. Miguel Romero designed the impressive setting. (Lion Theatre Company, 422 W. 42nd St. 947-4224. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Romeo and Juliet—Paul Rudd and Pamela Payton-Wright star in this scrupulous, uninspired production of Shakespeare's romantic tragedy. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

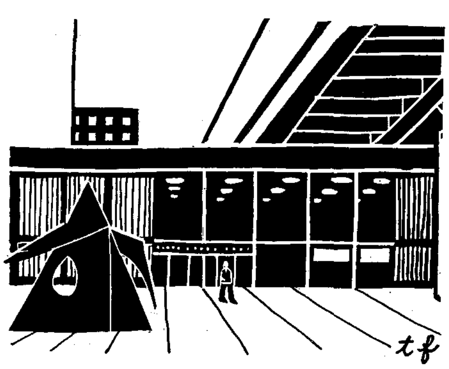
The Shadow Box—A play by Michael Cristofer, with Patricia Elliott, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Laurence Luckinbill. Directed by Gordon Davidson. Previews Friday through Wednesday, March 25-30. Opens officially on Thursday, March 31. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sly Fox—A superb adaptation, by Larry Gelbart, of Ben Jonson's "Volpone." Uproarious shenanigans by, among others, George C. Scott, Jack Gilford, Bob Dishy, John Heffernan, and Trish Van Devere. The direction is by Arthur Penn. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Waiting for Godot—The Samuel Beckett play, performed in German by the Berlin Schiller Theatre, under Mr. Beckett's direction. Presented in conjunction with the Berlin Now festival here. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Tuesday through Friday, March 29-April 1, at 8:30; Saturday, April 2, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, April 3, at 3.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—A whirlwind of gospel-sing and (if there is such a thing) gospel-dance, taken by Vinnette Carroll from the Book of Matthew. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR:** Down Memory Lane in Harlem, which means the twenties, the Cotton Club, the Savoy, Ellington, Waller . . . A lane? A boulevard. (ANTA



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Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **CALIFORNIA SUITE:** Tammy Grimes, Kenneth Haigh, Jack Weston, and Marge Redmond romp through four sketches whose setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel. Neil Simon is the author and Gene Saks the director, and it is a very funny show. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CHICAGO:** A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Perkins, Ralph Seymour, and Beverly May. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,041 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, *and once a numbing* prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Sandy Dennis and Don Murray, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SEXUAL PERVERSITY IN CHICAGO** and **DUCK VARIATIONS:** David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. The first deals with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents, the second with the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SHENANDOAH:** Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is William Chapman. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Moves on Wednesday, March 30, to the Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St., 757-7064. Tuesdays, except March 29, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STREAMERS:** This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike *Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially* good performances by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Broadway in Concert—Madeline Kahn, Rita Moreno, George Rose, Laurence Guittard, and Barry Bostwick in a concert version of **SHE LOVES ME** (book by Joe Masteroff, music by Jerry Bock, and lyrics by Sheldon Harnick), the first in a series of three musicals in concert form. Opens Tuesday, March 29, and will run through Sunday, April 17. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

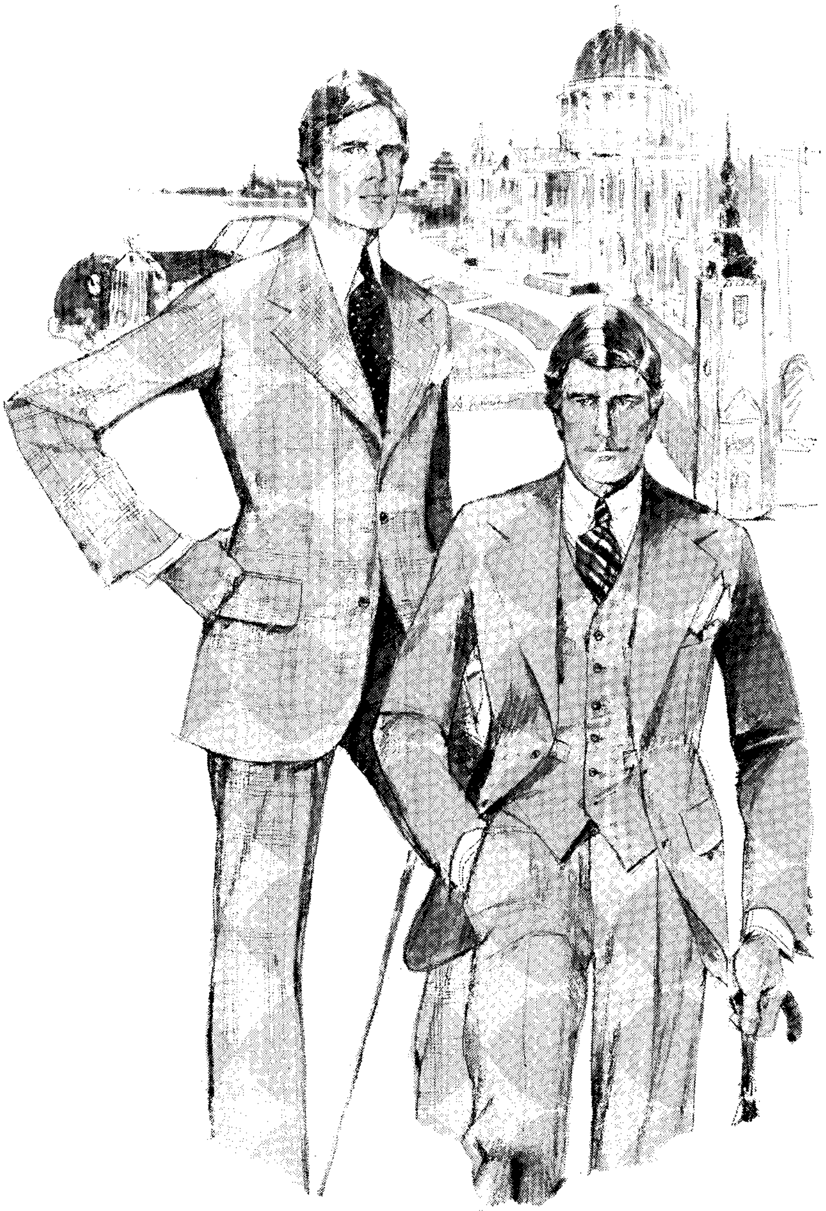
The Circus—Opening performances of the hundred-and-seventh edition of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's circus. Through Sunday, June 5. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesday, March 29, at 1:30 and 7:30; Wednesday, March 30, at 1:30; Thursday and Friday, March 31-April 1, at 1:30 and 7:30; and Saturday, April 2, at 10:30, 3, and 8.)

Hasty Pudding Show—A musical, "Cardinal Knowledge," is this year's Harvard undergraduate production. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. 277-7000. Friday, April 1, at 8.)

DANCE

Maurice Béjart's Ballet of the Twentieth Century—A two-week engagement—Wednesday evening, March 23: "Le Marteau sans

Norman Hilton



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Maître," "Isadora," "Song of a Wayfarer," and "Bolero."... ¶ Thursday evening, March 24: "Golestan," "Pli Selon Pli," and "Ce Que l'Amour Me Dit."... ¶ Friday evening, March 25: "Le Marteau sans Maître," "Isadora," "Rhapsodie Espagnol," and "Bolero."... ¶ Saturday matinée, March 26: "Le Marteau sans Maître," "Ah! Vous Dirai-Je, Maman?," "Song of a Wayfarer," and "Bolero."... ¶ Saturday evening, March 26: "Golestan," "Ah! Vous Dirai-Je, Maman?," "Leitmotiv," and "Ce Que l'Amour Me Dit."... ¶ Sunday matinée, March 27: "Le Marteau sans Maître," "Isadora," "Rhapsodie Espagnol," and "Bolero."... ¶ Sunday evening, March 27: "Golestan," "Isadora," "Marimba," and "Ce Que l'Amour Me Dit."... ¶ Tuesday through Thursday evenings, March 29-31: "Nôtre Faust."... ¶ Friday evening, April 1, and Saturday matinée and evening, April 2: "Firebird," "Sonate à Trois (No Exit)," and "Sacre du Printemps."... ¶ Sunday matinée, April 3: "Leitmotiv," "Marimba," "Song of a Wayfarer," and "Bolero." (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

BAYANIHAN PHILIPPINE DANCE COMPANY—A troupe of forty-five musicians, singers, and dancers. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday through Saturday, March 24-26, at 8, and Sunday, March 27, at 1 and 5:30.)

DANCE UMBRELLA—Final performances of a five-week season. **KATHRYN POSIN DANCE COMPANY:** Saturday evening, March 26; Monday evening, March 28; and Wednesday and Thursday evenings, March 30-31.... **PHOEBE NEVILLE DANCE COMPANY:** Sunday evening, March 27; Tuesday evening, March 29; and Friday evening, April 1. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. 866-4514. Evenings at 8.)

MARIANO PARRA SPANISH DANCE COMPANY—A program of classical and flamenco dance. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 737-9611. Friday and Saturday, April 1-2, at 8, and Sunday, April 3, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

●

MARY MAYO AND JOHNNY HARTMAN (Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. 758-2272. Through Saturday, March 26.)—During Gil Wiest's remarkable celebration of American song and American singers, we have heard, with varying effect, Barbara Lea, David Allyn, Mark Murphy, Marlene VerPlanck, and Jackie and Roy. (And elsewhere, Teddi King, Sylvia Syms, Blossom Dearie, and Mabel Mercer have been holding forth, so it has been a singer's town.) Now, closing the series, we have Mary Mayo, who has not worked in New York for almost twenty-five years, and Johnny Hartman, who was at Michael's several months ago. He is big-voiced, and his bottom notes tunnel, in the way that Al Hibbler's and Billy Eckstine's once did, and he likes to startle his listeners with look-at-my-reserve-power fortissimos. But when he puts his mind to it, he is a rich and intelligent singer who can illuminate Alec Wilder and Cole Porter. Mary Mayo is astonishing. She is an irresistible performer (platinum hair, good cheekbones, a hundred-and-eighty-degree smile, intense, searching eyes), and she has an uncanny voice. She moves through four octaves (low A to A flat above high C), but she is far from an exhibitionist. Her voice is gentle, soft, and clean, and her diction sets her lyrics off three-dimensionally. She is frequently and unashamedly affected by her own singing, and when that happens she transports her audience, as with a keening, delicate "Molly Malone;" a slow, swinging "Blue Moon;" and a floating "The Nearness of You." Once in a while, she does some wordless vocalizing ("April in Paris," "Dancing in the Dark") and rockets serenely around in her highest register, and she does it with a Sheeler clarity and lightness and without any of Sarah Vaughan's Renoir shadows and curves. The accompanying group is faultless. **RONNIE BEDFORD** is on drums, a self-restrained **RICHARD DAVIS** on bass, and **TONY MONTE** on piano. Monte supports, chastens, prods, and sparkles. His single-note lines lead his singers, and his chords often form sliding, flattering mirrors. He makes his singers sound marvellous.

●

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—The proprietor of this ground-floor loft is **RASHIED ALI**, a respected, all-out musician who was John Coltrane's drummer during Coltrane's final, most exploratory period. Ali has been booking his friends and colleagues from the new-music and contemporary-jazz and loft-jazz scenes, and sometimes—through Saturday, March 26, for example—he leads his own quintet. On Tuesday, March 29, bassist **BOB REID**, who plucks, bows, chants, and chuckles, will come in with his African-inspired group, the Emergency Sound. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist, composer, and arranger **FRANK FOSTER** presides over the **LOUD MINORITY**, a spirited, head-turning big noise (twenty-two free-lance musicians, some young and promising, others older and fulfilled). Many of the numerous soloists are impressive; Foster has stated that he hires only players who are able to solo—"I don't want people who can read, I want people who can *play*." They play. Music from about ten. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—An ascotted and beaming Leonard Sillman is the star of a compacted hour-and-a-quarter version of "The Best of 'New Faces,'" a Broadway-bound retrospective of thirteen Sillman shows, which originally were staged between 1934 and 1968. Mr. Sillman, who plays himself—the quintessential producer-raconteur of the thirties and forties (hence the ascot)—sits at the rear of the small stage and delivers wistful, long-winded introductions, which seem to have a lot of appeal for the "New Faces" partisans in the audience (hence the beams). Two performances particularly stand out: "Monotonous," done in 1952 by Eartha Kitt and done now by a new Sillman New Face—Ann Anello, a sprightly and versatile singer. The other number, "The Unrequited Lover's March," was sung first in 1968 and now by Brandon Maggart. Some of the material—for example, the running gag about the tall, voluptuous blond "friend of the producer"—is a bit worn but mildly amusing. Mr. Sillman's company will linger here for two more weeks, performing Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Situated amid the high-rise dorms of New York University, the pleasantly relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaurant lures in fine musicians and a healthy number of customers—many of them students. Singer **JOE CARROLL** is present on Wednesday, March 23; pianist **JOHN LEWIS** will work Thursday through Saturday, March 24-26; on Wednesday, March 30, pianist **ROLAND HANNA**, who plays as if he were in Marlboro country, will take charge. On Sunday, March 27, the Hot Jazz Trio, with pianist Dill Jones, will concentrate on pre-Keith Jarrett material. Music from nine until two Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Drummer Idris Muhammed, whose interests include near-meterless time and African rhythms, leads his quintet through Saturday, March 26; on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 29-30, pianist John Hicks' quartet will be on the stand; and Thursday through Saturday, March 31-April 2, drummer **ROY HAYNES** will take the young associates in his quintet through some familiar and still moving hard bop. Music from nine-thirty.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's a partial lineup: David La Flamme, who used to be a lead singer with It's a Beautiful Day, is present on Wednesday and Thursday, March 23-24; Saturday and Sunday, March 26-27, will feature Pure Prairie League, a country-rock sextet; and Nite City, a rock quintet, will take charge on Monday and Tuesday, March 28-29. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians—mostly pianists and their bassists—and patrons who like to talk. **TOMMY FLANAGAN**, a fine sideman and composer and Ella's accompanist for years, and his bassist are here through Saturday, March 26. The Sunday chores are handled by **BARRY HARRIS** and his helpers. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**GEORGE SHEARING** is one of the most gifted of all modern pianists. His harmonic sense is limitless, and he gets off breathtaking pianistic feats without dropping a stitch. **VICTOR GASKIN** is with him, on bass. They play in the Café Carlyle through Saturday, March 26. On Tuesday, March 29, the exuberant **BOBBY SHORT** will return to his home base with his sidekicks bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dinner and supper.... **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** will wind up her engagement in the Bemelmans Bar on Saturday, March 26; on Monday, March 28, another pianistic wonder, **TEDDY WILSON**, will begin a month-long visit. Music from nine to one, except Sundays.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A row of neon beer signs hangs overhead; lots of young, kinkily dressed patrons, band members, and friends of band members hang around. Two, three, or more local—and, through Sunday, March 27, Boston-based—loud and/or crude rock bands, with names like the Shirts, the Planets, Talking Heads, Custer's Last Band, Suicide Commandos, and Susan, perform nightly. On Thursday, March 31, the Ramones, one of the house success stories (the group has a record contract, and has even appeared at the Bottom Line), will begin performing their loud, simple, shorter-than-short oeuvres. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CHUNG KUO YUAN, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON** has settled in the Aquarium Lounge here, singing in his special straight-ahead Billie Holiday way, pulling song after song out of his private thin air. He works Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

CLEO, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—**MABEL MERCER** does the vocals, Jimmy Lyon does the accompanying. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The Kansas City blues singer **JOE TURNER** has come back for an extended stay, and he's treating his young and old admirers to "Honey Hush," "Cherry Red," "An Hour in Your Garden," and "Shake, Rattle, and Roll," to name a few. With him are pianist **LLOYD GLENN**, the where-have-you-been-all-my-life blues and boogie-woogie marvel, and rhythm guitarist **WAYNE WRIGHT**. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** plays on Sundays. Music from eight to one. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a traditional (what else?) sextet, usually headed by Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club). On Tuesday, March 29, pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** will sit in with the regulars. Sunday, March 27, from eight has been reserved for **DICK HYMAN** and a trio. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Good things do come in small packages: five nights a week—Wednesday through Sunday, from ten to three—genuine swing music prevails inside this tiny bar. **BROOKS KERR**, the twenty-five-year-old stride stylist and instigator of the swing revival; drummer **SONNY GREER**, an eighty-one-year-old former Ellington associate (they started hanging out together in 1919); and clarinettist and saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, sixty-

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eight and an ex-Ellington section man, are the players. It's fun to watch them goad each other on; the music is a delight. Mondays and Tuesdays, pianist **AL HAIG, CHUCK WAYNE,** and bassist Jamil Nasser get together at ten. On Sunday, March 27, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** will join up with guitarist **SAM BROWN** and bassist Earl May from five-thirty to nine-thirty. Mondays through Saturdays, from six to nine-thirty, trumpeter Gene Roland, pianist Loumell Morgan, and bassist Morris Edwards collaborate.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**JOE WILLIAMS,** whose best work materialized during his six stunning bluesy years as vocalist with Count Basie's fifties' band, may sing too much middle-of-the-road music nowadays, but he remains a rather special and exciting performer. He's here through Saturday, March 26. On Monday, March 28, singer Damita Jo and her backup band will arrive. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is supported five nights a week by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Larson's, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** now with a bassist (**BILLY POPP**) and a drummer (**JACK MCALLISTER**), is rising to new heights—his arpeggios sparkle, his chords are buoyant, his touch is as a butterfly. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from ten to two. Dinner.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**MARY MAYO** and **JOHNNY HARTMAN** (see above) are here through Saturday, March 26. . . . ¶ Starting Tuesday, March 29, the great hot-jazz-violin pathfinder **JOE VENUTI,** will perform, with the accompaniment of pianist **JOHN BUNCH.** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, and disco-funk bands. Some of them are Denny Morouse's quintet, which will play Thursday through Sunday, March 24-27; guitarist John Tropea and his band, Monday through Wednesday, March 28-30; and the Striders, a quintet, which will take over on Thursday, March 31. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Guitarist **JIMMY PONDER** and his group alternate with Otis Blackwell, a rough-hewn singer and a Memphis R. & B. legend—he wrote "Don't Be Cruel," "Great Balls of Fire," "Fever," and others—and his quintet; through Sunday, March 27. On Wednesday, March 30, Sneaky Cookin', a rock-and-blues outfit, will move in. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra that plays for dancing and listening Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Cissy Houston, who has been a backup singer for Aretha Franklin for some time, trades sets with Tony Bird, a folkie from southern Africa through Saturday, March 26. On Sunday, March 27, singer Leata Galloway will come in. Shows at nine and midnight. Dining. Thursdays through Saturdays from five-thirty to seven, **BLOSSOM DEARIE** presents concert-style sets, in which she plays piano and sings in a small, delicate, uncomplicated voice.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A very big, square, but nonetheless warm downstairs room. Thursday through Saturday, March 24-26, alto saxophonist, flutist, contrabass clarinettist, and new-music hero **ANTHONY BRAXTON** and two associates will be here; the following Thursday through Saturday (March 31-April 2), saxophonist Robin Kenyatta will head up a sextet. Music from ten to two-thirty. Closed Sunday, March 27.

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Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—On Mondays, pianist **DAVE MATTHEWS** takes his twelve-piece band through some of his charts. Wednesdays and Thursdays, altoist **LEE KONITZ,** always worth hearing, guides his nonet through tunes by Lennie Tristano, trombonist Jimmy Knepper (who's in the band), and himself, plus an obligatory Chick Corea number and an occasional sidearm curve, such as Louis Armstrong's 1926 "Cornet Chop Suey" solo (transcribed for ensemble play). Trumpeter-cornettist **RUBY BRAFF** will lead a quintet on Friday and Saturday, April 1-2. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The very fine **RON CARTER,** who has lately taken up piccolo bass, which, to some listeners, sounds thin and watery compared to his usual fatherly, mellow, and unfaltering double bass, leads his quartet—pianist **KENNY BARRON,** bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and drummer **BEN RILEY**—through Saturday, March 26. On Tuesday, March 29, saxophonist Eddie Daniels will head up a quartet. On Mondays, **BOB MOVER,** an awesome contemporary alto saxophonist in his early twenties, is here with a quintet; and on Sundays, pianist Richie Beirach's quartet has the floor. Music from nine-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, from ten on Fridays and Saturdays, and from eight to twelve on Sundays. Dinner.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—**SID SELVIDGE,** a resident of Memphis, where he is much better known, recently returned to performing after several years of teaching college anthropology. It's fortunate that he did—he's funny and witty and seems to know a lot of obscure material, and his relaxed, nonsense-song interpretations of blues by Furry Lewis, Ivory Joe Hunter, and others are right on the mark. Wednesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Daphne **HELLMAN'S ANGELS** (harp, guitar, bass), powered by their nonpareil guitarist, **EDDIE BERG,** play in the bar Wednesdays from nine-fifteen to midnight. Downstairs, Friday and Saturday, March 25-26, singer Novella Nelson, striking and dramatic, will share the facilities with pianist Ahmad Jamal and his trio. On Friday and Saturday, April 1-2, guitarist **LARRY CORYELL** will show up with his latest jazz-rock group. Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty. Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—**SONNY FORTUNE,** a driving hard-edged alto player, is here with his quintet through Sunday, March 27; on Tuesday, March 29, tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS,** who is lately playing as much hard bop as mystical-enlightenment music, will bring along his quintet. On Monday, March 28, trumpeter **WOODY SHAW** will lead a medium-sized ensemble (eight or ten pieces). Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets include sturdy, animated piano-bass duos that hold forth every night from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Lots of young, enthusiastic patrons but positively no synthesizers, equalizers, talking bags, envelope-dependent devices, digital delay lines, phase shifters, ring modulators, reverb units, fuzzboxes, octave splitters, octave multipliers, compressors, or wah-wah pedals. Nearly all the music here is pre-fifties jazz: Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams is responsible for a quartet; on Wednesdays, **JO JONES** is seated behind his drums and is very much in command of a quartet; Thursdays and Fridays, George Kelly, who played with the Savoy Sultans in the forties, leads a group called the Jazz Sultans; Saturdays and Sundays are given over to four-string Charlie Christian disciple **TINY GRIMES** and his trio. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, March 23 (postponed from Jan. 12), at 5:45: **TOMMY TUNE.** . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 30, at 5:45: **ANNA RUSSELL.**

Lily Tomlin—Biltmore Theatre, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Preview Wednesday, March 23. Opens Thursday, March 24, at 7. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.

David Bromberg Band and **Aztec Two-Step**—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, March 25, at 8.

New Riders of the Purple Sage and **the Stanky Brown Group**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, March 25, at 8. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.

Hal Galper Quintet—With Mike and Randy Brecker. (New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Sunday, March 27, at 2, 3, and 4.)

Bonnie Raitt—With Sippie Wallace. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, March 28, at 8.)

Leon Redbone—With Bruce Cockburn. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Wednesday, March 30, at 7:30 and 10.)

Robert Klein and **Cathy Chamberlain's Rag 'n' Roll Revue**—Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Thursday, March 31, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 760-7710.

Johnny Mathis—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, April 1, and Sunday, April 3, at 8, and Saturday, April 2, at 7:30 and 10:30.

Gary Wright, Manfred Mann's Earth Band, and **John Miles**—Palladium. Friday, April 1, at 8.

Folk Concert—Oscar Brand and others. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, April 1, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Hamiet Bluiett—The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Friday, April 1, at 8:30.

National Jazz Ensemble—Chuck Israels conducting, with Tommy Flanagan. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Saturday, April 2, at 8. For information about tickets, call 741-5690.)

Kansas and **Derringer**—Palladium. Saturday and Sunday, April 2-3, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Will Barnet—Small, early watercolors and drawings, some of them abstract and some of them figurative, with a foretaste of the big graphics yet to come. Through Saturday, March 26. (Gurewitsch, 55 E. 74th St. Opens at 1.)

Al Blaustein—Figurative paintings and sketches of objects—paint boxes, easels—around the artist's studio. Through April 15. (ML Gallery, 58 E. 79th St.)

Willard Boepple—Abstract sculptures formed of wide coils of steel. Through April 13. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Richard Jerome Bogart—Misty, impressionistic paintings of secret places deep in the woods of Connecticut, most of them along a pond that reflects some of the greenery. Through Saturday, April 2. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Jorge Castillo—Carefully executed still-life elements (teacups, fruits, plants) in interiors that almost overwhelm them. Through Saturday, March 26. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Francis Costa / Lily Goldstein—Welded-steel sculptures, some based on the figure and others abstract. / Terra-cotta and bronze sculptures of women. Through Wednesday, March 30. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Douglas Davis—A series of six prints made in a variety of techniques and distinguished by the fact that four of them are hand-finished with impressions of the artist's ear, foot, and hand. Also other works by this Conceptual-

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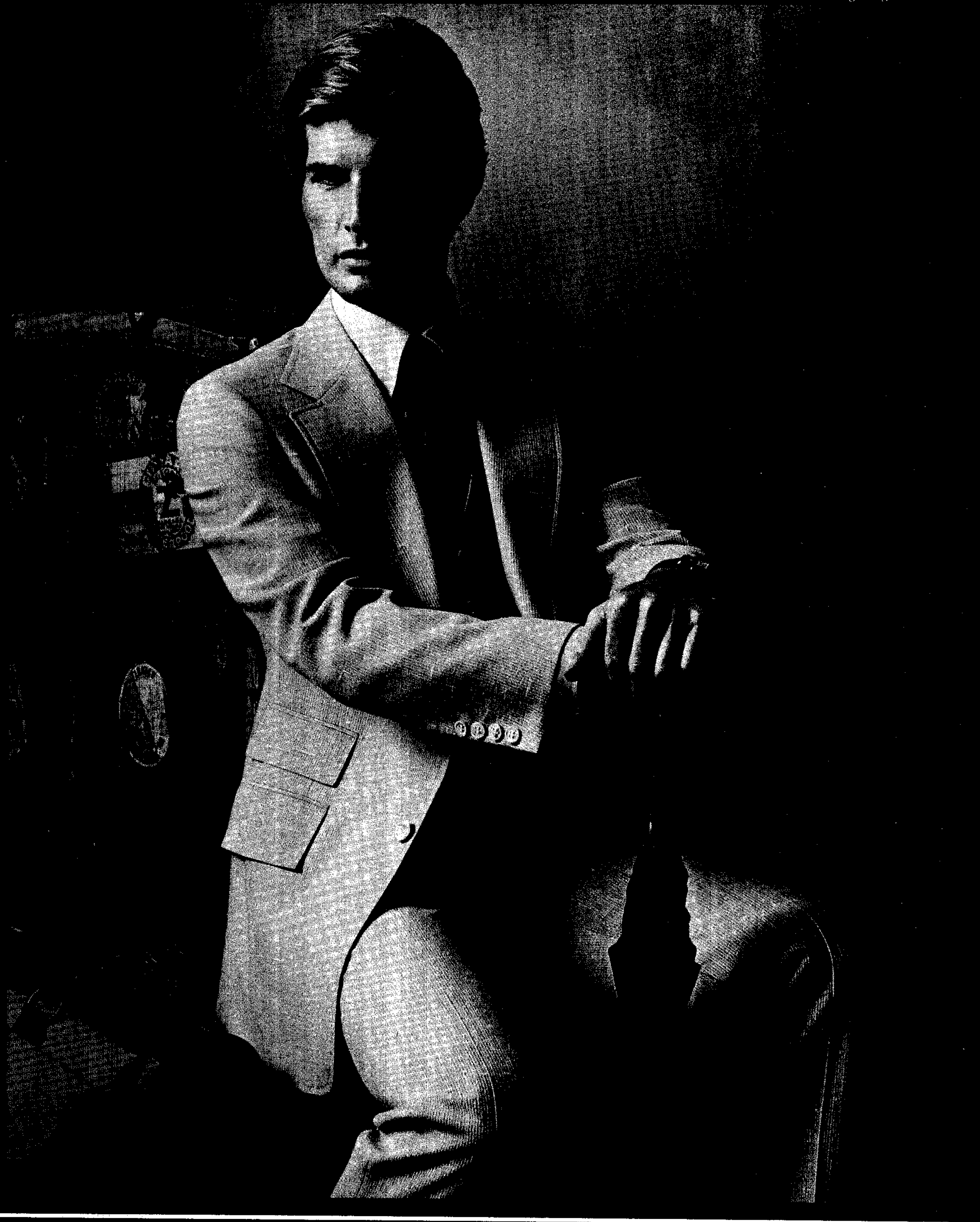

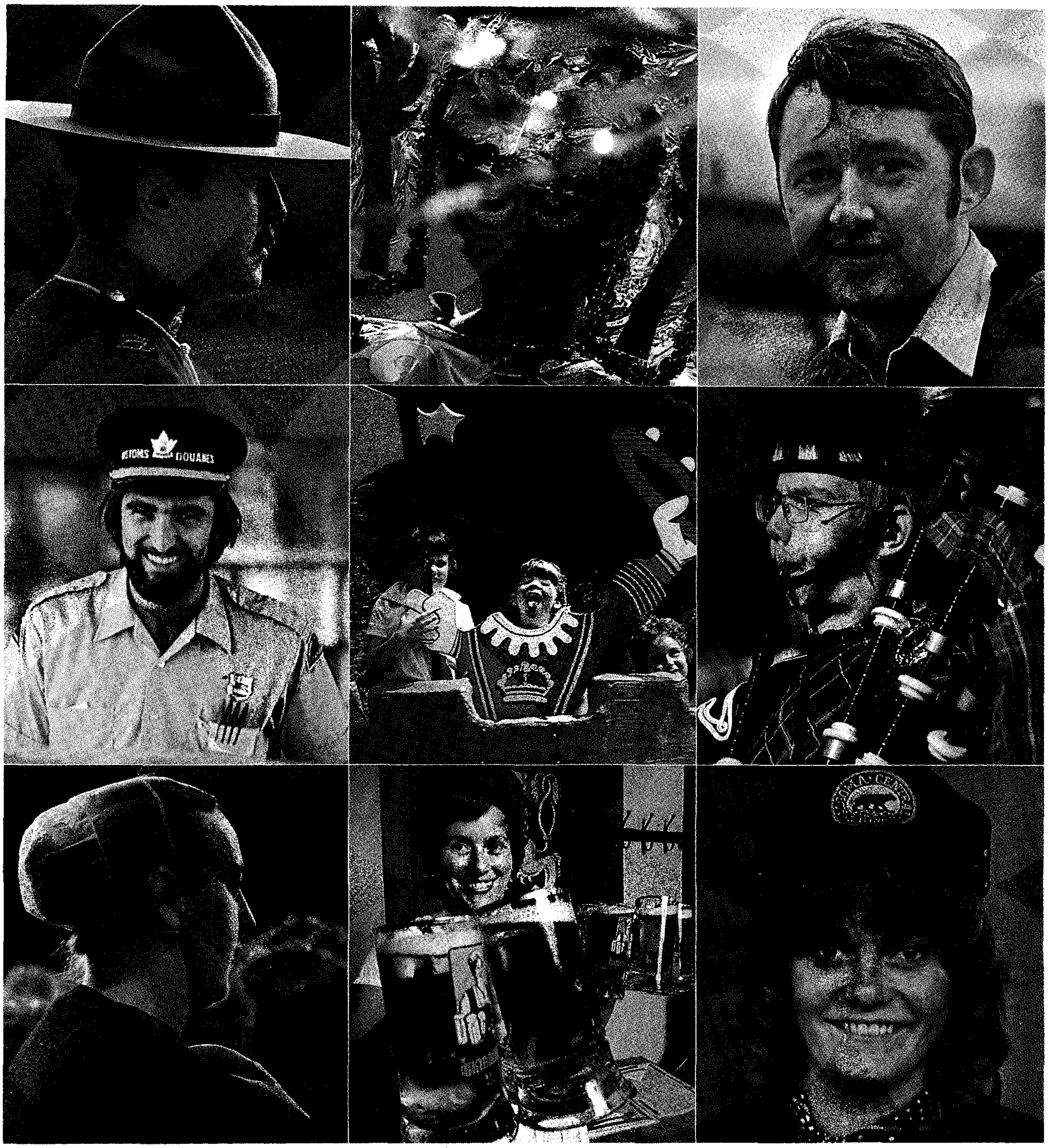

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ist. Through Saturday, March 26. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Tony DeLap—Solid-color acrylic paintings done on shaped canvases with handsomely carpentered raw-wood frames that are an integral part of the composition. Through Wednesday, March 30. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Louis Finkelstein—Landscapes done in New York City locations. Through Thursday, March 31. (Arsenal Gallery, 830 Fifth Ave., at 64th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

Roland Gebhardt—Square sculptures: large marble pieces about twelve inches off the floor and smaller tabletop works in polished aluminum. Through Saturday, April 2. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

Philip Guston—New paintings. Through April 8. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Barbara Hepworth (1903-75) / **Fritz Scholder**—Stone, wood, and bronze sculptures. Through April 16. / Ten drawings based on American Indian subjects, plus lithographs. Starts Thursday, March 24. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Will Horwitt—Large, free-standing wooden sculptures (one of them is about ten feet tall), plus boxed wall pieces. Through Saturday, March 26. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

Ron Isaacs / Scott Belville—Surprisingly realistic representations of antique clothing, frilly dresses, work gloves, and so on, all made of painted plywood. / Miniature art galleries (or sections of them) hung with miniature abstract paintings. Through Saturday, March 26. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Julio Fernandez Larraz—Realist paintings, drawings, and pastels by a young Cuban-born artist who usually gets an enigmatic, almost sinister quality into his work. Through Saturday, March 26. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Conrad Marca-Relli—Eight-by-eleven-inch wood, metal, and burlap constructions banded by wide white frames, and collages of burlap and thick paper. Through April 23. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Herman Maril—Recent works by this Baltimore artist, who paints with a kind of shorthand, doing interiors, landscapes, and seascapes. Through Friday, March 25. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Charles E. Martin—Magazine-cover designs and watercolors of landscapes and still-lifes. Through April 9. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Susan Moss / Larry Mohr—Abstract paintings made with a mixture of Rhoplex and acrylics, which gives the works a glassy, translucent texture. / Geometric tabletop and floor-piece sculptures, mostly of hollow-form triangles in polished aluminum or bronze. Through Saturday, March 26. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

John Napper—Romantic, realist paintings of the Shropshire countryside. Through Thursday, March 31. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

Jules Olitski—New color-field paintings. Through April 7. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Gabor Peterdi—New landscape paintings, some of them semi-abstract, as in a vast plain flecked with plants of a golden hue, and some quite realistic, as in a wintry, leafless forest scene in which every branch stands out starkly against the snow. Through Thursday, March 31. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Joan Semmel—Detailed topographical surveys of the artist's own body as she sees it, looking down between her breasts. Through Thursday, March 31. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Arlie Sinaiko and Suzanne Sinaiko—Abstract bronze sculptures by the former and paintings with figures by the latter. Through Saturday, March 26. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Pravoslav Sovák—Desert landscapes whose vistas include such geometric images as pyramids and rainbows delicately rendered in watercolor, gouache, and pencil. Through Saturday, April 2. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Anthony Toney—Semi-abstract cityscapes. Through Saturday, April 2. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Frederick Wardy—Acrylic paintings. Through Thursday, March 31. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

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Group Shows—At **la boetie**, 9 E. 82nd St.: A single subject—woman—as portrayed in a variety of mediums by artists associated with such diverse schools as Impressionism and Abstract Expressionism; also some African sculptures. Through May 21. . . . **davis & long**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: American and English drawings and watercolors (nearly fifty in all) by Anne Ryan, Everett Shinn, David Cox, and others. Through Thursday, March 31. . . . **feist**, 1125 Madison Ave., at 84th St.: Drawings, dating from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth, by about fifty artists, among them Annibale Carracci and Paulus Potter. Through April 16. (Open Mondays.). . . **graham**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: In an exhibition called "The Art of Pastel," Robert De Niro and Paul Resika contribute figures and landscapes that have a swift, dashed-off appearance, and Anne Poor catches the stiff, brambly quality of a wintry landscape, finding a kind of beauty even in intrusive power lines. Through Saturday, April 2. . . . **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: Precisionist works by American artists whose interest in geometric forms led them to depict factories, highways, engines. Among those included are Sheeler, Demuth, Berenice Abbott, and Weston. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by the painter G. Ruger Donoho (1857-1916). Both shows through April 9. . . . **hutton**, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Blaue Reiter artists Kandinsky, Klee, Macke, and others. Through June 11. (Open Mondays.). . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Some of the gallery's reserve strength has been brought out for display—a Pascin portrait of the French critic André Salmon painted on brown paper, with vignettes of Parisian high life in the background; a mistral blowing, by Soutine; one of Chagall's valentines; and a villa by Dufy with a glimpse of the sea in the distance. Through Saturday, March 26. . . . **stone**, 48 E. 86th St.: Large watercolors of the Appalachians in Virginia done on the spot by Ray Kass with a thoroughness reminiscent of Currier & Ives scenery; farm tools (by William Umbreit) that have gone haywire—one tine of a pitchfork droops down and coils around the handle, for instance, and the handle of a sledge is tied in knots; abstract sculptures made of chunky sections chopped out of logs and painted bright colors, by John Anderson. Through Thursday, March 31. . . . **weyhe**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: "Landscapes/Cityscapes," paintings and graphics by Vincent Canade, Louis Lozowick, and others. Through Saturday, April 2.

Sculpture—Small pieces by sixteen artists, among them Ann Arnold, Sidney Geist, and Betty Parsons. Through April 9. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Berlin Now—A month-long survey of that city's current cultural aspects (art, music, literature, film, urbanism), spread out all over this city's theatres, galleries, and institutes. This week, in the matter of art, there is a show of collages by Hannah Höch, at Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. (open Mondays); a group show of Pop, Op, and Minimal artists at the Galerie Denise René loft, 484 Broome St.; a group show of realist paintings, drawings, and sculptures at the New School, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 5); and a showing of videotapes at The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (through Saturday, April 2; opens at 1). For information about the survey in general, call 744-8472 weekdays.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Robert Barnes / William T. Wiley—A series of seventeen small narrative paintings, garish in color and centered on various incidents (and imagined incidents) in the lives of Edward Trelawny, Shelley, and Byron. / This artist, known for his cartoonlike paintings and ramshackle constructions made of trash, has completed a book, entitled "Suite of Daze," and preliminary drawings and finished etchings for it are on display here, along with the book itself, beautifully bound in leather. Through Friday, April 1. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Stanley Boxer—New abstract paintings. Through April 6. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Bert Carpenter—Charcoal drawings and drawings in mixed mediums. Through April 7. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert Courtright / Frank Keller—Collages made of small squares snipped from magazine pages. / Abstract compositions consisting of simple geometric forms (inspired by Stonehenge). Through Saturday, March 26. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Ken Danby—Canadian landscapes and figure studies by a superrealist. Through Saturday, April 2. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

John Day—More or less abstract paintings in which the viewer is led through monumental chambers of some sort toward a distant glow; the walls in some of them have shadowy friezes, done in collage, showing long-ago musical and theatrical figures. Through Thursday, March 31. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Sherman Drexler—In addition to the silhouettes of husky female nudes that this painter is well known for (his wife is a novelist who was once a lady wrestler), this exhibition includes a couple of canvases depicting horses and donkeys. Through Tuesday, March 29. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—Etchings and woodcuts. Through Friday, April 1. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.)

Michael Goldberg—Handmade-paper works in which an area has been torn and burred; charcoal and watercolor have been applied to some of them. Through April 16. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Sidney Goodman—Representational paintings by a Philadelphia artist in the line of Eakins and Sargent. Through Saturday, April 2. (Dintenfass and Sumers, both at 50 W. 57th St.)

Marina Karella—White on white canvases suggesting a landscape or a draped figure; first solo show in New York. Through Saturday, March 26. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Yves Klein (1928-62)—Monochrome paintings, some in his characteristic piercing blue and one in flaky patches of gold leaf that flutter with the slightest current of air. Also present are examples of his sculpture done with sponges and of his noted entertainments in which inked-up nude girls stamp imprints of their bodies on paper. Through Saturday, April 2. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Marin (1870-1953) / **Anne Ryan** (1889-1954)—Thirty-six oils that span his entire career. / Fabric-and-paper collages. Through April 16. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Paul Matthews—Paintings of life-size nude fig-

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ures alone or in groups. Through April 7. (Viridian, 24 W. 57th St.)

Carlos Mérida—Cubist paintings and works on paper. Through April 30. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

Dolly Moreno—About thirty stainless-steel sculptures that are held together by magnetic force, plus a functional piece that incorporates a stereo system. Through Saturday, March 26. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Donn Moulton—Enormous apples, nearly four feet tall, which seem to be growing out of the walls they hang on. Through Thursday, March 31. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Mats Norryd—Paintings based on "The Divine Comedy," by a Swedish actor; first one-man show in New York. Through April 9. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Dennis Oppenheim—A single installation consisting of a huge steel phonograph record and a giant neon stove burner on which a white teakettle rests, plus taped sounds. Through April 14. (D'Arc, 15 E. 57th St.)

Peter Reginato—Abstract welded-steel sculptures. Through Thursday, March 31. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

William Thon—Painterly landscapes of Maine. Through April 16. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Michael Vessa—A floor-to-ceiling construction of varnished paper, four perspective studies for the construction, and other works. Through April 9. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Charmion von Wiegand—Tibetan motifs are applied by a Western hand in these prismatic, Symbolist paintings. Through Saturday, March 26. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Yasuda—Paintings of cleanly divided cream-colored areas applied to narrow canvases. Also drawings. Through Saturday, March 26. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—Several artists are exhibiting works in mediums ranging from colored-pencil still-lifes by Ralph Romano to abstract sculptures in metal by Louis Fajardo. Through Thursday, March 31. (Addison Greene, 1093 Second Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Theophil Groell—Paintings of nudes. Through Thursday, March 31. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

Donald Judd—Fifteen clean-cut boxes, five feet square and three feet tall, beautifully made of raw American Douglas fir plywood (no knots visible anywhere), each of which has *some one element of construction*—a rim, a lid, a double wall—that makes it different from the others. Through April 16. (Friedrich, 141 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Penny Kaplan—Models for outdoor sculptures, works on paper, and photographs of the sites on which she bases her pieces. Through Wednesday, March 30. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St.)

Beryl Korot—Textiles, a five-channel video, and ink drawings that share similar visual characteristics. Through Saturday, March 26. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Jean Le Gac—Conceptual-narrative works using photographs and commentary. Through Wednesday, March 30. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway.)

Hilarie Mais—Abstract sculptures made from painted steel rods. Through April 6. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

Cork Marcheschi / James Havard—Hand-operated kinetic sculptures that produce electrical discharges. / Abstract paintings with scattered trompe-l'oeil effects. Through April 6. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Don Nice—New works, including huge realist watercolors of a bison, a jackrabbit, and other animals, with every hair delineated, plus a series showing the Hudson River in all four seasons. Through Wednesday, March 30. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Liliana Porter / Eleanor Hubbard—This artist pays homage to Magritte and Borges by making small-scale collages and photoetchings referring to their works. / The lower gallery is one huge cat's cradle of twine, on which Miss Hubbard has stationed bright-colored paper dolls and cutout kittens and dogs and other creatures who prowl the nursery. Through Saturday, March 26. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

David Reed—Long, narrow panels, most of them divided into three sections, one a solid bright color, and the others a single wide brush stroke (usually black) that frays out at either end. Through Wednesday, March 30. (Protetch, 157 Spring St.)

Tony Robbin—Abstract acrylic paintings. Through April 5. (Alessandra, 489 Broome St.)

Art Rosenbaum—Figurative paintings (some with musicians, others with nudes) that juxtapose the rural South of today with the South of thirty years ago. Through Wednesday, March 30. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at 1.)

Sean Scully—Large panels and diptychs made up of horizontal strips, about three-quarters of an inch wide, done in two shades of gray. First one-man show in New York by an artist well known in London. Through Thursday, March 31. (Duffy-Gibbs, 157 Spring St.)

Mary Shaffer / Peter Gutkin—The front gallery is darkened for a display of lighting and audio effects involving columns of homemade glass studded with forty-penny nails, a wall that whispers if you put your ear to it, and random slivers of light in odd corners. / Wall pieces made of vertical shafts of rough timber faced with heavy plate glass, and floor pieces made of plate glass topped with thick slabs of solid steel. Through Saturday, March 26. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Rosalind Shaffer—Life-size wooden cutouts of street people—two prostitutes, a motorcycle freak, a bag woman, and so on—painted realistically and shown in an appropriate setting. Through Wednesday, March 30. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Arlene Sklar-Weinstein—Braided-fibre-and-acrylic on canvas. Through Wednesday, March 30. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Helene Valentin—Columns of unstretched canvas to which many layers of paint have been applied, plus other works, all built around the theme of the relationship of the four elements. Through April 23. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Grace Bakst Wapner / Martin Bressler—Velvet-and-satin sculptures. / Encaustic drawings. Through Wednesday, March 30. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

William Wegman—Conceptual photographs and ink drawings, usually visual puns. For instance, two drawings, alike in every detail, are entitled, respectively, "Duck" and "Decoy." Through Saturday, March 26. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Lynton Wells—Vast, misty canvases in which lighting fixtures and their umbilical wiring can be made out among the potted plants of an indoor fernery. Through Saturday, March 26. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Tino Zago—Abstract works in which layers of wet acrylic paint are laid on and then scraped off certain sections of canvas. Through Saturday, March 26. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At the **bowery**, 135 Greene St.: Stephen Grillo, Gerard Santuoso, Richard Uhlich, and Anthony Santuoso showing paintings. Through Wednesday, March 30. (Opens at 1.) . . . **sperone westwater fischer**, 142 Greene St.: Early works by Andre, Flavin, Judd, and LeWitt. Through Saturday, April 2. . . . **whitney counterweight**: Fifty-five artists in a multi-part exhibit that "stands in contrast to the Whitney Biennial." Through Friday, April 1, at Auction 393 and Yu, 393 West Broadway. . . . ¶ Cayman, 381 West Broadway. . . . ¶ Aames, 93 Prince St. . . . ¶ Rabinovitch & Guerra, 74 Grand St.

OTHER GALLERIES

Herbert Kallem—Bronze sculptures. Through Saturday, March 26. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

Bob Lobe—A single large hammered-and-welded-aluminum sculpture, plus three laminated-wood sculptures, all of them suggested by rock shapes. Through May 14. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Cy Twombly—Paintings from the last twenty years by a veteran New York artist. Through

Wednesday, March 30. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Diane Arbus (1923-71)—A retrospective that consists of nearly seventy works, a number of them printed by the photographer herself. Through Saturday, April 2. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Carlotta Corpron—A series of light studies made in the forties by a onetime colleague of Moholy-Nagy. Through Wednesday, March 30. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

George Grosz (1893-1959)—Photographs documenting his arrival in New York, in 1932 (some of the shots are taken from the boat), plus collages, drawings, and watercolors. Through April 9. (Kimmel-Cohn, 41 Central Park W., at 64th St.)

Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940)—A retrospective of two hundred and twenty vintage prints, plus memorabilia and pictures by some of Hine's contemporaries, is on view at the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . ¶ A smaller selection that is devoted entirely to his photographs of the construction of the Empire State Building from the ground up. Through April 16. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Tina Modotti (1896-1942)—The Museum of Modern Art is showing a selection of her works taken in Mexico, about half of which are vintage prints; the remainder were printed from old negatives by Richard Benson. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Wright Morris—Photographs from his entire career. Through April 23. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Nadar (1820-1910)—A show of more than fifty portraits of artists, writers, and composers is on view at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Hans Namuth and Georg Reisner (1913-40)—Photographs that bring home the special horror of the Spanish Civil War by two photographers for a French magazine who arrived in Barcelona the night it began. Through Saturday, March 26. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

Milton Rogovin—Portraits of people in Chile, Appalachia, and Buffalo. Through April 22. (Gallery 1199, 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 4 and 6 to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

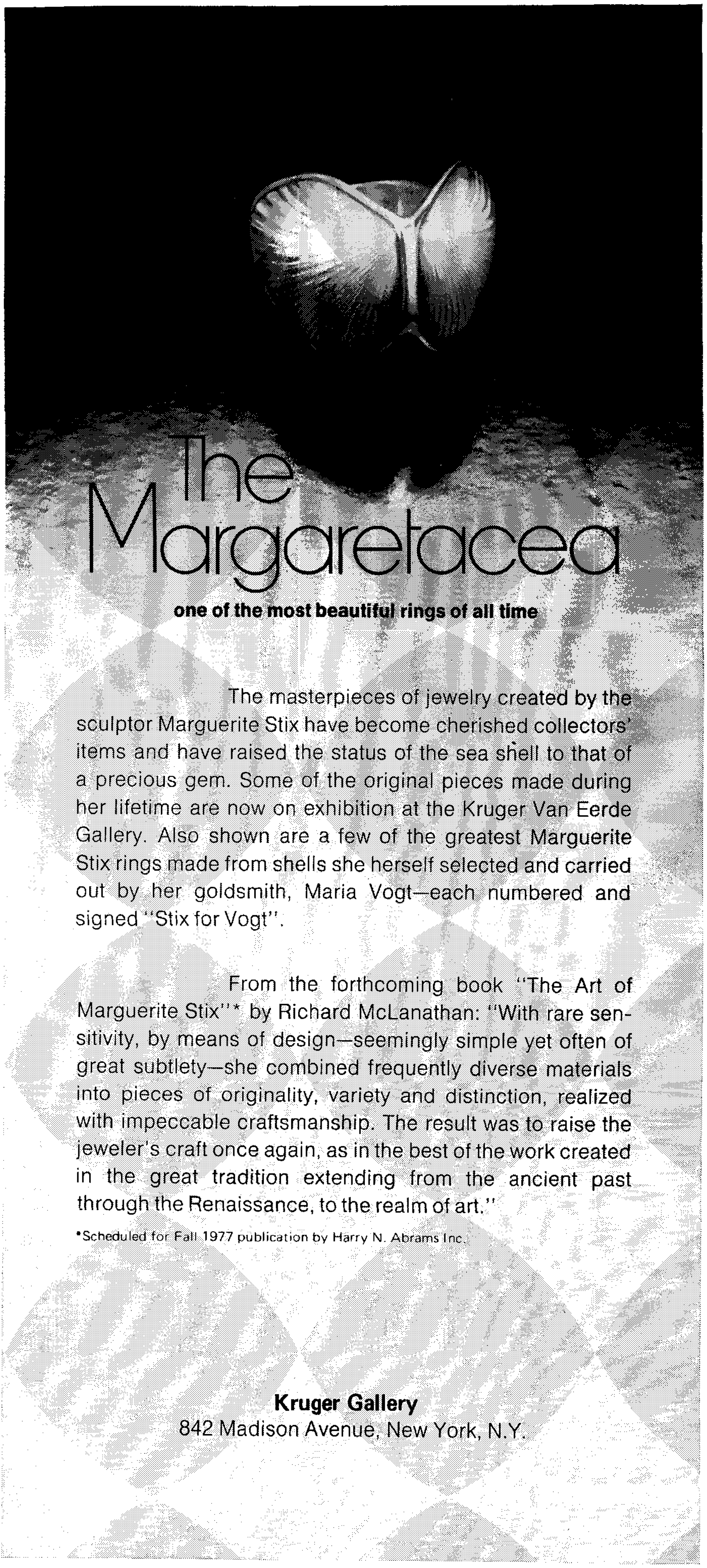
Roman Vishniac / Philip Trager—The Jewish ghettos of pre-Second World War Kraków, Warsaw, and other East European cities figure in a show of more than a hundred photographs. Also his color prints of images transmitted by a microscope. / View-camera photographs of Connecticut architecture. Through April 23. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **international center of photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A cross-section of West Coast photography with the earliest examples by Peter Britt (frontier settler), and the most recent examples by Victor Landweber (Los Angeles resident). Through April 17. (Open Sundays.) . . . **light**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Photographs and works on paper by Frederick Sommer; Michigan landscapes that include his family and dog by Carl Toth; and Conceptual prints, some in color, by Michael Bishop. Through Saturday, April 2.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit covering nearly every aspect of the career of Edgar Degas, from early portraits to pastels of dancers and bathers, and including the bronze "Little Fourteen Year Old Dancer" in her cotton tutu. Unfortunately, the show is padded out with works by other artists (Ingres, Delacroix, Renoir, Hokusai) which are said to have influenced Degas but seem here more distracting than relevant. . . . ¶ A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. . . . **photography:** Nadar. Through Sunday, March 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the works of Robert Rauschenberg, including paintings, sculptures, assemblages, drawings, and prints. Starts Fri-



The Margaretacea

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The masterpieces of jewelry created by the sculptor Marguerite Stix have become cherished collectors' items and have raised the status of the sea shell to that of a precious gem. Some of the original pieces made during her lifetime are now on exhibition at the Kruger Van Eerde Gallery. Also shown are a few of the greatest Marguerite Stix rings made from shells she herself selected and carried out by her goldsmith, Maria Vogt—each numbered and signed "Stix for Vogt".

From the forthcoming book "The Art of Marguerite Stix"* by Richard McLanathan: "With rare sensitivity, by means of design—seemingly simple yet often of great subtlety—she combined frequently diverse materials into pieces of originality, variety and distinction, realized with impeccable craftsmanship. The result was to raise the jeweler's craft once again, as in the best of the work created in the great tradition extending from the ancient past through the Renaissance, to the realm of art."

*Scheduled for Fall 1977 publication by Harry N. Abrams Inc.

Kruger Gallery
842 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.

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day, March 25. . . . ¶ An exhibit of furniture designed by Mies van der Rohe, including the Barcelona chair and stool. Also drawings for his furniture designs. Through May 3. . . . ¶ Henri Matisse's nine-panel paper-cutout work, "The Swimming Pool," is on view on the first floor. . . . ¶ Landscapes in gouache by Australian painter Fred Williams. Through May 8. . . . ¶ A selection from the museum's collection of British drawings dating from the turn of the century to the present, with examples by Walter Richard Sickert, Henry Moore, David Hockney, and others. Through May 31. . . . PHOTOGRAPHY: Tina Modotti. Through April 5. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings, drawings, and prints of the Belgian fantasist James Ensor. Through April 10. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures by nine "promising" American artists. Through April 7. . . . ¶ A small exhibit of oils and works on paper (all done before 1930) by Piet Mondrian. Through April 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A biennial survey of the American art scene, among the sensations (and mystifications) of which are Chuck Close's huge, incredibly detailed drawings of heads; Barry Le Va's sparse arrangement of slender sticks that occupies an entire gallery, including the floor; Ree Morton's cluttered assemblage of bouquets and ladders and printed words, called "Signs of Love;" and three of Duane Hanson's life-size, lifelike figures. This exhibit fills the entire museum: the first, second, and third floors close Sunday, March 27; the fourth floor closes Sunday, April 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ The second in a series of three offerings this season by the Composers' Showcase consists of a program of music, plus commentary, by George Crumb, performed by members of the Aeolian Chamber Players and others, on Wednesday, March 30, at 8. Tickets are now being issued on a first-come, first-served basis.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Conceptual art in its manifold forms by forty artists, among them Eleanor Antin, Victor Burgin, and Joseph Kosuth. Through April 13. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective exhibition of the paintings and drawings of French Impressionist Gustave Caillebotte. Through April 24. . . . ¶ A review of the output of American women architects, explored through photographs and text, slides, and models. Through April 17. . . . PHOTOGRAPHY: Lewis W. Hine. Through May 15. (The museum is open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5. The Caillebotte and architecture exhibits open at 1:30 on Wednesdays and Thursdays.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A travelling exhibit, from the Smithsonian Institution, of nearly two hundred art objects from Cyprus, the earliest pieces dating from the Stone Age. Through April 3. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial show of paintings by Josef Albers, Leonid, and Mark Tobey, all of whom died last year. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures by thirty artists who are candidates for Academy-Institute art awards. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.) Both shows through April 9.

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A survey of wood sculptures and decorative art objects from China and Japan dating from the fifth century B.C. to the nineteenth. Buddhist statues, carved lacquerware, burial figures, and folk carvings are among the pieces on exhibit. Through Sunday, March 27. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The Royal Pavilion at Brighton is the subject of this show. Furniture and decorations from the pavilion, which has a distinctly Chinese interior, were taken to Buckingham Palace by Queen Victoria, and eight of these articles have been loaned to the museum for this show. Through May 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of six of the collections that have been entrusted to the library includes drawings, early children's books, and manuscripts, among them thirty-five pages of Einstein's manuscript for his treatise on relativity, from the Heineman Foundation collection, here on view for the first time. Through April 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Paintings by New York State folk artists, including Ammi Phillips and Sheldon Peck. Through May 22. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibit of twelve doll houses, among them a nineteenth-century replica of the Goelet brownstone that stood on Broadway and 19th Street and a contemporary doll house designed last year. Through Sept. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An immense showing—more than nine hundred items in all—entitled "Two Hundred Years of American Illustration." Through April 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"American Sampler" brings together such items from the library's holdings as "Brooklyn in Winter" by Francis Guy, drawings of the American West by George Catlin, original comic-strip art for "Dick Tracy," and a model for "Orpheus" by Noguchi. Through Wednesday, March 30. (Open every day except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Collages by Al Loving. . . . ¶ Paintings and collages by Randolph Williams. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through April 17.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, March 23: "La Bohème," with Ileana Cotrubas, Renata Scotto, José Carreras, Ingvar Wixell, Justino Diaz, Allan Monk, Italo Tajo, and Paul Franke; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 24: "Lulu," with Carole Farley, Tatiana Troyanos, William Lewis, Donald Gramm, Raymond Gibbs, Lenus Carlson, and Andrew Foldi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 25: "Tosca," with Silvia Sass, Ingvar Wixell, and Renato Capecchi; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 26: "Andrea Chénier," with Martina Arroyo, Lili Chookasian, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, and Fernando Corena; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 26: "La Bohème," with Ileana Cotrubas, Renata Scotto, José Carreras, Ingvar Wixell, Justino Díaz, Allan Monk, Italo Tajo, and Paul Franke; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 28: "La Bohème," with Ileana Cotrubas, Josephine Barstow, José Carreras, Ingvar Wixell, Justino Diaz, Allan Monk, Italo Tajo, and Paul Franke; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 29: "Andrea Chénier," with Martina Arroyo, Lili Chookasian, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, and Fernando Corena; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 30: "Lulu," with Carole Farley, Tatiana Troyanos, William Lewis, Donald Gramm, Raymond Gibbs, Lenus Carlson, and Andrew Foldi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 31: "Il Trovatore," with Renata Scotto, Shirley Verrett, James McCracken, Louis Quilico, and Malcolm Smith; Gianandrea Gavazzeni. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 1: "Andrea Chénier," with Martina Arroyo, Lili Chookasian, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, and Fernando Corena; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 2: "Lulu," with Carole Farley, Tatiana Troyanos, William Lewis, Donald Gramm, Raymond Gibbs, Lenus Carlson, and Andrew Foldi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 2: "Samson et Dalila," with Elena Obraztsova, Guy Chauvet, William Walker, Malcolm Smith, and Justino Díaz; Sixten Ehrling. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, March 23, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Rose-Marie Freni, Lando Bartolini, and William Justus, and "Pagliacci," with Maralin Niska, Herman Malamood, Pablo Elvira, and Vernon Hartman; conducted by Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 24, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Johanna Meier, Samuel Ramey, and Ermanno Mauro; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, March 25, at 8: "Carmen," with Francine Arrauzau, Catherine Malfitano, Gaetano Scano, and William Justus; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 26, at 2: "The Pirates of Penzance," with Gianna Rolandi, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Henry Price, William Chapman, William Ledbetter, and Irwin Densen; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 26, at 8: "La Belle Hélène" (in English), with Susanne Marsee, John Sandor, Harlan Foss, Alan Baker, and Howard Hensel; Lloyd Walser. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 27, at 1: "Mefistofele," with Johanna Meier, Samuel Ramey, and Ermanno Mauro; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 27, at 7: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Patti Allison, Elizabeth Haley, David Griffith, John Lankston, Thomas Jamerson, and Alan Baker; Kurt Klippstatter. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 29, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Diane Curry, Lando Bartolini, and Richard Fredricks; Gigi Campanino. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 30, at 8: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Henry Price, and Pablo Elvira; Kurt Klippstatter. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 31, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Beverly Evans, Sandra Walker, Samuel Ramey, and Ermanno Mauro; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, April 1, at 8: "La Bohème," with Maralin Niska, Sherry Zannoth, Herman Malamood, William Justus, Spiro Malas, and Thomas Jamerson; Gigi Campanino. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 2, at 2: "Carmen," with Ann Howard, Faye Robinson, Gaetano Scano, and Robert Hale; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 2, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Catherine Malfitano, Sandra Walker, Richard Fredricks, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Irwin Densen; Gigi Campanino. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, May 1.)

Mannes College of Music—Performances of Tchaikovsky's opera "Iolanta," in English, conducted by Semyon Bychkov, and staged by Harvey Vincent. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday, March 24, at 8; Friday and Saturday, March 25-26, at 8:30; and Sunday, March 27, at 3. For information about tickets, call 737-0700.)

New York Grand Opera Company—Vincent La Selva directing a performance of Leoncavallo's "La Bohème." (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, March 26, at 8.)

Bouffes Parisiens of New York—Brian Salesky conducting a semi-staged performance of Offenbach's "Croquefer," with Nico Castel, tenor. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Sunday, March 27, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Erich Leinsdorf conducting on Thursday, March 24, at 8:30; Friday, March 25, at 2; Saturday, March 26, at 8:30; and Tuesday, March 29, at 7:30 (all with Barbara Hendricks, soprano, and Alexis Weissenberg, piano). . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta conducting on

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

Wednesday and Thursday, March 30-31, at 8:30, and Friday, April 1, at 2 (no soloists).

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting the final performances of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, March 23-24, at 8, with Tashi. . . . ¶ Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, March 26, at 8; no soloists.)

Los Angeles Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Friday, March 25, at 8: A performance of Mahler's Symphony No. 3, with Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; the Swarthmore College Chorus; the Haverford-Bryn Mawr Singers; and the Boychoir of Princeton. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 26, at 8: An all-Beethoven program, with Sidney Harth, violin; Lynn Harrell, cello; and Paul Schenly, piano.

Members of the Boston Symphony—Vladimir Ashkenazy conducting and acting as piano soloist in an all-Mozart benefit program. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 27, at 3.)

National Symphony Orchestra—Mstislav Rostropovich conducting and acting as cello soloist in the final concert of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 27, at 8.)

Czech State Orchestra—Jiří Bělohlávek conducting, with Boris Krajný, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 28, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—William Smith conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 29, at 8.)

Colgate Concert Orchestra and University Chorus—William Skelton directing, with the Madison Quartet and others. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, March 24, at 8.)

Prague Chamber Orchestra—Thirty-six musicians who perform without a conductor. With Hans Richter-Haaser, piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, March 25, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—David Amram directing, with A. Robert Johnson, horn; T. Ray Lawrence, bass-baritone; and the Erasmus Hall Chorus. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, March 26, at 2.)

I Solisti di Zagreb—A Yugoslav chamber orchestra. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 26, at 8.)

Mozart Festival Orchestra—Baird Hastings conducting, with Beveridge Webster, piano. (First Presbyterian Church. Fifth Ave. at 12th St. Saturday, March 26, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

West Side Orchestral Concerts—Frédérique Petrides conducting. (McMillin Theatre. Broadway at 116th St. Sunday, March 27, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

St. Patrick's Cathedral Concert—John F. Grady conducting an orchestra composed of members of the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, with Geraldine O'Grady, violin, and Robert White, tenor. (St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. Sunday, March 27, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Columbia University Orchestra and Barnard-Columbia Chorus—Peter Schubert and Martin Rutishauser directing. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Tuesday, March 29, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

New and Newer Music—Richard Pittman conducting the Boston Musica Viva. (New York Public Library at Lincoln Center Auditorium, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Thursday, March 31, at 7:30. For tickets, which will not be on sale at the auditorium, call 362-1911.)

Yale Concert Choir—Jon D. Bailey directing. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Saturday, April 2, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 2, at 8.)

Roger Wagner Chorale and Prague Chamber Orchestra—Roger Wagner directing, with Barbara Hendricks, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 2, at 8.)

RECITALS

Guarneri Quartet and Friends—The third in a series of four programs, this one with Anton Kuerti, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, March 23-24, at 8.)

Boehm Quintette—The final concerts of the season. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. Wednesday, March 23, at 8. . . . ¶ Same program; Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, March 24, at 8.) Tickets for either concert at the door on the night of the performance.

Trio Elvetico—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, March 24, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The fourth in this season's series of six programs of contemporary music, this one performed by Ursula Oppens, piano; Rolf Schulte, violin; and Timothy Eddy, cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 24, at 8.)

Sergiu Luca and Albert Fuller—A program of Bach sonatas for violin and harpsichord. The last in a series of recitals. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 25, at 8.)

Narciso Yepes—Classical guitarist, in a benefit concert. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 26, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 26, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Francis Heilbut—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 26, at 8:30.)

Frans Brueggen, Walter Trampler, and Kenneth Cooper—Recorder/baroque flute, viola d'amore, and harpsichord. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, March 26, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 27, at 2.)

Alexander Schneider, Walter Trampler, Leslie Parnas, and Stephanie Brown—Violin, viola, cello, and piano, in the final concerts of the season. (New School, 66 W. 12th St., 741-5689. Sunday, March 27, at 11. . . . ¶ Same program; Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 31, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Carlo Bergonzi—Tenor. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 27, at 2:30.)

Donald Gramm—Bass-baritone, in a lieder recital. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, March 27, at 2:30.)

Anthony Newman and Friends—The third in a series of four programs presenting the cycle of Bach concertos for one, two, three, and four harpsichords, this one with Paula Robison and Renée Siebert, flute. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 27, at 2:30.)

Music for a While—A program of medieval and Renaissance music from Spain. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, March 27, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

New York Philomusica—Chamber music. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Sunday, March 27, at 3.)

Rudolf Buchbinder—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, March 27, at 8.)

Paul Olefsky—Cello, in a benefit concert. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 27, at 8.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal and Alexandre Lagoya—Flute and guitar. The last in a series of recitals. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 27, at 8.)

Lazar Berman—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, March 28, at 8.)

American String Quartet—With Claude Frank, piano. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. 737-0700. Tuesday, March 29, at 8.)

Beethoven at the Y—The Juilliard String Quartet performing the fifth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, March 29, at 8.)

André Emelianoff—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 30, at 8.)

Mstislav Rostropovich—Cello. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 30, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—The first of two concerts presenting the Bartók cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, March 30, at 8.)

Chilingirian String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, March 31, at 8.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano, in a program of Russian music. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 1, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Gary Karr, bass; Leonard Arner, oboe; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Richard Goode, piano; and Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 1, at 8, and Sunday, April 3, at 5.)

Festival Winds—The last in a series of programs presenting the cycle of Mozart's music for winds. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 1, at 8.)

Toby Appel—Viola. (Alice Tully Hall, Saturday, April 2, at 2.)

Mordecai Shehori—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 2, at 2:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Washington, Saturday, March 26, at 8. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. Kansas City, Wednesday, March 23. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Portland, Friday, March 25. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Friday, April 1.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Colorado Rockies, Wednesday, March 23. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Sunday, March 27. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Atlanta Flames, Wednesday, March 30. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Saturday, March 26, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, April 2, at 2:05.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 21. The Distaff Handicap, Wednesday, March 23; the Bay Shore, Saturday, March 26; and the Westchester Handicap, Saturday, April 2. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:45; through Tuesday, May 31.

Tennis—Virginia Slims Tennis Championships: Chris Evert, Martina Navratilova, Sue Barker, Rosemary Casals, Virginia Wade, Betty Stove, Kris Shaw, and Mima Jausovec, in round-robin play. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday and Friday, March 24-25, at 6; Saturday, March 26, at 11:30; and Sunday, March 27, at 12:30.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 30. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK**, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

ET ALIA

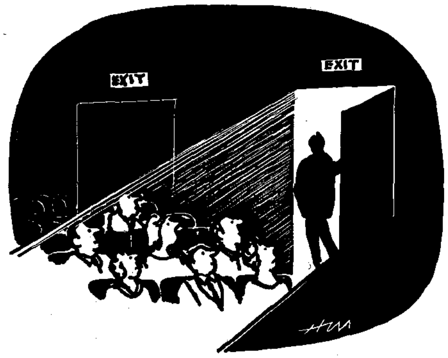
(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—Muriel Rukeyser reading from her own works. (College Parlor, Barnard Hall, Broadway at 117th St. Thursday, March 24, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, March 24, at 2: Twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from many owners. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, March 25-26, at 10:15 and 2: European and American furniture, works of art, and textiles, plus English and Continental pottery; from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Rowland and from other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 29, at 10:15 and 2: Part I of the Jonathan Goodwin collection of modern first editions. Exhibition starts Thursday, March 24.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE *SECTION BELOW*

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Harlan County, U.S.A."

Jean Renoir Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 10th. (873-8702; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
March 23: "The Southerner."
From March 24: "Les Zozos."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Rocky."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through March 24: "Slap Shot."
From March 25: "Airport '77."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Domino Principle."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Rocky."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Late Show."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through March 24: "Silver Streak."
From March 25: "The Eagle Has Landed."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through March 30: "Voyage of the Damned."
From March 31: "Brothers."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through March 24: "Pumping Iron."
From March 25: "The Man on the Roof.'

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Welcome to L.A."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Islands in the Stream."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Network."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"F for Fake."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Fellini's Casanova."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Nasty Habits."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through March 24: "Mohammad, Messenger of God."
From March 25: "Airport '77."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Mohammad, Messenger of God."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Slap Shot."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Wonderful Crook."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Fun with Dick and Jane."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 29: "The Cassandra Crossing."
From March 30: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Network."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through March 24: "A Star Is Born."
From March 25: "Mohammad, Messenger of God."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Domino Principle."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Bittersweet Love" and "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through March 24: "The Sentinel" and "Two-Minute Warning."
From March 25: "Airport '77."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through March 24: "Silver Streak."
From March 25: "The Eagle Has Landed."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through March 29: "Rocky."
From March 30: "Fun with Dick and Jane."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through March 29: "Voyage of the Damned."
From March 30: "Fun with Dick and Jane."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through March 29: "F for Fake."
From March 30: To be announced.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Network."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through March 26: "Dark Victory" and "Juarez." March 27-29: "Jezebel" and "Old Acquaintance." From March 30: "The Letter" and "The Petrified Forest."
Theatre 2: "Bound for Glory."
Theatre 3: "Rocky."
Theatre 4: "The Autobiography of a Flea" (X-rated).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Bound for Glory."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through March 30: "Mr. Billion."
From March 31: "The Littlest Horse Thieves."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through March 29: "Marathon Man" and "Lipstick."
From March 30: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"All the President's Men."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Providence."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Bound for Glory."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Network."
Theatre 2: Through March 29: "Twilight's Last Gleaming." From March 30: "Fun with Dick and Jane."
Theatre 3: Through March 24: "A Star Is Born." From March 25: "The Eagle Has Landed."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 29: "Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven."
From March 30 (tentative): "Fox and His Friends" and "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
"A Star Is Born" and "From Noon Till Three."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
March 23: "Chloé in the Afternoon" (1972), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Bernard Verley and Zouzou; and "Claire's Knee" (1970), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Jean-Claude Brialy and Beatrice Romand.
March 24: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina; and "Chloé in the Afternoon."
March 25: "Cries and Whispers" (1972), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan; and "Juliet of the Spirits."
March 26: "The Magic Flute" (†); and "Cries and Whispers."
March 27: "Arthur Rubinstein—Love of Life" (†) and "The Magic Flute." (†)
March 28: "La Dolce Vita" (1960), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.
March 29: A program of avant-garde films by Steve Dwoskin; and "Go West." (†)
March 30: "A Night at the Opera" (1935), directed by Sam Wood, with the Marx Brothers; and "Chaplin Revue," a program of three short films.
March 31: "City Lights" (1931). directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin; and "A Night at the Opera."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
March 23: "Diabolique" (1955), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "Panique" (1946), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Michel Simon, Viviane Romance, and Paul Bernard.
March 24: "The Merry Widow" (†) and "Naughty Marietta." (†)
March 25: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood; and "Forbidden Planet." (†)
March 26: "Modern Times" (1936) and "The Great Dictator" (1940), both films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.
March 27: "The Threepenny Opera" (†) and "The Crime of Monsieur Lange." (†)
March 28: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), directed by John Huston, with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre; and "The Glass Key." (†)
March 29: "A Happy Family Life" (1975), in German, directed by Marianne Luedcke and Ingo Kratisch; and "Snowdrops Bloom in September" (1974), in German, directed by Christian Ziewer.
March 30: "A Piece of Pleasure" (1976), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Paul Gégauff and Danielle Gégauff; and "Ten Days' Wonder." (†)
March 31: "Boris Godunov" (†); and "The Tsar's Bride" (1966), in Russian, performed by the Bolshoi Opera Company.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 24: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (1975), directed by Miloš Forman, with Jack Nicholson, Louise Fletcher, and Will Sampson; and "Lenny" (1974), directed by Bob Fosse, with Dustin Hoffman and Valerie Perrine.
March 25-26: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider (X-rated); and "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea." (†)
March 27-28: "Putney Swope" (†) and "Greaser's Palace." (†)
March 29: "Kings of the Road" (1976), in German, directed by Wim Wenders, with Rudiger Vogler and Hanns Zischler.
March 30-31: "The Story of O" (1975) and "Emmanuelle" (1974), both films in French, directed by Just Jaeckin (both X-rated).

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
March 23: "Patton" (1970), directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, with George C. Scott.
March 24: "The Great Gatsby" (†); and "Borsalino" (1970), in French, directed by Jacques Deray, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Alain Delon.
March 25: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (†) and "The Ballad of Cable Hogue." (†)
March 26: "Animal Crackers" (1930), "Duck Soup" (1933), and "Horsefeathers" (1932), all with the Marx Brothers.
March 27: "Gone with the Wind" (1939), directed by Victor Fleming, with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.
March 28: "Tropic of Cancer" (†) and "Minnie and Moskowitz." (†)
March 29: "Joe Hill" (†) and "Sacco and Vanzetti." (†)
March 30: "The Shootist" (†) and "True Grit." (†)
From March 31: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell; "The Devils" (1971), directed by Ken Russell, with Vanessa

Redgrave and Oliver Reed; and "Rollerball" (1975), directed by Norman Jewison, with James Caan and John Houseman.

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

March 23: "My Night at Maud's" (1970), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "Tristana" (1970), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Catherine Deneuve and Fernando Rey.

March 24: "The Last Picture Show" (†); and "Shampoo" (1975), directed by Hal Ashby, with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, and Goldie Hawn.

March 25: "The Graduate" (1967), directed by Mike Nichols, with Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross; and "Carnal Knowledge" (1971), directed by Mike Nichols, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret.

March 26: "Swept Away" (1975), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller; and "Amarcord" (1974), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Bruno Zanin.

March 27: "Catch-22" (†); and "M*A*S*H" (1970), directed by Robert Altman, with Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman.

March 28: "Cool Hand Luke" (1967), directed by Stuart Rosenberg, with Paul Newman; and "Badlands" (1973), directed by Terrence Malick, with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.

March 29: "Fat City" (†) and "Traffic." (†)

March 30: "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (†) and "La Guerre Est Finie." (†)

March 31: "The Shop on Main Street" (†) and "Loves of a Blonde." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

March 23: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "Down to Earth" (1947), directed by Alexander Hall, with Rita Hayworth, Larry Parks, James Gleason, and Edward Everett Horton.

March 24-26: "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" (1939), directed by Frank Capra, with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Claude Rains, Guy Kibbee, and Beulah Bondi; and "The More the Merrier" (1943), directed by George Stevens, with Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn.

March 27-29: "One Night of Love" (†) and "You'll Never Get Rich." (†)

From March 30: "Born Yesterday" (1950), directed by George Cukor, with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford; and "The Talk of the Town" (1942), directed by George Stevens, with Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, and Ronald Colman.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through March 29: "Uncle Vanya" (1977), a filmed stage production, directed by Laurence Olivier, with Michael Redgrave, Joan Plowright, and Mr. Olivier.

March 30-31: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "All Through the Night." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through March 24: "The Squaw Man" (†) and "Madame Satan." (†)

March 25-26: "All About Eve" (1950), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Sunset Boulevard." (†)

March 27-28: "Cover Girl" (1944), directed by Charles Vidor, with Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly, and Phil Silvers; and "Gilda" (1946), directed by Charles Vidor, with Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready.

March 29-30: "The Blue Dahlia" (†) and "The Glass Key." (†)

From March 31: "Dancing Lady" (†) and "Broadway Melody of 1940." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 24 at 2:30: "Life Begins at 40" (1935), directed by George Marshall, with Will Rogers, Richard Cromwell, and Jane Darwell. . . . ¶ March 24 at 6: "The Norrtull Gang" (1923), a Swedish silent film, directed by Per Lindberg; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ March 24 at 8:30: "The Lady of the Camellias" (1925), a Swedish silent film, directed by Olof Molander; simultaneous translation. . . . ¶ March 25 at 2:30: "Pilgrimage to Kevlaar" (1921), a Swedish silent film, directed by Ivan Hedqvist; simultaneous translation. . . . ¶ March 25 at 6: "Life Begins at 40.". . . ¶ March 26 at noon: "12 Angry Men" (1957), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, Ed Begley, and E.G. Marshall. . . . ¶ March 26 at 2:30: "Ingmar's Inheritance" (1925), a Swedish silent film, directed by Gustaf Molander; simultaneous translation. . . . ¶ March 26 at 5: "The Gyurkovics Girls" (1926), a Swedish silent film, directed by Paul Merzbach; simultaneous translation. . . . ¶ March 27 at noon: "12 Angry Men.". . . ¶ March 27 at 2:30: "The Ghost Baron" (1927), a Swedish silent film, directed by Gustaf Edgren; simultaneous translation. . . . ¶ March 27 at 5: "The Love of Jeanne Ney" (1927), a German silent film, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Edith Jehanne and Brigitte Helm; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ March 28 at 2:30: "The Lady of the Camellias". . . . ¶ March 28 at 6: "Central Bazaar" (1976), directed by Steve Dwoskin; recommended for adults only. . . . ¶ March 29 at 2:30: "Ingmar's Inheritance." . . . ¶ March 31 at 2:30: "Street of Shame" (1956), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, with Machiko Kyo; English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 31 at 6: "The Strongest" (1929), a Swedish silent film, directed by Alf Sjöberg; simultaneous translation. . . . ¶ March 31 at 8:30: "Sin" (1928), a Swedish silent film, directed by Gustaf Molander, with Elissa Landi; simultaneous translation. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through March 27: A program of video films by Sonnier, Vasulka, Walker, and Wegman. Showings at noon, 2, and 4. . . . ¶ Starting March 29: "Off the Wall," directed by Rick King, with Harvey Waldman. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evening). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Dovzhenko, Dreyer, Acconci, Von Ackeren, Schamoni, and others. Showings March 23-24 at 7 and 9; March 25 at 8; March 26 at 2:30 and 8; March 27 at 7:30 and 9:30; March 29 at 7 and 9; and March 30-31 at 7 and 9:30.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"My Childhood" (1972), and "My Ain Folk" (1973), both directed by Bill Douglas. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

Metropolitan Museum, Junior Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (TR 9-5674)—A series of films presenting New York as seen in American films, and Paris as seen in French films. March 26 at 2: An eight-hour marathon program showing Paris, in film, from 1894 to the present—roughly ten years an hour. . . . ¶ March 29 at 4: "Paris 1900" (1947), directed by Nicole Vedrès. . . . ¶ March 29 at 6: "The Bowery" (1933), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Wallace Beery, Fay Wray, and George Raft. . . . ¶ March 29 at 8: "Diamond Jim" (1935), directed by Edward Sutherland, with Edward Arnold, Binnie Barnes, and Jean Arthur.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Airport '77—With Jack Lemmon, Lee Grant, Brenda Vaccaro, Joseph Cotten, and Olivia de Havilland; directed by Jerry Jameson. (Murray Hill, Columbia I, and 86th St. East; starting March 25.)

All the President's Men—Alan J. Pakula's film of the famous book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward about the uncovering of the Watergate coverup. Woodward is played by Robert Redford, one of our best actors; Bernstein is played by Dustin Hoffman with edgy intelligence. The film is good on newspapers' nervous verve, though it has its share of clichés about the working press. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/76.) (Little Carnegie.)

All Through the Night (1942)—Humphrey Bogart in a story about a mobster who has turned to gambling to support his family and the gang. This is the effect of wartime rationing with a vengeance. The film is nothing much, but there are acerbic small appearances by Peter Lorre and Conrad Veidt. (Thalia; March 30-31.)

Arthur Rubinstein—Love of Life (1969)—An exhilarating documentary, winner of an Academy Award, directed by François Reichenbach and S. G. Patris. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 27.)

The Ballad of Cable Hogue (1970)—Sam Peckinpah is in a relaxed and playful mood in this rambling comedy Western with Jason Robards (in fine form) as a desert rat who discovers a mudhole and turns water merchant, Stella Stevens as an ambitious whore, and David Warner as a lecherous self-ordained preacher. (Elgin; March 25.)

Bittersweet Love—With Lana Turner, Robert Lansing, Celeste Holm, Robert Alda, Scott Hylands, and Meredith Baxter Birney; directed by David Miller. (Loews Ciné.)

The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant (1972)—The prodigal young Fassbinder, aged thirty-one, writer and director of more than twenty feature films, here makes a film about lesbians that is furnished with elegance but sustained by deep and primitive power of sensibility. Like Bergman, Fassbinder works with a troupe of actors that has almost become his repertory company. He plays a game of double-dare, pretending to frivolity where he means the intensely serious: great talent is often a sort of cheek. In German. (6/14/76) (New Yorker; starting March 30, tentative.)

The Blue Dahlia (1946)—Raymond Chandler wrote the screenplay of this untidily complicated thriller, directed by George Marshall. It threatens to turn into something, but it never does. The plot involves Alan Ladd as a Navy flier out to avenge the murder of his wife (Doris Dowling); a night-club proprietor (Howard Da Silva) whose own estranged wife (Veronica Lake) is hot for the flier; and the flier's psychoneurotic buddy (William Bendix) who can never remember just what he's been up to. There are also voyeurs, blackmailers, baffled cops, and mugs in the pay of the night-club proprietor. Ladd takes many a mauling before he gathers the heroine (Lake) in his arms. With Frank Faylen and Tom Powers. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 29-30.)

Boris Godunov (1955)—Elaborate, faithful re-creation of the Moussorgsky-Pushkin opera. A. Pirogov is Boris. Directed by V. Stroyeva. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 31.)

Bound for Glory—As Woody Guthrie, David Carradine has an ornery intransigence that gives the film a core, and the re-creation of the late thirties is superbly lighted and shot (by Haskell Wexler). There's real love in the director Hal Ashby's staging of the incidents, and the entire film shows taste and good will. Though it doesn't build dramatically—it straggles just when you want it to soar—it's by no means a negligible piece of work. (12/13/76) (Quad Cinema, Guild, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Broadway Melody of 1940—Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy. That's a lot of tapping. Norman Taurog directed; he couldn't do much with the indefatigable, intensely dull Miss Powell. A half-dozen good Cole Porter songs are reprised, including "I Concentrate on You" and "Begin the Beguine." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 31.)

Brothers—With Bernie Casey, Vonetta McGee, and Ron O'Neal; directed by Arthur Barron. (Fine Arts; starting March 31.)

The Cassandra Crossing—With Sophia Loren, Richard Harris, Martin Sheen, O. J. Simpson, Lionel Stander, Ingrid Thulin, Lee Strasberg, Burt Lancaster, and Ava Gardner; directed by George P. Cosmatos. (72nd Street East; through March 29.)

Catch-22 (1970)—Mike Nichols' third picture was this hugely ambitious failure, from

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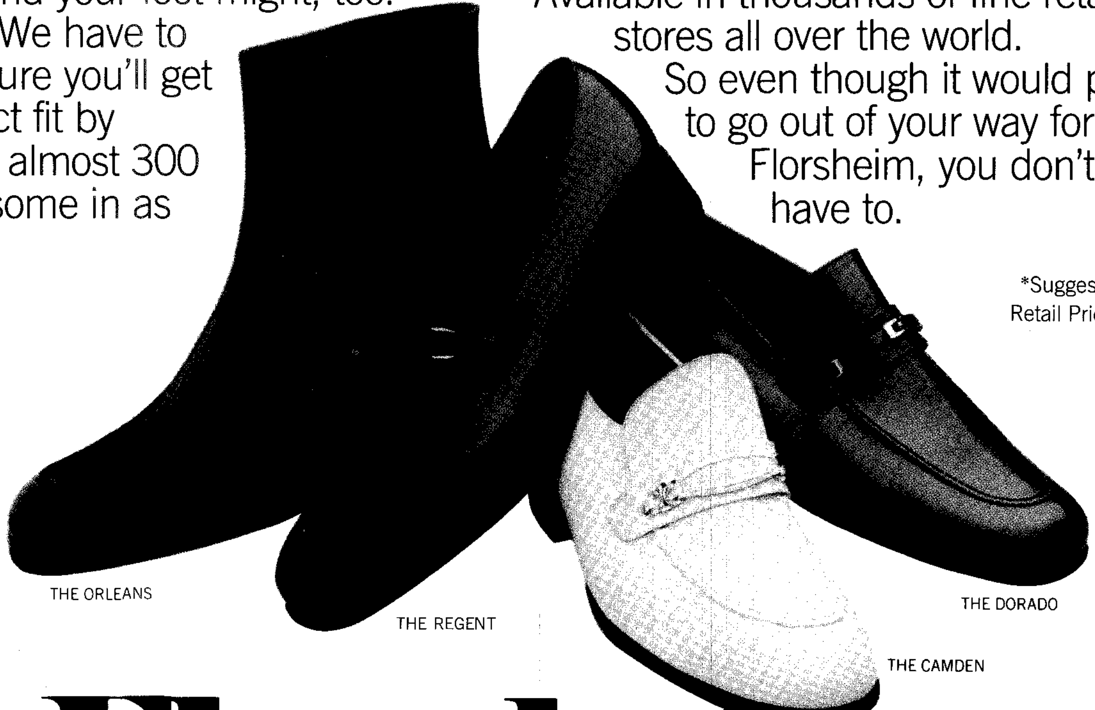

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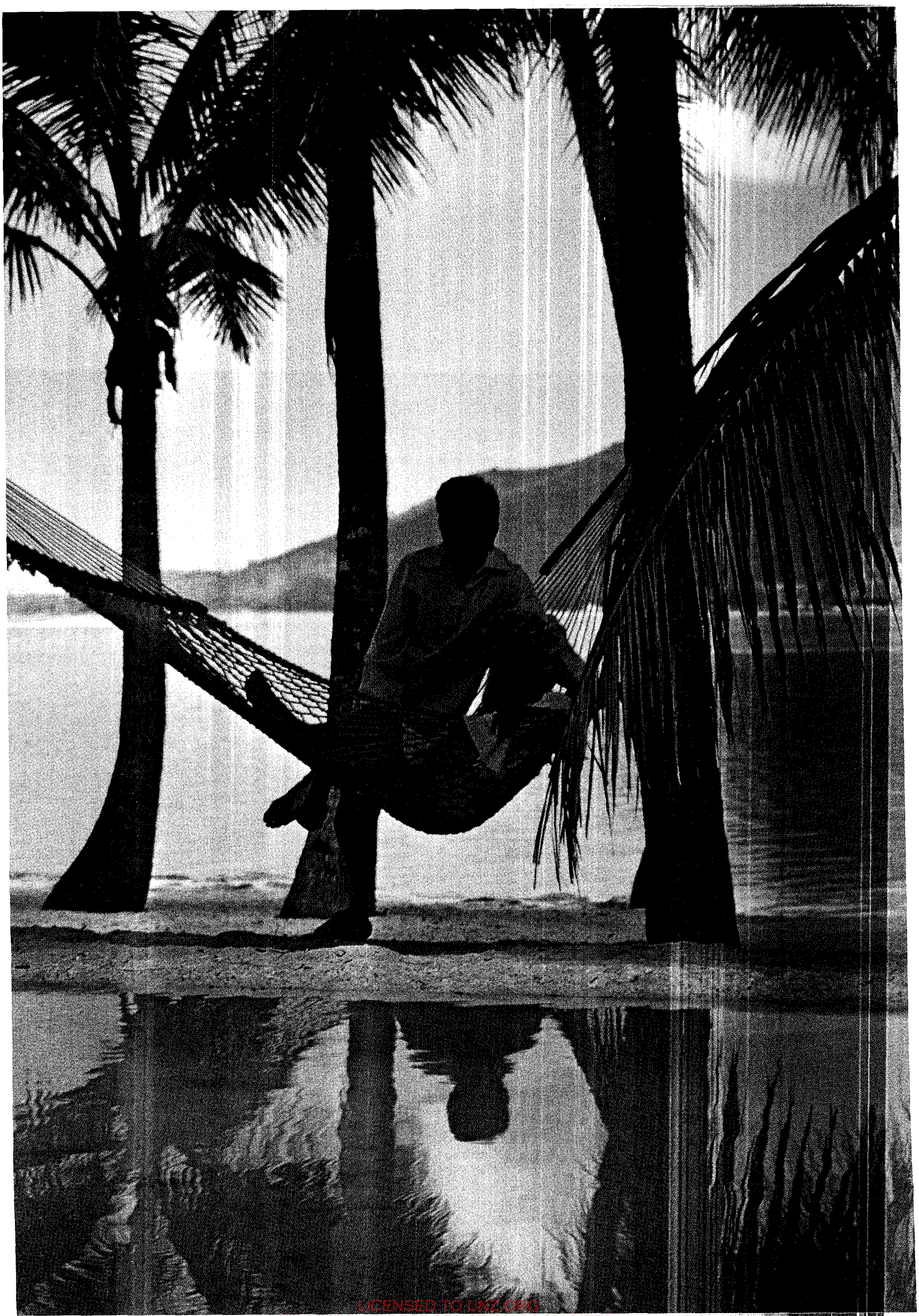


Kia Ora Royale, Tahiti.

You come to escape from life. And leave seeking it.

UTA French Airlines announces four unique ***all-inclusive tours*** *designed to add another dimension to your life. Here's one writer's experience.*

It begins before you get on the plane. There's someone from UTA who'll greet you at the airport. She'll take care of your baggage. And your tickets. And everything else. All you have to do is be there.

The same thing is true when you land in Papeete. She checks you into the exotic Maeva Beach Hotel, while you browse amongst its collection of Polynesian artifacts. And so the tour continues, with you experiencing what you came to experience. And not worrying about logistics.

The unrelenting pursuit of happiness.

Tahitians — and French Polynesians in general — are people who actually believe that the purpose of life is to be happy. And they drive themselves unmercifully in pursuance of that noble aim. Sometimes they don't even bother to show up for work if they're having too much fun doing something else. And everyone — except a few rigid Westerners — finds that perfectly acceptable.

And for a few days, you become Tahitian. You fish with them, sing with them and drink with them. They'll teach you a toast — *manuia* — that means luck, love, life, happiness and all the good things you can think of. They'll tell you stories and you'll never stop telling them what it's like where you come from. No matter how you try to explain, they still find it incredible that somewhere across the sea lives a strange breed of men who devote their lives to never-ending toil.

Rangiroa. A little O lost in an infinite sea.

You first see this little atoll from the air. A little O lost in an infinite sea. A thin strip of land stretching out in both directions to form an almost perfect circle. A life preserver of solid earth in a completely watery world.

Walk in either direction around this ring and always — always — you end right back where you began. Suddenly you become aware of something you always knew — yet didn't know — that you can't ever be anywhere but where you are. And you experience what *here* means.

Here, on Rangiroa, you live in a Kia Ora village. You sleep in a little thatched hut (faré) and see by lantern light. Yet you experience an epicurean phenomenon that no gourmet worth his palate could pass within two hundred miles and not drop by for a bite to eat. Imagine sitting by the sounding sea, under a thatched roof, being served French haute cuisine on linen by beautiful brown-skinned girls in pareus.

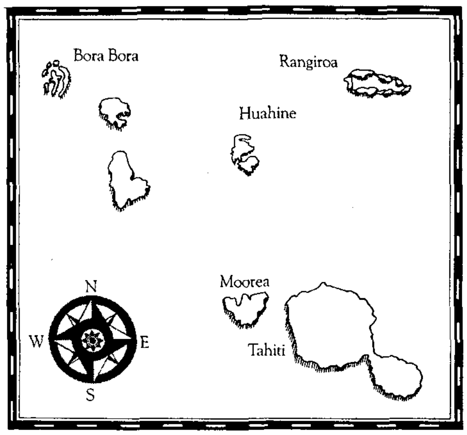
Les belles filles sans merci.

Kia Ora, Rangiroa is a unity of extremes. The civilized and primitive at once. La plus elegante and au naturale. It's fishing from an outrigger canoe while munching on a millefeuille napoleon. It's a shaggy dog named Caesar who wanders in and out of your room at will, a supercilious Maitre d'Hotel named Andre who makes you eat all your haricots verts, and a blonde Tahitian goddess named Elke who drags you out on the reef at night to look for sea shells. It's fresh flowers in your room, a bottle of Romanee-Conti, 1959, les belles filles sans merci lying bare-breasted in the sun and a sign in the lobby that says: "When you go to the village, be sure and cover up. Because the natives are quite modest."

Moorea. A sanctuary for kings.

Moorea — you remember it from the film, *South Pacific* — is as it always was. A place you come to to be rejuvenated. In ancient days vanquished Tahitian warriors came to Moorea to find sanctuary. And it was here that King Pomare came to hide when things got too hot for him on Tahiti.

Like the island itself, the Kia Ora village on Moorea was designed to ease the spirit of its burdens. All you have to do is be there and they begin to disappear. Everything was planned to make that happen. Even the view of Tahiti off on the horizon you get from your faré. Each evening as the sun is setting, a kaleidoscopic Monet appears before your eyes.



No clocks or watches wanted.

Moorea is a timeless place. A place that has no need of maps or clocks. A place where you can't be late because there's nothing to be late to. A place where you do whatever you're doing and are content.

And Kia Ora, Moorea is also timeless. Great care was taken to weave the past into the present. They even pick you up in a horse and carriage. And then there's the famous trading schooner, *Vaitere*, which, under 17 different skippers, made its rounds between the islands carrying copra. Today it's permanently moored off Kia Ora as one of the world's most unique discotheques.

Something happens to you in this magic, timeless spot. A spell is woven. Like the *Vaitere* you become part of where you are now. And like it, you're no longer the same as you once were.

Suddenly your past is gone. Suddenly everything you thought vital to your existence, everything you thought made you you, is gone. Hopes and ambitions, debts and possessions, gone. The noonday brilliance of your life and all its midnight horrors, gone. Everything you left behind, gone. And you're left with only one thing. *Now.*

And when you're riding the surf in an outrigger, you're there with the waves, the wind and a thousand shades of blue. And when you're snorkeling on the reef, you're there playing tag with the fish, darting in and out of castles of coral. And when you're dancing on the *Vaitere*, you're there with the fun and the music.

It doesn't stop when you get back home.

All things that begin must end. And the time comes when you strap your watch back on and fly back home. For the first time in a long time you let your mind slip back into the past. Back to Rangiroa and Moorea. Back still further to other vacations you've experienced. Remember how all those nagging problems you left behind came crashing in on you when you got back?

"This time, whatever you do," you say to yourself as you step off the plane, "you're not going to get caught up in it again." Then that little voice speaks up — you know, that nasty little fellow that keeps chattering at you all the time about all the things you've got to do. "Quit kidding yourself, pal," it says, "you're caught up in it already."

It's been almost a year since I got back. And I know that little voice was lying. I didn't get caught up in it. Not entirely. I know I didn't because every so often I find myself being right where I am, doing whatever I happen to be doing. Like I am *now* as I write of my experiences. Just as I was *then* as I was living them.

I can't prove it but I still believe it's true: Once you experience things as you do on a tour like this, you'll go on experiencing them that way — every once in a while — for the rest of your life. Like it or not.

Manuia,
Jack Raymond.

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S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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which his reputation as a film director has never fully recovered; he gave Joseph Heller's novel a grandiloquent staging, and the picture got so Fellini-esque and messagy that the ironies were buried. There's a beautiful flight-tower sequence early on, and there are startling effects and good revue touches here and there, but the picture keeps going on and on, as if it were determined to impress us. With Alan Arkin as Yossarian, Jon Voight, Richard Benjamin, Art Garfunkel, Buck Henry, Martin Balsam, Orson Welles, Robert Balaban, Paula Prentiss, Martin Sheen, Jack Gilford, Peter Bonerz, Charles Grodin, Tony Perkins, Bob Newhart, and, in a particularly offensive scene, Marcel Dalio. The acting of some of the high-ranking officers is so gross that at times one thinks the moral must be that as soon as your rank reaches major, you're a monster. (Paramount; March 27.)

Cousin, Cousine—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (Paris.)

The Crime of Monsieur Lange (1935)—Directed by Jean Renoir—not at the great peak of his "Rules of the Game" but very much the same man. René Lefèvre plays M. Lange, technically guilty of murder but not morally. With Jules Berry. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 27.)

Dancing Lady (1933)—Fred Astaire's first movie. Joan Crawford is a dancer with her mind on her work; Franchot Tone loves her but is filthy rich; Clark Gable ignores her but agrees she should carry on at being a star overnight. Vivid and fun. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 31.)

Dark Victory (1939)—Bette Davis in a kitsch classic, playing a rich doomed-to-die girl who throws herself away on meaningless pleasures and then finds redemption in unselfish love—with her doctor, George Brent. A gooey collection of clichés, but Davis slams her way through them in her nerviest style. The steals from all over include a Lawrentian stable groom, played by Humphrey Bogart. Ronald Reagan is among the heroine's swains. With Geraldine Fitzgerald. Edmund Goulding directed. (Quad Cinema; through March 26.)

The Domino Principle—With Gene Hackman, Candice Bergen, Richard Widmark, Mickey Rooney, Edward Albert, and Eli Wallach; directed by Stanley Kramer. (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum.)

The Eagle Has Landed—Based on the Jack Higgins novel. With Michael Caine, Donald Sutherland, and Robert Duvall, directed by John Sturges. (Trans-Lux East, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting March 25.)

Le Fantôme de la Liberté (1974)—Buñuel's theme is freedom, in the sense of chance: the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great tonic style, but this is piffle. The actors come on in relays; the cast includes Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French. (Paramount; March 30.)

Fat City (1972)—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training fighter who is just about to hit thirty: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors—mostly photographed in Stockton, California. (Paramount; March 29.)

Fellini's Casanova—Fellini's epic about his own alienation; it takes great dedication to sit this one out. Donald Sutherland is used as an unfunny caricature of Casanova. (Cinema I.)

F for Fake—Directed by, and with, Orson Welles. (D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through March 29.)

Forbidden Planet (1956)—The best of the science-fiction interstellar productions of the fifties lifts its plot and atmosphere from Shakespeare: the magical island of "The Tempest" becomes the planet Altair-4, where the sky is green and the sand is pink and there are two moons. The magician Prospero becomes the mad scientist Morbius (Walter Pidgeon); Prospero's daughter Miranda, who knows no man except her father, is Altaira (Anne Francis); and (though this is less clear) the sprite Ariel becomes Robby, the friendly robot. Caliban has become a marvellously flamboyant monster out of Freud—pure id. It's a pity the film, directed by Fred Wilcox, didn't lift some of Shakespeare's dialogue; the language is flat. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 25.)

Fox and His Friends (1976)—Directed by, and with, Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (New Yorker; starting March 30, tentative.)

From Noon Till Three—With Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland, directed by Frank D. Gilroy. (Olympia.)

Fun with Dick and Jane—A nitwit mixture of counterculture politics, madcap comedy, and toilet humor. George Segal and Jane Fonda are Dick and Jane of the children's primers, grown up, married, and living beyond their means in a suburban-palatial L.A. dream house; when he loses his executive job they turn to robbery. Excruciatingly badly directed by Ted Kotcheff. (2/28/77) (Loews Tower East. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Waverly, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting March 30.)

The Glass Key (1942)—Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, and Brian Donlevy in a not particularly memorable, though reasonably faithful, version of the Dashiell Hammett novel. Stuart Heisler directed, from Jonathan Latimer's screenplay. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 28. . . . ¶ Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 29-30.)

Go West (1925)—Unique among the Buster Keaton comedies in that it aims for intense pathos; however, it's sad and funny at the same time—which wasn't true of Chaplin's pathos. Keaton plays Friendless—a lonely, buffeted, uncomplaining drifter without home, country, or dime. Having found the city's heart cold, he hides in a freight train going to Arizona, and there among the cacti he finds his first and only comfort and fellowship in a sad-eyed cow. Together they weather it through storm and sunshine. Keaton is so unembarrassed and so unself-consciously stoic in adversity that the pathos is never offensive—not even when a dog he tries to pat moves away from him. It's a strange, beautiful movie, directed and partly written by Keaton right after the breakup of the team he had been working with since his two-reeler days. There's an extraordinary finale, in which Friendless and Brown Eyes the Cow round up hundreds of steers that are bellowing through the streets of Los Angeles. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 29.)

Greaser's Palace (1972)—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny, with none of Downey's earlier cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. (Cinema Village; March 27-28.)

The Great Gatsby (1974)—F. Scott Fitzgerald's short masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, two-and-a-half-hour movie. Directed by Jack Clayton. With Mia Farrow, Robert Redford, Sam Waterston, and Bruce Dern. Script by Francis Ford Coppola. (Elgin; March 24.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Jorge Semprun wrote and Alain Resnais directed this ambivalent but compelling study of a failed radical. Yves Montand is a Communist courier who goes on stoically carrying out policies he knows are futile. With Ingrid Thulin and Geneviève Bujold. In French. (Paramount; March 30.)

Harlan County, U.S.A.—A documentary with a great subject, and with the taste and sensitivity not to betray it. The director, Barbara Kopple, went to live among the coal miners of Harlan County, Kentucky, when they went out on strike in 1973. This film is about an underdog group with its own folk culture, based on the unending struggle with "the owners." (1/24/77) (Art.)

Islands in the Stream—The implacable stodginess of this Franklin J. Schaffner version of Hemingway's posthumous novel is stupefying yet impressive. It's fascinating to see Hemingway's themes placed in this huge glass jar for our inspection. George C. Scott gives a scrupulous performance as the fisherman-artist hero living in the Bahamas at the outbreak of the Second World War, who is visited by his three sons from two broken marriages, and then by his first wife (Claire Bloom). By being respectful and dedicated, and incompetent at action, Schaffner and his scenarist, Denne Bart Petitclerc, bring out the worst in Hemingway—his mystique. With Julius Harris, David Hemmings, Gilbert Roland, and Michael-James Wixted as the middle boy, Davy. (3/14/77) (Coronet.)

Jezebel (1938)—Bette Davis at her dazzling best—as a Southern belle who confuses perversity with coquetry. A full-scale demonstration of the talent of a star who can act. William Wyler directed. With Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter. (Quad Cinema; March 27-29.)

Joe Hill (1971)—Some pretty period re-creation, but sadly shallow. The movie has no strength. With Thommy Berggren as the troubadour of the Wobblies. Directed by Bo Widerberg. (Elgin; March 29.)

Juarez (1939)—The time is the eighteen-sixties. Paul Muni is the straight, stern President of Mexico, with bowed, heavy shoulders and a rigid profile. Brian Aherne, in blond sideburns and chin whiskers, is the gentle, ineffectual Hapsburg Archduke Maximilian, who becomes a puppet Emperor, and Bette Davis, huge-eyed and wearing a black wig, is the barren, doomed Empress Carlota. She looks both fragile and tempestuous, and gets a chance to show off her best violent spasms when she pleads for help at the Tuileries and frightens the Empress Eugénie (Gale Sondergaard, who doesn't frighten easy). It's a lumpy big movie; Muni's big-star solemn righteousness is like a dose of medicine. But there are incidental diversions: John Garfield, as Diaz, gives a blue-ribbon bad performance, and Claude Rains, Joseph Calleia, Gilbert Roland, Henry O'Neill, Donald Crisp, and Harry Davenport all stomp around in fancy costumes. William Dieterle directed. (Quad Cinema; through March 26.)

The Last Picture Show (1971)—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (Paramount; March 24.)

The Late Show—The writer-director, Robert Benton, has followed the rules of the detective-movie genre, but he's also added something: the detective (Art Carney) is overweight, old, and scared. Lily Tomlin is the woman who hires him; Eugene Roche is a fence who loves his stolen goodies; Bill Macy is a scrounging bartender; Joanna Cassidy is a lying, cheating charmer; Howard Duff is a penny-ante detective; and John Considine is a sleekly handsome strong-arm man. They're all originals. (2/7/77) (Sutton.)

The Letter (1940)—William Wyler directed this Somerset Maugham melodrama, which was originally a Broadway vehicle for Katharine Cornell and here becomes a pretty great playground for Bette Davis. She plays the freezingly proper-looking wife of a rubber-plantation owner. Though she has a lover, and though she murders him, nothing can impeach that formidable, furious air of rectitude. Quite a study in pharisaical women. (Quad Cinema; starting March 30.)

Lipstick—Smeared. With Margaux Hemingway and Chris Sarandon, directed by Lamont Johnson. (Playboy; through March 29.)

The Littlest Horse Thieves—From the Disney studios, with Alastair Sim, Peter Barkworth, and Susan Tebbs; directed by Charles Jarrott. (Music Hall; starting March 31.)

Loves of a Blonde (1965)—A dreamily romantic young girl who is depressed and lost in her regimented factory milieu mistakes the casual interest of a young musician for a serious interest, and follows him to his home. The Miloš Forman picture is a comedy, and yet it's too painful and desolate to be funny; it reveals a horribly petty middle-class world within the Socialist economy. A Czech film. (Paramount; March 31.)

Madame Satan (1930)—A hodgepodge by Cecil B. De Mille, featuring an extravagant costume party aboard an enormous dirigible. When the dirigible is struck by lightning, the guests parachute down, except the parachuteless hero, Reginald Denny, who jumps

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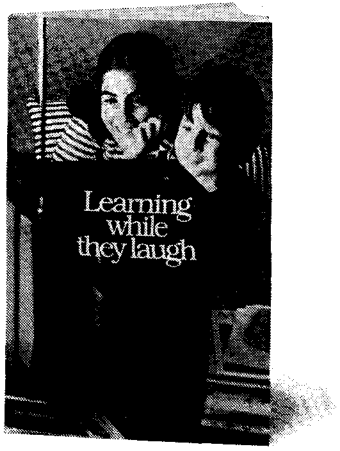

CBS TELEVISION NETWORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

to safety in the Central Park Reservoir—a stunt that the movies have never repeated. There are lots of songs and dances, and even a ballet in the dirigible. Lillian Roth, buxom and dimpled before she boozed and repented and told all ("I'll Cry Tomorrow"), is energetic as the wild showgirl Trixie. Kay Johnson plays the noble heroine. With Roland Young and Martha Sleeper. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 24.)

The Magic Flute (1975)—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life: you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. In Swedish. (11/17/75) (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 26-27.)

The Man on the Roof—With Carl-Gustaf Lindstedt, directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Plaza; starting March 25.)

Marathon Man—William Goldman's book—a visceral thriller about a Nazi ring of thieves in New York—seemed a lead-pipe cinch to make audiences almost sick with excitement (the way "The French Connection" did); it's "Death Wish" with a lone Jewish student (played by Dustin Hoffman) getting his own back from the Nazis. But the director, John Schlesinger, opts for so much frazzled cross-cutting that there isn't the clarity needed for suspense. The only emotion one is likely to feel is revulsion at the brutality and general unpleasantness. With Laurence Olivier, Roy Scheider, and Marthe Keller. (10/11/76) (Playboy; through March 29.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie: Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. (Elgin; March 25.)

The Merry Widow (1934)—Ernst Lubitsch brought style and spirit to this lavish M-G-M operetta, starring Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald, and Gus Kahn and Lorenz Hart wrote new lyrics to the Franz Lehár music. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 24.)

Minnie and Moskowitz (1971)—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't work. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Elgin; March 28.)

Mr. Billion—With Terence Hill, Valerie Perrine, and Jackie Gleason; directed by Jonathan Kaplan. (Music Hall; through March 30.)

Mohammad, Messenger of God—With Anthony Quinn and Irene Papas, directed by Moustapha Akkad. (Columbia II. . . . ¶ Columbia I; through March 24. . . . ¶ U. A. East; starting March 25.)

Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven—With Brigitte Mira, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Reviewed in this issue.) (New Yorker; through March 29.)

Nasty Habits—At its best, high wit and inspired silliness—it's a dream of a satire, reminiscent of Bea Lillie's brand of madness. Adapted from "The Abbess of Crewe," Muriel Spark's 1974 Watergate travesty set in a convent, the film features a coiffed little wolf pack—Glenda Jackson as Nixon, Geraldine Page and Anne Jackson as Haldeman and Ehrlichman, and, in an inspired bit of casting, Sandy Dennis as their flunky, John Dean. In her first real crack at screen farce, Dennis turns tactlessness and blurting into woozy slapstick; it's a blissful performance—she's such a drip she's creepy. As Kissinger, Melina Mercouri doesn't help much, but the scenarist, Robert Enders, has added a Gerald Ford figure—Anne Meara, who is such a brassy, good-humored top banana that everything she does is funny. The script tapers off toward topicality and obviousness, but Michael Lindsay-Hogg's directing has a balmy gracefulness to it. With Edith Evans. (2/21/77) (Cinema II.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—It's an atrocity, of course, and one of the most spoofed of all the Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy operettas, and yet it has vitality and a mad sort of appeal. When those two profiles come together as they sing "Ah, Sweet Mystery of

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Life," it's beyond camp, it's in a realm of its own. With Elsa Lanchester and Frank Morgan. W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 24.)

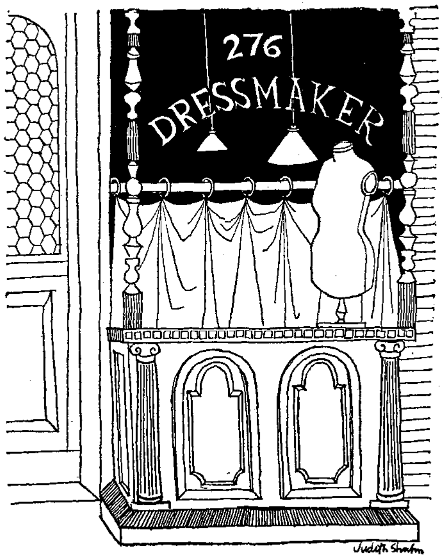
Network—Television, Paddy Chayefsky says, is turning us into morons and humanoids, people have lost the ability to love. The cast of this messianic farce includes Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, and Ned Beatty, and they all take turns yelling at us soulless masses. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/6/76) (59th St. East, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Old Acquaintance (1943)—Trashy fun, on an unusually literate level. One of the rare dry-eyed "women's pictures," it features bitchery and keeps its passages of self-sacrifice fairly tart. Bette Davis is an admirably tough-minded, no-nonsense serious writer, and Miriam Hopkins is her flouncy, butterfly-brained friend, who, out of envy, becomes the author of slovenly big best-sellers. Adapted from John Van Druten's play, it spans eighteen years of their love-hate friendship, including a glorious scene in which Davis shakes and slaps the catty, hysterical Hopkins. John Loder is Hopkins' husband, who wants to leave her for Davis; Dolores Moran is Hopkins' rebellious daughter; Phillip Reed is a playboy seducer; and Gig Young is the young man who falls in love with the middle-aged Davis. With Esther Dale, Anne Revere, and Roscoe Karns. Directed by Vincent Sherman. (Quad Cinema; March 27-29.)

One Night of Love (1934)—With Grace Moore, serving grand opera by the teaspoonful with her little finger crooked. She goes to all the great cities of Europe for the sake of music, backdrops, and so on, and eventually lands here at the Metropolitan, where her Italian music teacher bursts into tears in the prompter's box because he loffs her. (Regency; March 27-29.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—Archie Mayo turned Robert Sherwood's famous play into this pretty good movie about the ironic ascendancy of a strongly physical man in a society of sophisticates. An escaped gangster, played by Humphrey Bogart, holds Leslie Howard and Bette Davis hostage at a roadside restaurant in Arizona. Bogart is at his best, the irresistible type of the sardonic bandit. (Quad Cinema; starting March 30.)

Providence—Alain Resnais's intricately planned Freudian-puzzle movie, mostly set inside the mind of a dying writer (John Gielgud). Alone at night, in pain, he drunkenly plots a novel about the members of his family (Dirk Bogarde, Ellen Burstyn, David Warner, Elaine Stritch). The movie is peculiarly fastidious and static. David Mercer wrote the script. (1/31/77) (Cinema 3.)



Pumping Iron—Competently made documentary about the grotesque, funny subculture of body-building. It holds the viewer's interest, but it does so by setting up the body-building champions for you to react to in a certain way, and then congratulating you for seeing them in that psychologically facile way. The directors, George Butler and Robert Fiore, treat Arnold Schwarzenegger, Mike Katz, Franco Columbu, and Louis Ferrigno and his parents as if they were fictional characters, and there are elements of presumption, cruelty, and condescension in this. The film never transcends its own slickness. (Plaza; through March 24.)

Putney Swope (1969)—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat at an advertising agency. (Cinema Village; March 27-28.)

Rocky—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. The picture is poorly made, yet its naïve, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. John G. Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (11/29/76) (Gramercy, Eastside Cinema, and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through March 29.)

Sacco and Vanzetti (1971)—Would that it were better. With Riccardo Cucciolla and Gian Maria Volonte in the title roles. Directed by Giuliano Montaldo. (Elgin; March 29.)

The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea—From the late Yukio Mishima's book. Sarah Miles plays a beautiful young widow cursed with an angelic-faced son who is a member of a club of sadistic schoolboys. The boys not only cut up a cat alive but calmly murder the sailor—Kris Kristofferson—whom the boy's mother means to marry, because they feel that his decision to become a landlubber husband has broken his sacred compact with the sea. This very Japanese and violent idea of a religious pact has been transferred to, of all places, Dartmouth, in Devon, with its tea shops and benign, mannerly colonels. (4/26/76) (Loews Ciné. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; March 25-26.)

The Sentinel—With Chris Sarandon and Cristina Raines, directed by Michael Winner. (86th St. East; through March 24.)

The Shootist—The setting is a Nevada town in 1901. John Wayne is a legendary Western gunslinger suffering from cancer in this movie that aspires to be a classic. Wayne wears a noble hat and acts with dignity, but the script, by Miles Hood Swarthout and Scott Hale, is a mechanical demonstration of how greedy and unfeeling the townspeople are, and Don Siegel's directing lacks rhythm—each scene dies a separate death. Lauren Bacall is unnecessarily tight-faced as a widow; as her adolescent son, Ron Howard overdoes the anguish of learning to become a man, and as the town doctor who treats Wayne, James Stewart talks too loudly, as if he thought we'd all gone deaf. With Richard Boone, Sheree North, Scatman Crothers, Hugh O'Brian, Richard Lenz, and Harry Morgan. (Elgin; March 30.)

The Shop on Main Street (1964)—An exceptionally fine film from Czechoslovakia. The stars are Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska, and the setting is a village during the Second World War. (Paramount; March 31.)

Silver Streak—Jill Clayburgh, Gene Wilder, and Richard Pryor are nineteen-seventies performers trapped in this fake thirties mystery-comedy, which is so inept you can't even get angry: it's like the imitations of sophisticated entertainment that high-school kids put on. Arthur Hiller directed, lamely; Colin Higgins wrote the script, which features pathetic double-entendres. (1/17/77) (Trans-Lux East, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through March 24.)

Slap Shot—Fast, noisy, profane comedy set in the world of minor-league ice hockey. The director, George Roy Hill, gets you laughing, all right, but you don't necessarily enjoy yourself; the picture is geared to giving the public "what it wants"—and there's an antagonistic feeling behind it. What holds the film together is the warmth supplied by Paul Newman, who, as Reggie, a player-coach, gives the performance of his life—to date. (3/7/77) (Beekman. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through March 24.)

The Southerner (1945)—Jean Renoir's poetic account of a year in the life of a poor, white Texas family—a chronicle of seasons and conflicts, adapted from the book "Hold Autumn in Your Hand," by George Sessions Perry. Zachary Scott, who usually played lounge lizards, is almost unrecognizable as a young tenant farmer; it was the performance of his career. Betty Field plays his wife, and his relatives and neighbors include Percy Kilbride, Blanche Yurka, J. Carrol Naish, Norman Lloyd, and, regrettably, Beulah Bondi, who is more than a bit much as Granny. The picture has beautiful, evocative moments, mysteriously solemn. Having made this uneven but affecting picture, United Artists tried to sell it by the usual methods. ("She was his woman . . . and he was her man! That's all they had to fight with—against the world, the flesh, and the devil!") (Jean Renoir Cinema; March 23.)

The Squaw Man (1931)—Cecil B. De Mille made his first version of this Western (based on a 1905 stage play by Edwin Milton Royle) in 1914; it was his first movie and a big hit. He made a second version in 1918, and finally this talkie version, with Warner Baxter, Lupe Velez, Charles Bickford, Eleanor Boardman, and Roland Young. The story is a wheezer about an Indian girl who sacrifices her life for the white man she loves. This third version lost money, so there's some justice. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 24.)

A Star Is Born—The Streisand-Kristofferson musical version—sentimental, without being convincing for an instant. Those in the mood for an emotional extravaganza can swoon and weep, and giggle, too. Directed by Frank Pierson. (1/10/77) (Olympia. . . . ¶ U.A. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through March 24.)

Sunset Boulevard (1950)—Brittle satiric tribute to Hollywood's leopard-skin past, narrated by a corpse. A young scriptwriter (William Holden), speeding away from the finance-company men who have come to repossess his car, turns into a driveway on Sunset Boulevard and finds himself at the decaying mansion of the once great silent star Norma Desmond (Gloria Swanson). Attended by her butler (Erich von Stroheim), who was once her husband and her director, she lives among the mementos of her past, and plots her comeback in her own adaptation of "Salome." The rapacious old vamp persuades the young man to stay and work with her on the script; he becomes her kept man, her lover, her victim. The details are baroque: the rats in the empty swimming pool; the wind moaning in the organ pipes; the midnight burial of a pet chimpanzee. Glint-eyed Swanson clutches at her comeback role almost as if it were Salome, yet the acting honors belong to Holden. When he makes love to the crazy, demanding old woman, his face shows a mixture of pity and guilt and nausea. Charles Brackett produced, Billy Wilder directed; the script is by Brackett and Wilder and D. M. Marshman, Jr. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 25-26.)

Ten Days' Wonder (1972)—A chic thriller by Claude Chabrol (his first film made directly in English), of fairly unfathomable idiocy and sacrilegious pretensions. Anthony Perkins and Orson Welles have to deal with some quite amazingly dumb lines. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 30.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—G. W. Pabst made this somewhat phlegmatic version of the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill opera. With Lotte Lenya. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 27.)

Traffic (1971)—M. Hulot is a car designer on his maundering way to an international automobile exposition in Amsterdam. Jacques Tati's rather precious film is fuzzy and only vaguely comic. (Paramount; March 29.)

Tropic of Cancer (1970)—A shallow but entertaining version of the Henry Miller novel about expatriates in Paris. It may be closer to "The Immoral Mr. Teas" than to its source, but at least it isn't fusty. With Rip Torn. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Elgin; March 28.)

True Grit (1969)—Henry Hathaway directing John Wayne in a Western undercut by sentimental truisms, about a man's uncle-like relationship with a fourteen- or fifteen-year-old heroine (Kim Darby). The girl is admired—by the film and by John Wayne, at least—for not flinching when a rattlesnake bite is cut out of her flesh with a penknife. (Elgin; March 30.)

Twilight's Last Gleaming—A suspense melodrama, set in 1981, about a U.S. Air Force general (Burt Lancaster) who, because of his anti-Vietnam war attitudes, was framed on a murder charge and sent to prison. He breaks out, takes control of a nuclear-missile site, and threatens to send out nine missiles and start a nuclear war if the President (Charles Durning) and the Joint Chiefs don't make public disclosure of the secret goals of that war. The action built up in the first hour has some urgency, but when the director, Robert Aldrich, gets to the serious message part—the discussion of the general's demands by the President and his advisers—it falls apart, and drags on and on. The screenplay by Ronald M. Cohen and Edward Huebsch—a mixture of tacky cynicism and political naiveté—suggests an overextended episode of a TV series; its attempts at wit are pathetically gross. With Paul Winfield, Richard Widmark, Burt Young, Melvyn Douglas, Roscoe Lee Browne, Joseph Cotten, William Marshall, and Richard Jaeckel. (Loews 83rd Triplex; through March 29.)

Two-Minute Warning—With Charlton Heston, John Cassavetes, Martin Balsam, Beau Bridges, and Marilyn Hassett; directed by Larry Peerce. (86th St. East; through March 24.)

Voyage of the Damned—This movie is based on the actual 1939 voyage of the S.S. St. Louis with nine hundred and thirty-seven German-Jewish refugees aboard, yet there is not a single moment in the star-packed epic that carries any conviction. As the lines drone on—paced with a sledgehammer—you may feel you could die for a little overlapping dialogue. But with this material you can't even have the frivolous pleasure of derision. Seeing Faye Dunaway cast as a Jewish woman who can't turn her husband on, you should be able to laugh, but how can you? As the ship's captain, Max von Sydow acts with some distinction; most of the others—Oskar Werner, Malcolm McDowell, Katharine Ross, Janet Suzman, Maria Schell, Victor Spinetti, Julie Harris, Wendy Hiller, Orson Welles, James Mason, et al.—are crippled by the banal lines, written by Steve Shagan and David Butler, and the atrocious direction of Stuart Rosenberg. (Waverly; through March 29. . . . ¶ Fine Arts; through March 30.)

Welcome to L.A.—The writer-director, Alan Rudolph, is literary in a sub-literate way; he overvalues mournful poetic thoughts. And Richard Baskin, whose suite of rock songs "City of the One Night Stands" was the starting point for this sick-soul-of-Los-Angeles movie, growls his guru-wisdom lyrics on the sound track. Their whimsical, laid-back alienation is stagnant and irritating; the picture seems drugged. Keith Carradine, Geraldine Chaplin, Lauren Hutton, Harvey Keitel, John Considine, Sissy Spacek, Sally Kellerman, and others perform attentively, but they're undirected, and you can sense their unease as they trudge from one cheerless affair to the next. (3/21/77) (Baronet.)

The Wonderful Crook—Gérard Depardieu as a petit-bourgeois Robin Hood, a man who commits robberies in order to meet the payroll of his family business, a small furniture factory. The Swiss writer-director, Claude Goretta, develops the small stresses and breaks of feeling; we know we're seeing a film made by artists. But Goretta's wheels grind so fine that we become impatient; the hero's arrest is our reprieve. In French. (3/21/77) (68th St. Playhouse.)

You'll Never Get Rich (1941)—Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth, and it doesn't work out too well, partly because she's too physical—too radiantly, youthfully overpowering for him (she works better with Gene Kelly in "Cover Girl")—and partly because the mixture of the backstage-musical plot and the Second World War enlistment-in-the-Army theme weighs down the songs and dances. Cole Porter did the lyrics and music (which don't stick in the mind); Robert Alton was dance director; Michael Fessier and Ernest Pagano did the script; Sidney Lanfield directed. The cast includes Robert Benchley, John Hubbard, Osa Massen, Donald MacBride, Frieda Inescort, Gwinn Williams, the singer Martha Tilton, and, among the guardhouse inmates, the Delta Rhythm Boys and a jazz group that contains Chico Hamilton. (Regency; March 27-29.)

Les Zozos (1973)—With Frederick Duru, directed by Pascal Thomas. In French. (Jean Renoir Cinema; starting March 24.)

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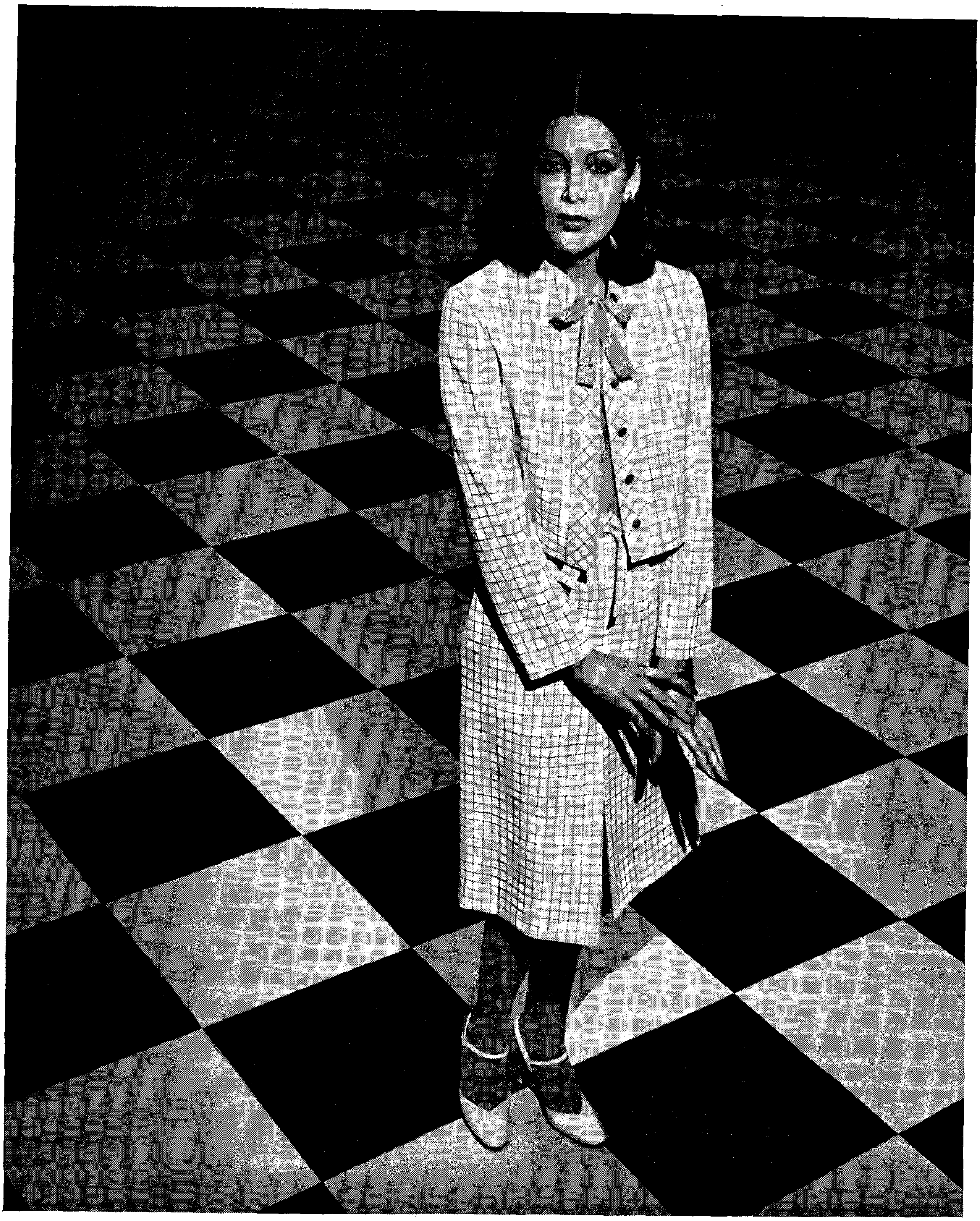

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have received another letter from our young friend who thinks being funny is more important than warm human relationships:

I don't know whether we all share in the blame for the abuses and excesses of the McCarthy era. This is a question to which I am afraid I will never really have the answer. I do feel, however, that each and every one of us bears a small part of the blame for all the recent books and movies and television shows about the McCarthy era. Think of all the editors of publishing houses who were involved in books on McCarthy, and not one of them had the courage to step forward and say, on the record, "Hey, isn't this the fifth or sixth book on this subject in the last year or so?" And what about all the researchers, proofreaders, typesetters, booksellers, press agents, and publication-party caterers? Why didn't someone speak up? Was everybody blinded by the kaleidoscopic whirl of events, caught up in the *danse macabre* of taping, of filming, of publication, sensing something wrong but unable to do anything about it? Today, we can only speculate. Today, it is easy, for those of us blessed with twenty-twenty hindsight, to see that if even one brave studio technician had at the crucial moment of broadcast switched the made-for-TV movie about McCarthy with a videotape of, say, "The Captain & Tennille," things could have been very different. The central point is clear: in the end, responsibility must lie with the individual. The individual seems powerless sometimes when compared to a huge publishing house or a giant television network, but he can still raise his voice, however small, and say, "I will not lower my boredom threshold to suit the custom of the time." It can make a difference. I know that it would have made a difference to my conscience if I had stood up and let myself be counted. But I didn't. O.K.—I am willing to admit it. Now I think it is up to each of us to do the same.

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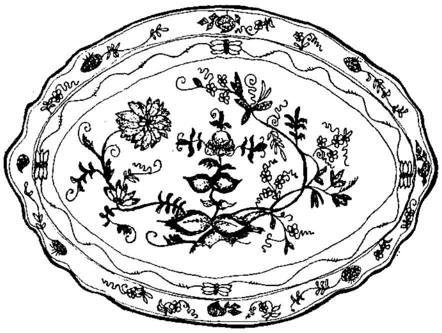
Tolerance for Incongruity

SCIENTISTS who study hypnosis in the laboratory worry a lot about their standing in the scientific community. Through an accident of history, hypnosis has come to be associated in the public mind with nightclub performers who solicit volunteers from the audience, put them into a "trance" with impressive hand gestures and incantatory words, and then get them to do silly things like playing catch with a nonexistent ball or crawling around on the floor like a baby or crowing like a rooster. The sight of normal adults behaving so bizarrely in public is enough to convince most onlookers that there is more to hypnosis than just another stage illusion, but the taint of theatrical legerdemain has discouraged many scientists who might otherwise be expected to take the phenomenon more seriously. We got a brief refresher course in the history of hypnosis at a recent meeting sponsored by the New York Academy of Sciences and attended by some two hundred clinicians and researchers who take hypnosis very seriously indeed. Among other things, we learned that hypnosis first came to the attention of Western science when, in the seventeen-seventies, an Austrian physician named Franz Anton Mesmer became the toast of Paris by treating all sorts of ailments with a restorative dose of "animal magnetism," which he assumed to be a "fluid" that passed between him and his patients. A blue-ribbon commission of savants (including the American diplomat Benjamin Franklin) looked into Mesmer's claims and rejected them, because they could find no evidence whatever of the miraculous healing fluid. The undeniable fact that some of Mesmer's patients got better after he spoke to them and touched them was attributed to "mere imagination." In retrospect, it seems that Mesmer was actually hypnotizing his patients, although neither he nor they had any idea of what was happening. Since Mesmer's day, the therapeutic potential of hypnosis has been periodically rediscovered—one enthusiastic advocate was, of course, the young Sigmund Freud—but the technique was abandoned each time because it proved to be too unreliable. The latest generation of hypnosis researchers is determined to break that pattern by finding out, through carefully controlled laboratory experiments, exactly what hypnosis is and how and why it works.



One man who has been in the forefront of this effort for nearly two decades is Dr. Martin T. Orne, a professor of psychiatry at the University of Pennsylvania, the director of the Unit for Experimental Psychiatry at the Institute of Pennsylvania Hospital, and the newly elected president of the International Society of Hypnosis. Orne's credentials are impeccable: he has an M.D. and a Ph.D., and he has earned a reputation as both a clinician and an experimenter. Like most of his colleagues, however, he has been more successful in demonstrating what hypnosis isn't than in demonstrating what it is. There is an old notion, going back to Mesmer, that the hypnotist possesses some mysterious power or secret technique which allows him to gain control over other people's minds. The truth is far less romantic. Researchers have found that putting people under hypnosis is the easiest part of their work. While some subjects go into a trance less readily than others—and about one person in ten resists completely—a normally responsive person can easily experience hypnosis. A graduate student with a few hours of training gets just as good results as a professional hypnotist with twenty years of experience. Basically, all it takes is the repetition in a calm, confident voice of a few simple instructions like "Your eyelids are getting heavy, they are getting heavier . . . heavier. . . . They are starting to close. . . . If you try to open them now, they will not open. . . . They are shut tight. . . ." In most circumstances, the same phrases played on a tape recorder are equally effective.

No matter how the trance is achieved, the behavior of the hypnotized person changes noticeably. Told that a mosquito is buzzing around his head, the subject will slap futilely at the nonexistent insect; some hypnotized subjects will even develop red swellings on the skin which look like mosquito bites. When it is suggested that certain parts of the body have gone numb, hypnosis can help the subject bear considerable pain without apparent discomfort. Since hypnosis thus appears to affect the body as well as the mind, researchers have spent a lot of time looking for an objective yardstick by which to measure the depth of the hypnotic experience. The most likely candidates for measurement are simple physiological measures—such as heart rate, respiration, temperature, and the electrical resistance of the skin—which often vary with changes in a person's health, emotional state, level of mental and physical activity, and level of consciousness. But the most sensitive of the instruments that monitor these physiological signs have failed to detect unique differences between deeply hypnotized people and people who are not hypnotized at all. The electrical activity of the brain—recorded through scalp electrodes and displayed on an EEG machine—has turned out to be equally uninformative.

Having rescued hypnosis from an atmosphere of charlatanism and commercial exploitation, hypnosis researchers now found themselves in a curious position: the more they learned about hypnosis in the laboratory, the more difficulty they had in explaining what was unique about it. People who have been hypnotized usually report that they felt themselves to be completely in the power of the hypnotist, unable to disobey even the most outrageous commands. And stage hypnotists often demonstrate their apparent mastery over a hypnotized subject by suspending him like a board between the backs of two wooden chairs so that he is supported by nothing but his neck and his ankles; the audiences assume that only under hypnosis can a person keep his muscles so rigid. But experiments have shown that any healthy, well-motivated volunteer can duplicate this feat without hypnosis if he is told what to do. Similarly, research into the pain-killing properties of hypnosis has shown that nonhypnotized volunteer subjects can tolerate painful stimulation to a greater degree than most people realize. However, differences become apparent later when the hypnotized person reports that he felt no discomfort and the nonhypnotized person reports that he did feel pain but controlled his response. As for all those people who crow like roosters or crawl around like babies in public, a surprising number of nonhypnotized people will also perform these embarrassing acts if they are simply asked to do so by someone who appears to be an authority figure. Conversely, there is no evidence whatever that a law-abiding citizen can be hypnotized into committing a crime against his will. In an apparently dramatic demonstration, Dr. William Coe, a hypnosis researcher at California State University at Fresno, was able to recruit a small percentage of hypnotized subjects, as a favor, to sell a complete stranger a white powder identified as heroin. But when he solicited nonhypnotized subjects for the same purpose, by the same means, he found the same percentage willing to go along.

On the basis of these findings, some researchers have concluded that all the dramatic effects attributed to hypnosis are actually demonstrations of the power of suggestion—a power that is worth investigating in itself but without the trappings of the hypnotic trance. Other researchers, including Dr. Orne, are not quite ready to toss aside the traditional concept of hypnosis. They agree that a hypnotized person behaves in a certain way because he thinks that such behavior is expected of him. Nevertheless, they insist that there is something unique about the experience of hypnosis—something so subtle that it can only be teased out by subtle investigative methods. To separate the effects of hypnosis from the more general effects of suggestion, some experimental studies now rely on an ingenious method of control that Dr. Orne devised in 1959. A group of hypnotic subjects are matched with a group of subjects who are known to be unresponsive to hypnosis but have been instructed to behave during the experiment *as if* they were hypnotized. Orne calls these fake hypnotic subjects "simulators." The job of the simulators is to fool the hypnotist, who, working with one subject at a time, is not told beforehand which belongs in which group. The remarkable thing, Orne says, is that even the most experienced hypnotist cannot tell the real hypnotic subjects from the simulators at first. But a closer look reveals certain aspects of the hypnotic trance which the simulators fail to mimic accurately. For example, when hypnotized subjects are told that a nonexistent friend is sitting in a nearby chair, most of them will enter into a convincing conversation with the empty air. So will the simulators, who almost invariably guess that this is what a real hypnotic subject would do. But about a third of the real hypnotic subjects will also report that their friend is looking slightly transparent—they can see the back of the chair right through his body. So far, according to Orne, no simulator has ever invented this detail on his own. Although the hypnotic subjects apparently find the transparency of their friend worth reporting, they do not appear to be at all upset by it. Orne thinks that this blasé attitude, which he calls a "tolerance for incongruity," is a distinctive feature of the hypnotic experience: distorted perceptions do not upset the hypnotized person, because he has temporarily turned off his critical faculties; not only is he letting his imagination run wild (which the simulator is also doing) but he actually *believes* in his fantasy. Orne concedes that finding objective proof for this change in subjective attitude will not be easy. But he sees no reason for hypnosis researchers to be discouraged. Having rigorously ruled out all other possibilities, they now find themselves on the very frontier of psychology, where the study of behavior necessarily spills over into the study of consciousness itself.

A Brute Indeed!

A MONUMENT of scholarship is sometimes just a grindstone to Katharine F. Pantzer. Daily she labors in Harvard's Houghton Library—rare books—at what seems an endless task: the second edition, fifty years after the first, of *A Short-Title Catalogue of Books Printed in England, Scotland, & Ireland and of English Books Printed Abroad 1475-1640*. That sesquipedalian sprawl itself has a short title, *STC*—initials of almost mythic potency for collectors and scholars. "It's been an absolutely fundamental book for fifty years," Lawrence Stone, Princeton's Dodge Professor of History, said when we asked him to rank *STC*. "It's *the* book," said Professor S. Schoenbaum, the Shakespeare scholar, of the University of Maryland.

STC was compiled by A. W. Pollard and G. R. Redgrave, of the British Museum (whose book collections are now part of the British Library) and London's Bibliographical Society. The catalogue began with 1475 because that's when English printing began. The year 1640 was the cutoff date because 1641 signalled the end of Star Chamber censorship. "Printers brought before the Star Chamber might have their noses slit or their ears cropped," we were recently told by Miss Pantzer, who is not one of those dry-as-dust scholars given to timorous understatement. When the period from 1641 to 1700 was neatly covered by a subsequent short-title catalogue, that left the great stretch of scholarly time after 1700 without a catalogue—wretchedly anarchic, up for laborious search. Last June, a distinguished group of American and British librarians, bibliographers, scholars, and computer specialists gathered in the British Library in London to decide what to do about this painful gap. They determined to plow ahead and try to organize a task force to compile a short-title list of all books and pamphlets printed in the English-speaking world between 1701 and 1800—probably over half a million separate publications. The project is still in the planning stage.

Meanwhile, merely enlarging and revising the 1475-1640 catalogue proved almost beyond the stamina of mortal book readers and book leafers. When the Bibliographical Society decided, in 1946, to launch a new edition, it moved carefully and picked William A. Jackson, librarian of the Houghton. He got to work with Britain's F.S. Ferguson, who also worked on the original. (He died in 1967.) Jackson interleaved a copy of *STC* to enshrine corrections and new discoveries. As bulky as Webster's Third, it went with him when he travelled, in its own suitcase. "Substantial Reward If Found," said a note inside. By 1957, Jackson and his suitcase had logged many hours of desperate pursuit, but he calculated that noting and analyzing formats, printers, locations, variations, errata, and the like would take twenty years without additional help and money. The Ford Foundation and others came through, but assistants faltered and fell away. One assistant was a Phi Beta Kappa but, alas, Miss Pantzer told us, had "no visual gift." Miss Pantzer was working on her Ph.D. around that time, and took a bibliography course with Jackson, who then offered her a job. "That got me off the parental dole," she said. "The chief assistant was already married when I was hired, in May of 1962. By the fall, when I started work, she was pregnant. So there I was, working by myself. By the time of Jackson's death, in '64, we had got up to the beginning of the letter 'R'."

Life has been a frenzied assault on obscurities—by letter and visit—with experts round the world. "We've worn out correspondents in several libraries," she said. "They've grown old and retired and died, and others have come in."

Query to the British Library: "1694 Beaumont, Sir John, 1st Bt. Bosworth-field. 8°. 1629. Of your 3 copies either G.11410 or 1077.b.26 may have a leaf inserted at N3. F.S. Ferguson suggested this was not printed till the early 19th C. Do you agree—at least that it isn't a contemporary cancellans?"

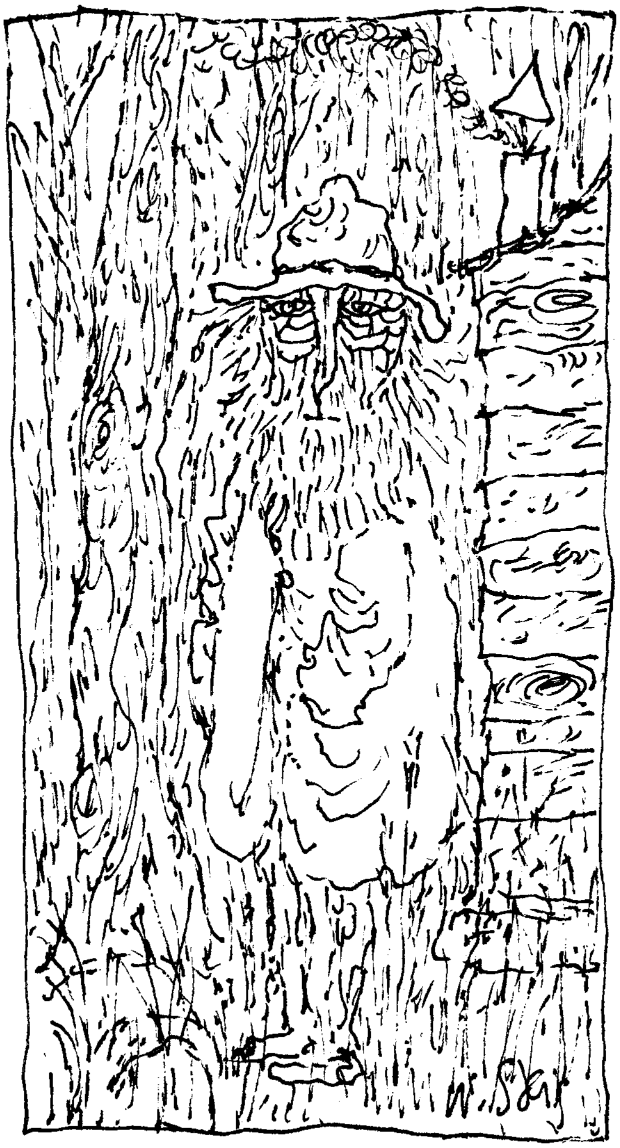
Note to University Library, Cambridge: "6 (bis) 16269. A brute indeed! Perhaps *this* is the crock that needs placing in the deep freeze! I enclose tidied sets of signature positions for 16268-9.5, especially Y1, which was rather obscured on the original sheet."

Oxford's Bodleian Library to Houghton: "A photograph of Indulgence 34 has just reached me from Downside, and I am able to confirm that the word Universis is *not* xylographic. The capital U is a woodcut initial similar to that used by Pynson for Indulgence 33, and the other letters are set in roman capitals."

Houghton (on another occasion) to Bodleian: " 'Prostrating' was the term used in the Commons Journal, and it appears to be a technical term, as I find OED cites it in connection with weirs from a statute of Henry VIII . . . The word seems to mean 'knocking flat' and I shall amend to 'throwing down' if you feel 'prostrating' has too obsolete a flavor for *STC*."

For each title, the revision notes up to five locations on each side of the Atlantic—collections chosen with optimum geographic spread to facilitate the trips of scholars wanting to consult the works. Everything to the left of a semicolon is on Britain's side of the water; everything to the right of the punctuation divide is on the American side. By convention rather than imperialist design, Australia and New Zealand are assimilated to America.

Collections are identified by symbols. O is Oxford's



Hermit

Bodleian, L is London's British Library. New York's Racquet and Tennis Club—it has a sports library of about fifteen thousand volumes—is NY^{10}. L^{40} was originally assigned to the International Wine & Food Society. "But the books really belonged to André Simon *père*," Miss Pantzer said. "He died, and they passed to André Simon *fils*. Then *he* died." Miss Pantzer sighed at the concatenation of tragedies: Simons departed, a collection dispersed.

Then, there is the mysterious and embarrassing case of the Collection of William Jaggard. The new edition of *STC* dismisses the collection ominously as "Dispersed; some unique items reported in the 1926 *STC* cannot be traced nor their previous existence verified."

It took Miss Pantzer a year to make the pilgrimage through Liturgy, which she regarded as her Slough of Despond. Then came Holy Writ—a further Slough.

Miss Pantzer to Jean Archibald, British Library: "Later this week I'll start wading through Bible, and I'm already gritting my teeth."

Miss Archibald to Miss Pantzer: "Dear Kitzi, I'm sending off this mountain of Xeroxes to you, with all my sympathy."

Miss Pantzer to Paul Morgan, Bodleian, January, 1976: "I fear I must go back to Bible soon. Groan!"

A year ago, Miss Pantzer wrote Morgan: "I shall be getting to L^{14} for an afternoon or so, but, again, I don't want to get embroiled even with the nasties on a full scale. The rest of my time will be spent in Oxford looking at dratted Bibles and the Taverner Epistles and Gospels." L^{14} is the British and Foreign Bible Society. "Nasties" are Bibles with false imprints.

"God has nothing to do with it," Miss Pantzer said when we asked if she held all this against Him. "I'm not interested in text. I'm just interested in sorting things out."

One miracle of sorts is her chart of editions of the Book of Common Prayer, which resembles the combined efforts of a mathematician, a chemist, and an astrologer. Hardly less impressive is her treatment of John Speed, the seventeenth-century entrepreneur who enjoyed the royal monopoly on printing God's family tree, descending from Adam and Eve, in the top branches, to Christ, below, via what Miss Pantzer calls "the Bible's 'begat's." As in the original *STC*, researchers will be able to read Speed under a single number. Few will suspect how slowly Speed went: it took Miss Pantzer three months to cover his distance. "A lot of books are terrific pains in the neck," she said.

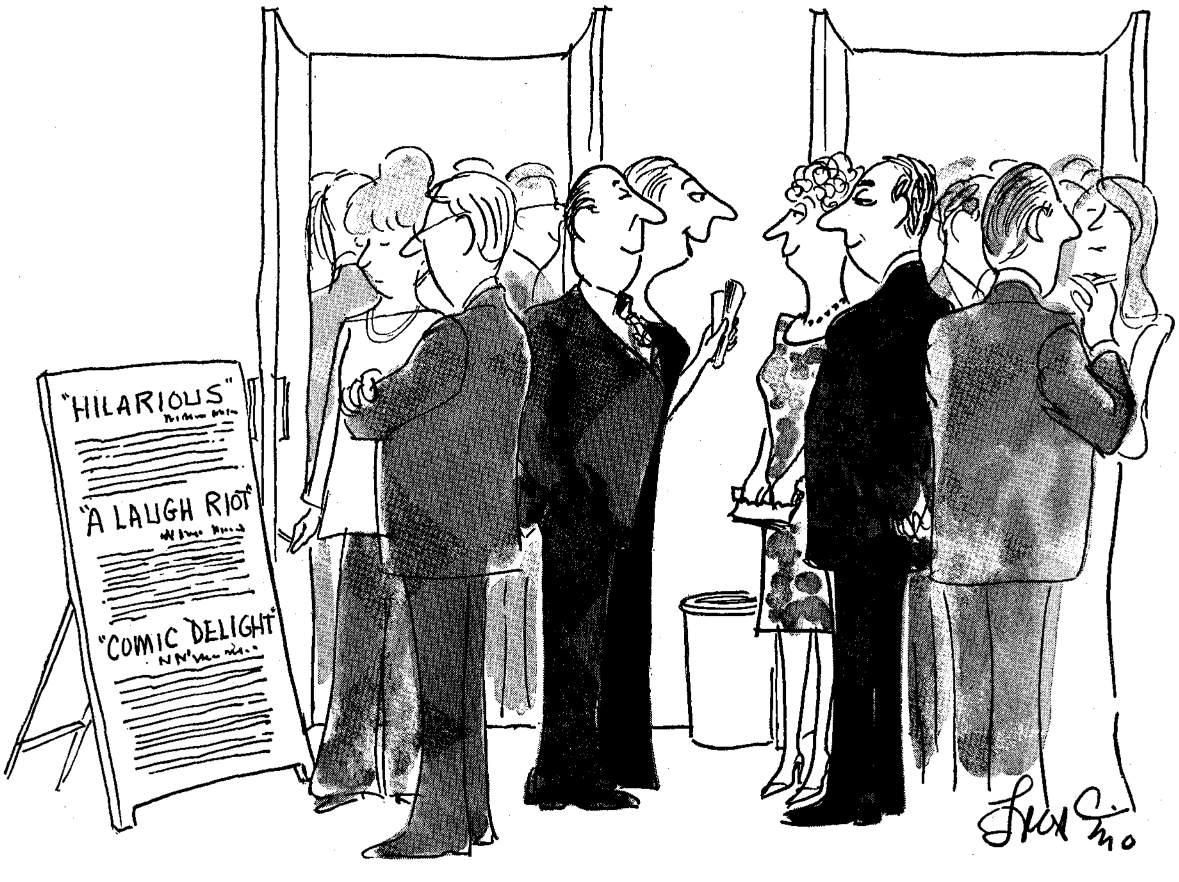
The new volume, "I" to "Z," handsomely printed by the Oxford University Press, has been out for a few months now and sells for eighty dollars. It is Volume II, but it comes first, because Miss Pantzer took over with "R" and imposed her views up to "Z." "X" is blissfully brief—books by Xenophon. Volume I—"A" to "H"—which should be out by 1981, promises her no such pleasure.

Miss Pantzer to University Library, Cambridge: "I shall be looking forward to 'D' as a short respite between 'B,' 'C,' and 'E.' Too bad there are no really nice letters like 'Q,' 'X,' 'Y,' 'Z' in the first half of the alphabet."

Miss Pantzer to visitor: "I don't climb the wall at the end of the day. I don't go out and square-dance, either. 'Enough is enough is enough,' as Gertrude Stein would have said if she'd worked on *STC*."

Shakes

THE first local milkshake-making contest to come along in recent memory took place on a sunny morning a couple of Saturdays ago, and we went to watch. Ideally, the sort of people best qualified to judge such an event are (a) authorities on making milkshakes and (b) authorities on drinking them. In this instance, there was a panel of seven expert drinkers: three magazine editors; the husband of a public-relations woman; the president of a dairy company; the author of a cookbook; and, most significantly, Bubba Smith, the professional football player. Bubba Smith, who lives in Los Angeles, had actually come to New York a few days earlier to make a commercial for a low-calorie beer. However, at some point in his life Bubba Smith ate or drank something that turned him into a six-foot-seven-inch, two-hundred-and-ninety-pound All-Pro defensive end, and, on the theory that it might have been several hun-



"Did you hear that laugh a split second ahead of all the others? That was Howard."

SNAPSHOTS
SERIOUS PHOTOGRAPHY

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dred milkshakes, he was asked to become a judge. The milkshake-*making* authority present was Louis Jennings, a man who can, at will, confect a three-star, five-fork malted. His place of business is the ice-cream parlor on the ninth floor of Bonwit Teller, and that is where the contest was held. For the occasion, Mr. Jennings, who is a short, slim man, wore his regular Gay Nineties-style working clothes—a red-and-white checked shirt and a black string tie—but in reality he is about as old-fashioned as an electronic calculator.

"I'm well known as the best man around with a milkshake," Mr. Jennings told us when we spoke with him a few minutes before the contest began. "I don't use food substitutes. We serve hand-whipped cream, natural fruits, natural ice cream. I used to be with the Hicks ice-cream parlor, at Forty-ninth off Fifth Avenue. I've been in this neighborhood five years. All the ladies that come in for lunch—Susan Strasberg, Joey Heatherton, the Hollywood set, the international set—they know me. Even the big restaurateurs in the neighborhood come here for lunch."

When the contest got under way, only nine of ten pre-selected finalists were present, because Joe Lombardo had decided not to come down from White Plains to whip up his "peanut-butter shake." A man named Norman Raber presided, and he announced that the contest was divided into two competitive categories—"low fat" and "for people who want to gain a lot of weight." The low-fat recipes contained low-fat milk, flavoring extracts, artificial sweetener, and, as an ice-cream substitute, sherbet or crushed ice. At one point during the tasting, one judge asked, "Norman, is this one diet or real?" Suddenly, the nomenclature had changed: "real" had become synonymous with "regular," and both terms euphemistically described concoctions that, according to reasonable standards of cholesterol control, should probably be sold only to people who have first consulted a doctor.

While the first low-fat competitor, Craig Elson, of Dix Hills, Long Island, worked behind a counter on his "lemon shake," we took a seat next to Bubba Smith, who was eating an egg-salad sandwich and drinking a cup of coffee.

"Why are you eating that now?" we asked him.

"Because I haven't had breakfast yet today," he said. "Also, it clears the palate."

The judges rated the shakes on a scale of one to ten, paying special attention to taste and texture. During the low-fat proceedings, most of the judges had trouble developing much enthusiasm. Sensing this, Charles Schwartz, the president of Russell Farms Milk, which sponsored the competition, drew Mr. Raber aside and said, "You know, Norman, maybe we could invite all the spectators to drink some of the milk. Let's just give them some milk."

"Charles, this is a milk*shake* contest, not a milk contest," Mr. Raber answered.

Things naturally became more inspired during the high-calorie portion of the program. Mr. Jennings, in particular, perked up. "I need my therapy. Where's my therapy?" he said, looking for a cup of coffee that he had set down near us. "There it is. I start my day with honey. I work five days a week. In addition to the honey, I drink apple juice, take vitamins, and sip black coffee or tea. I do *not* eat under tension, except for those foods and ice cream. It goes with my theory about palatable foods. By the way, have you noticed that you can tell by the milkshake-makers' personalities what they're going to make?"

"I think you can tell by their size," said Bubba Smith.

"In that case," said Mr. Jennings, "after this is over I'm going to make a dish that'll drive you up a tree."

"I'll rate it a ten," said Smith.

From what we observed, Bubba Smith made an excellent judge. When Steve Orson, a lab technician from Lodi, New Jersey, and the eventual high-calorie winner, with his "George Washington milkshake" (twelve fresh pitted cherries, cherry-vanilla ice cream, etc.), took an egg, cracked it on the rim of the electric blender, and neatly deposited its contents in the container, all with one hand, Smith said, "Very good. He gets two points for style." Smith's duties as a judge became complicated, however, because he had to deal with a steady flow of autograph seekers. Almost all these people claimed that the autographs weren't really for themselves but, rather, for little brothers, sons, or nephews.

One autograph hound, a young man, said, "It must be kind of tough being Bubba Smith, with all those sports announcers always making jokes about how Bubba Smith is the guy they'd most like to have on their side in a fight and least like to make mad."

"Well," said Bubba Smith, and he paused for a sip of a chocolate-almond malted, then continued, "*I* wouldn't want to make me mad."

THE NEWEST CONSCIOUSNESS

AFTER some extensive recent travels in this country, I have determined that a new kind of personal consciousness is emerging. It is difficult to describe, for it is neither here nor there, yang nor yin, Ping nor Pong, black nor white, friend nor foe, left nor right, east nor west, id nor om. It has no name, but here are some of its parts—new self-awareness disciplines and movements that you will probably be reading about all too soon in *Time*, *Mother Jones*, and the *Wall Street Journal.*

Tibetan Lama-Calling: During a pilgrimage to the ancient kingdom of Tibet, Michael Monash discovered the historic art of lama-calling, or Cooch Behar. He flew right home and opened a storefront in Sausalito, where I found him doing a full-lotus headstand and talked to him *tête-à-pied*, as it were. While we conversed, I could hear the sounds of advanced students intoning the traditional lama call: "Hoo-ee, hoo-ee, hoo-ee, lama!"

"For thousands of years," said Monash, "the Tibetans have found Cooch Behar an effective way to reduce tensions and release Chan, which is psychic energy." Without losing the line of his headstand, he produced a small black box from his desk drawer, jabbed a couple of attached electrodes deep into my forearms, and rendered me a reading. "Your Charlies are very low," he said.

So was my pain threshold, I pointed out.

"In addition to enjoying our mantra-like call," Monash told me, "you can also pet and stroke the lama gently after he replies, which gives you a nice tranquillizing effect. Lamas have such great soft fur—just like cashmere."

"Aren't you thinking of two-'l' lamas?" I asked. "The ones that live in South America?"

"Two-'l' lamas, three-'l' lamas—why quibble?" he said.

Monash then showed me through his small studio, where I talked to some of his students. Loretta, a Tumbling major from Encino State, told me that Cooch Behar had changed her life completely. "Before I took this course," said the diminutive brownette, "I was shy, depressed, tense, and withdrawn—totally uncentered and unable to connect with people as people. Now I'm pretty much the same, but I sure know how to call me a decent lama." Karl Reifsneider, a journeyman mustard-cutter from Capitola, said, "After a day of cutting mustard, I always felt way down—like I just couldn't cut it anymore. Cooch Behar has opened up so many possibilities for me as a human being that I can't begin to tell about them. Excuse me."

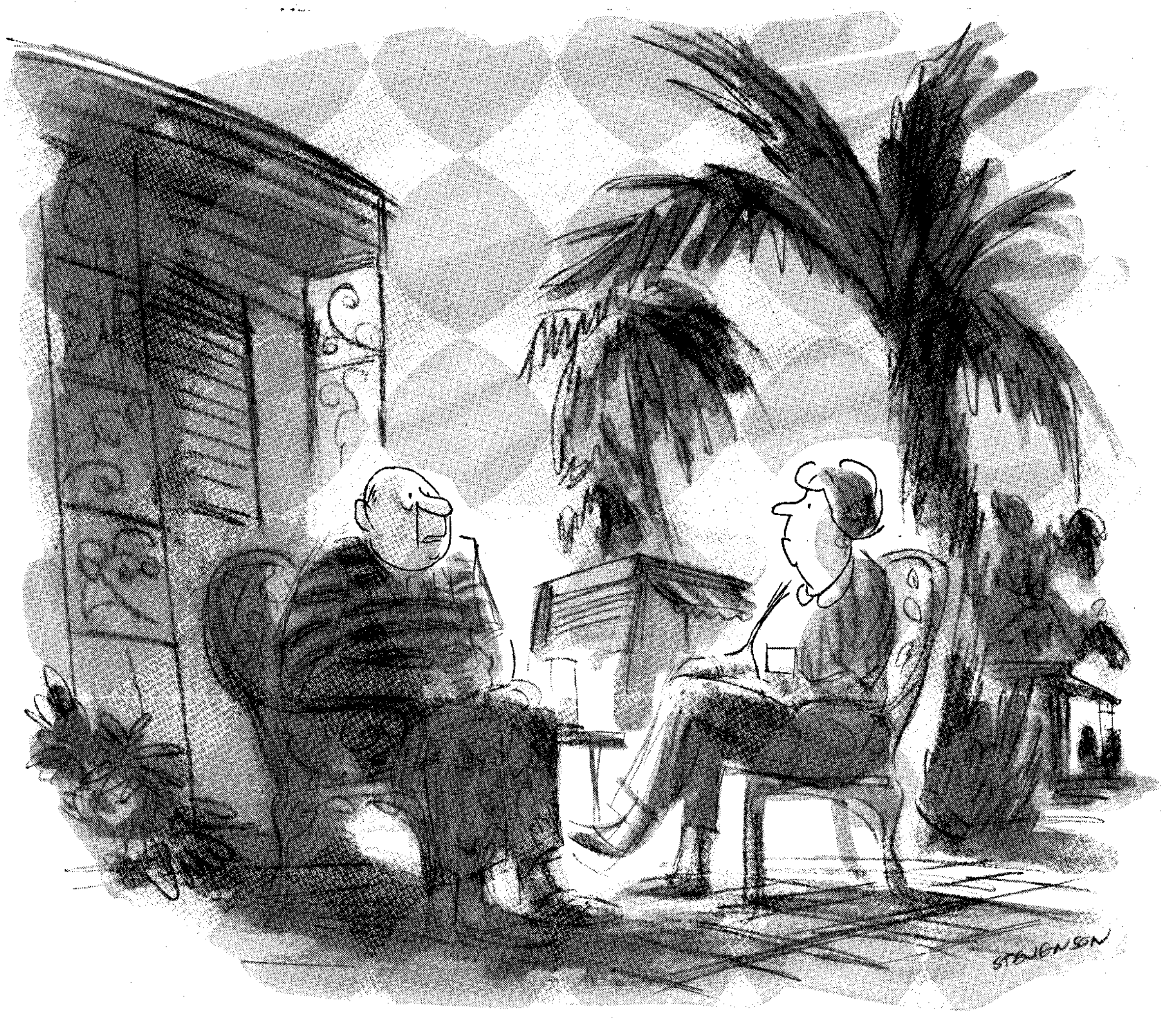
Cuticle Awareness: "Cuticles are Acute" is the motto of the Sarah Birnbaum Fingernail and Cuticle Awareness Center, near the campus of Bowdoin College, in Maine. After attending one of Ms. Birnbaum's daily classes, I chatted with this spry lady, an octogenarian who doesn't look a day over seventy-nine.

"When did you last look at your cuticles?" she asked aggressively.

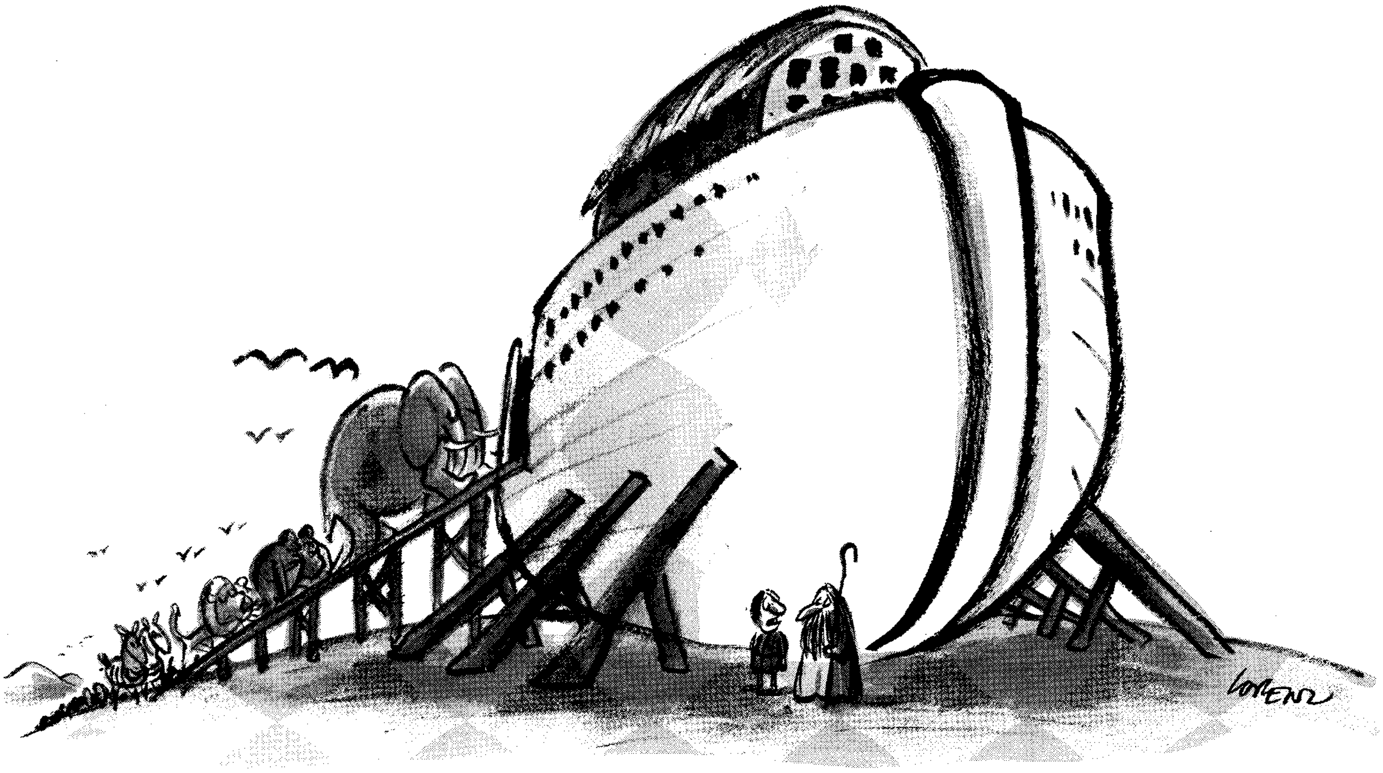
I combed my memory for the exact date and time, but she hurried on. "FCA," she said, "teaches you to relate to those neglected but silently growing appendages, your nails. Those horny scales on the upper surface of the fingers are more than just devices for flicking food specks off the stove or scratching itchy places. They are part of your holistic body, and by paying attention to them you make friends with your entire being. Too many people make an enemy of their own bodies, and, believe you me, the body makes a good friend but a bad enemy."

I asked her what kinds of people are fingernail freaks.

"We don't really like that term, young man," she said. "We've had a very high level of acolytes here. Howard Hughes, God rest his soul, was one, though he enrolled under the name of Howie Hughes, in order to avoid publicity. And we've had



"If I'm remembered at all when I'm gone, I'm afraid it will be for what I did at that New Year's Eve party in 1952."



"Hey, Pop! What about dames?"

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Vampira, Liberace, Rollie Fingers, and oh so many others." She rummaged about on her disorderly desk and gave me a handful of letters from grateful pupils. Eunice M., of Providence, wrote, "Over the years, I tried everything to get out of the old Manichaean double bind. Then, after reading your ad in the back of *Moneysworth*, I realized that my fingernails represent Atman itself. Suddenly I felt peace, awareness, *un*awareness, and finally nothingness. Now that I understand that all of us and the universe are part of one big unpared fingernail, my whole life is changed. Even blackboards feel good! God bless you, Sarah."

JAPANESE TOOL ARRANGING: "The tool is man's basic tool," said Merl Twogood. The onetime journeyman plumber leaned back in his chair and smiled at my awed expression. "The tool is what basically separates us from everything else," he went on. "It separates us from chrysanthemums, water bugs, weeping willows, sand, and sawdust. Yet most of us just hang tools up on the wall any old way. Over thousands of years, our friends the Japanese have developed what is usually a pragmatic need into a soul-expanding aesthetic. It takes a minimum of twenty years, practicing every day, to become a Master Tool Arranger, and this, in turn, luckily leaves us very little time to *use* the tools. Anybody who has a lot of leaky faucets and broken screens in his house is probably a true Toolist."

Twogood runs a small tool-arranging class in his garage in Pontiac, Michigan, charging no fee. He offered me a screwdriver from a supply donated by his students, and I took a long swig of it and said, "Very satisfying. Hits the spot." He then showed me the many artful tool displays he has on the wall of his garage, and I had to admit that they were nicer than the arrangements I had seen on the oil-soaked bench of Gus's Garage, on Fourth Street. I could not, however, quite go along with Twogood's claim that the average garage tool is "highly erotic."

"That's because you have the old Occidental mind-set," Twogood said, smiling. "Just wait till you see the centerfold in next month's issue of *The American Handyman*. A full frontal shot of three parrot-nose pliers and a young socket wrench in living color! It'll blow your mind."

SITUATIONAL ETHNICS: Zbygniew Spunski is a short, slightly built man of some sixty years, with a salt-and-pepper beard. (No fooling: he shakes it and salt and pepper come out. If you want salt on your omelette, he shakes his head from side to side; for pepper, he nods.) I first met him at a back table in his restaurant, the Serbo-Croatian Omelette Parlor, on Santa Monica Boulevard in West L.A. On first sight, it is hard to believe that this unassuming man is the genius behind a truly radical new means of coping with existence—Situational Ethnics. Spunski's simple concept postulates that when dealing with a thorny moral dilemma one must make a decision based upon the racial or national background of the person or persons affected.

"I think I get the main thrust of your discipline," I said to Spunski, "but could you give me a couple of examples of SE?"

"But of course," he replied. "Suppose you run into a man on the street who you once borrowed money from. Now, if he's Italian, you pay him back. If he's French, you string him along. If he's Anglo-Saxon, you cut him dead."

"But how did you arrive at this rule of thumb?" I asked.

"It's just the way things are," he said. "Paying back the Italian—that's rendering unto Caesar. Anybody can understand that. It's all in my book, 'Situational Ethnics—the How and Why.' "

"What if the man is Oriental?"

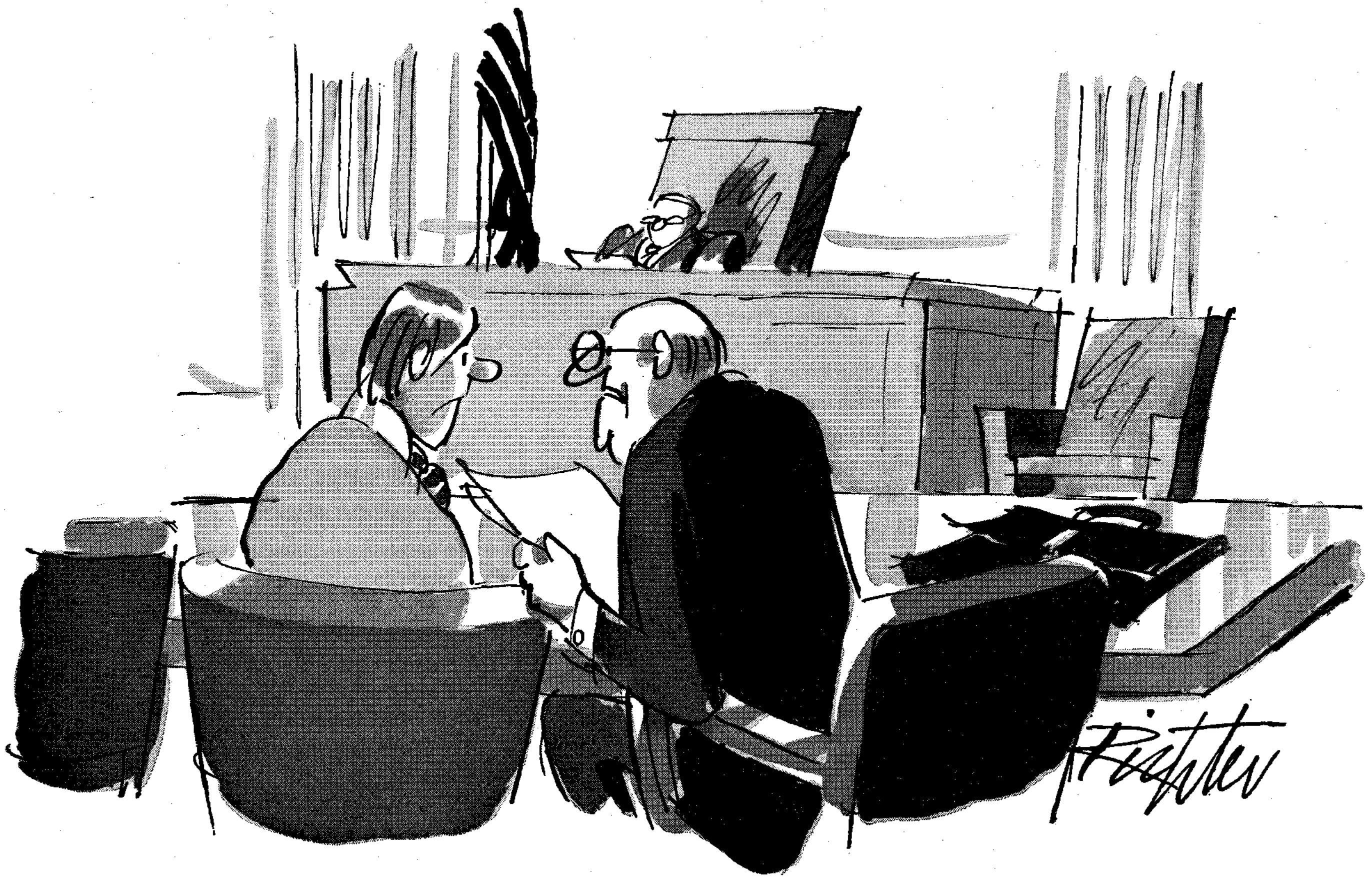
"Which man?"

"The one you borrowed money from."

"I never borrow money from an Oriental."

"What if he's, uh . . . a Saudi Arabian?"

"I haven't enough input on date-munchers, but I plan to cover them in my next book, 'Remedial Situational



"Just say you were brought up on Spock, and throw yourself on the mercy of the court."

• •

Ethnics.' Of course, there is much, much more to this Cultural Existential value system than I can cover in this brief interview. Everybody should get the book, which is a bargain at $7.95 (Swiss), $10.95 (Scandinavians), $4.99 (Basques and Poles), $2.75 (Indo-Europeans), $27.95 (oil sheikhs), and free to Bosnians and Herzegovinians."

Before I left, Spunski said, "You're paying me for the interview, of course. Fifty dollars is my usual price."

"I can go ten," I said.

"It's a deal. How did you know I'd accept?"

"I read your book."

Sufi Square Dancing: Anyone who has been invited to a Sufi social function will notice that it usually ends with a dance, and that the dancing is done by couples who join hands, exchange partners, and participate in direct and retrograde movements and reels—exactly like American square dancing! (Some sociologists say that Kentucky mountain people are really the descendants of two Sufis who first came to this country as stowaways with Leif Ericson, more than *nine hundred years ago!* Other sociologists say this is bushwa.) This liberating art form begins when a passel of Sufi devotees get together to read Sufi stories and then one of them happens to put a Flatt and Scruggs record on the stereo. Pretty soon, everyone is swaying and stomping. Add a little do-si-do and circle right, tromp your partner with all your might, and there you have it: Sufi Square Dancing! The unique aspect of this new cult is that you get the boring spiritual values of Sufism *and* the boring "good clean fun" of square dancing. You can have your Karma and eat it too.

The other day, I visited the Khan-Khan Sufi Dance Studio, which occupies the site of a former bowling alley in the Fillmore District of San Francisco. There were perhaps twenty-five dancers practicing, and except for some whining whenever one of them twisted an ankle in one of the old bowling-alley gutters, they all seemed to be having the time of their lives (William Saroyan). I talked to the proprietor and swami, Dass Baba Hatfield, who said, "Examination of the worn places on the bottom of ancient Sufi slippers, on display at the Museum of the Dance, indicates that Sufis once did a step very similar to the polka. Taking her cue from this, one of our instructors, the lovely Sufi Loren, is working out the basic steps and movements for the Sufi Schottische, the Sufi Waltz, the Sufi Quadrille, the Sufi Lindy, the Sufi Bump, and the Sufi Hustle. We must all try to remember that these are not just dances but forms of spiritual growth, or samsara, which can ultimately lead to nirvakalpa samadhi—and we all know what *that* means."

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"Nirvakalpa samadhi is the highest superconscious level, a near-formless state in which there is no distinction between subject and object, or between the left foot and the right foot, which means it's great for hoofing!"

I left the studio in a near-formless state of elation and purity, and Sufi Cakewalked on home.

—F. P. Tullius

•

Rosalynn Carter said that her husband craves a cheese ring made with a pound of grated nuts, a grated onion, mayonnaise, a dash of pepper, chilled and filled with strawberry preserves. Another of Mr. Carter's favorite appetizers is a shrimp mousse that Mrs. Carter makes with sour cream and cream cheese.—*The Times.*

Now, if he can just cut some corners in the cost of government!

THE FORD

SLIDES of his travels. I thought oh yes, and dismissed the enthusiasm in his voice, which clearly was begging for attention. The lights were on, so the slides were faint and translucent on the wall. Brought out in a hurry, with a touch of shyness, part false. There were conversations in the room. I listened here and there, for a moment, and so I missed the beginning of what he said about the pictures. I turned back to them only at the mention of the horses, the tone of voices concurring, saying "There they are," and the slight pause that came after that—an intake of breath, a wave falling back.

Pale-yellow wall, half dissolved by a diaphanous section of lit sky, some other time of day, maybe a winter noon, or summer in the far north, reflected in a surface that must be water, a piece of shore beyond it—a riverbank, so a river, part of a river, part of what could be seen of it from one spot, at one instant in the past. The wall now gone from behind it. And there they were, the horses. A line of them, crossing from right to left, all bays—the slides were in color. There were nine or ten of the horses, in water almost to their bellies, and it looked as though there might be more, out of the picture. They had flat white cloths on their backs—blankets or thin packs, it was impossible to say which, as everyone finally agreed, after asking each other. He knew no more than the rest of us did. The horses were following a larger bay, several lengths ahead of them, who looked like a stallion and had nothing at all on his back. There were no lines, traces, ropes, harness. The horses were travelling by themselves. Even on the wall they appeared to be moving, like smoke.

He said that he had not seen them when he took the picture. They weren't there, he said. It was only after he got back and had the rolls developed by the same special laboratory he always used, where they did good work, professional. It wasn't until he brought them home to look at with the projector that he saw the horses. Not a double exposure. There they were, wading the river, the legs out of sight in the water. Only in that one picture. Of the river. The only one of the river. He had thought he was just taking a picture of the river. Not even of the river—that building at the left, from across the river.

"I know that place," somebody said. "I asked about it once around there. All they had to say was that it had been there a long time. But it must have been something else. At one time."

I had scarcely noticed the building, on higher ground, looking no bigger than a single haycock, in the distance, well above the water and the horses, and as I looked, to make it out, the slide changed, and I saw the landscape across the river—no water, no horses. The landscape into which the horses would have been about to pass: stubble fields and unmown straw-gold meadows curving uphill into dark-green woods, and in a clearing near the top the same building, a little nearer but still small and doubtful. A cluster of roofs, and in the center a round tower, all the walls painted the red of barns but darker—an oxblood, dry-blood color, though it may have been the light, the time of day, or the exposure that made it look that color. The slide changed again and showed the wooden tower, much closer, with small windows on each floor. One roof, butted against it on the left, was clearly a habitation. Another wing, of corrugated iron, had been tacked against the tower at an angle, and was roofed with tin, which had rusted. The dark-red paint was peeling. The top of the tower rose in a point, like a hat. Another slide, taken from closer still, showed only the upper story of the house and the top part of the tower. A curving row of small windows, in sight of which the horses would pass. The windows looked as though lights were about to appear in them.

"Somebody living there?" one of the people asked.

"That's as near as I went," the man said who had taken the picture.

"I don't think anybody was actually living in it when I was there," said the one who had told them he knew the place. "But that was a few years ago."

"I was just taking pictures of that building," the first man said. "I still don't know what it is."

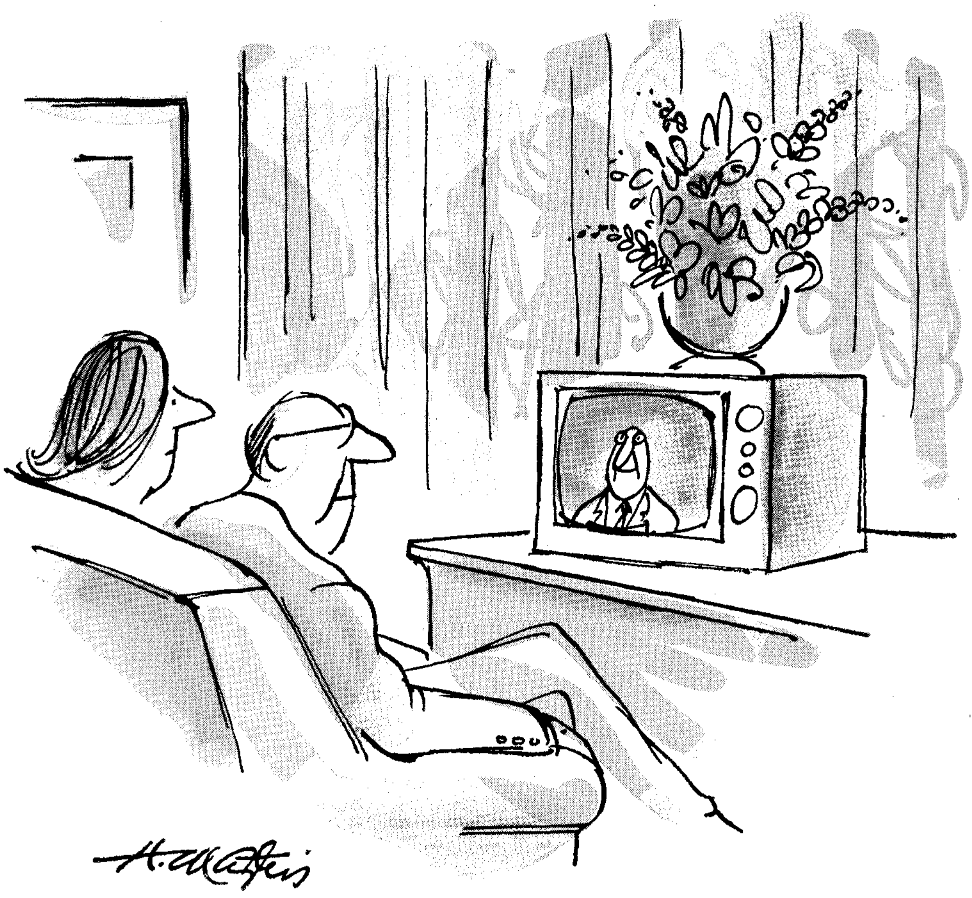
"Looks like a farm," someone said.

"Maybe at one time," someone else said. "But it's not being used as a farm. The grass is too high."

"I wanted to get one picture of it from across the river," the first man said again, now that they would understand. "And I never saw . . ."

But the man he was speaking to said nothing. And they all started talking about where the horses were going, and where they might have got to, by then.

—W. S. MERWIN



"And here to bend the news a little is Jim Cravanaugh."

STRATEGIES, MOSTLY KIND

Sophie stared hard at her left boot. If I don't look at a street sign until I count to two hundred, she thought, the bus will be at Columbus Circle, and I'll be home in ten minutes. She counted to forty, and looked up. The bus had moved half a block—Thirty-sixth Street was barely in sight. The woman to Sophie's left was spilling over the seat—her packages seemed to expand. The corner of a Gimbels box jabbed into Sophie's ribs, and she glared. "I'm sorry," the woman said, and Sophie was embarrassed. Calm down, she told herself. He's seven years old and he can wait a few minutes. I'm twenty-eight years old *and should have known to take the* subway. Sophie said this to herself often on bus trips home from work. But she had lived in New York for more than three years and the number of times she had ridden the subway was so few she could remember every one. It had nothing to do with fear for her safety: on a subway she needed someone to talk to, someone to distract her from the roaring. She looked up: Thirty-eighth Street. Sophie turned to the package woman and smiled. "Do you have the time?" she asked.

"I'm sorry," the woman said, clutching at an escaping Korvettes box.

"That's O.K.," Sophie said.

To Sophie's right was a boy a little older than Jesse, his eyes and hair as pale as Jesse's were dark. He was reading the sports page of the *Post* and scowling.

"Do you know what time it is?" Sophie asked, noticing that both of his sneakers were untied.

"Late," he said, and went back to reading.

"Tie your shoes," Sophie said.

The boy sneered without looking up from the paper, and wiped his nose on the sleeve of his parka. Did Jesse sneer at people and wipe his nose on his jacket when he was alone on buses? I'll never know, Sophie thought. If I were his mother, I'd know.

No you wouldn't, she said to herself. Even *if you were his mother, you* would not be with him when he rode alone on buses.

A bald man across the aisle was waving a red glove in the air. "It's ten after six, Miss," he said when Sophie looked at him.

"Thanks," Sophie said. "Someone is waiting for me and—"

"He'll wait, don't you worry, honey. He'll wait."

Sophie sighed.

The boy dropped his paper, and when he leaned forward to pick it up Sophie saw that his parka sleeve was glistening.

He *will* wait, Sophie told herself firmly. And he won't be kidnapped, and he won't tell his father he had to wait for me on the cold street, and he won't tell his mother. . . . That's what made Sophie feel as if there were maggots in her stomach—not that Jesse would have to wait, not that the bus was so slow, not that she hadn't taken the subway. It was the knowledge that Laura could keep Sophie from seeing Jesse. Time was conferred. Sophie had *no rights.*

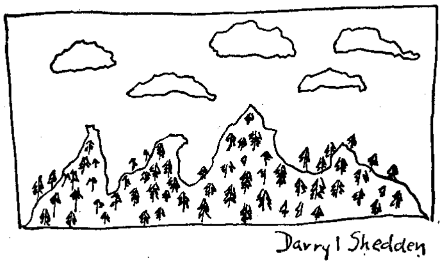
She had not seen Jesse in weeks. The fragile juggling of schedules, egos, and plans seemed to Sophie deadening, made each visit an event, a guaranteed anticlimax. And I'm already half an hour late, at least, Sophie thought. She yanked at the cord above her head. Eight blocks left. It would be faster to walk. She got off the bus, and was walking so fast she almost missed her corner.

She saw Jesse's bright-blue parka. He was talking to someone in red twice his height and didn't see her coming. Sophie shouted hello, and Jesse and the tall man came toward her. "This is Bob," Jesse said. Bob had a handful of pamphlets and a much too bright smile. "How do you do," Bob said. "Do you have five minutes to save America?"

"No, I'm sorry," Sophie said. She took Jesse's blue sleeve and guided him into the lobby of her building.

Occasionally, Jesse had been allowed to stay overnight with her, and each time Sophie had made him promise to wake her when he got up. He never did. Jesse woke up around seven; Sophie could sleep until noon or later. He brought books from the shelves into his bed in her living room, and he read for hours. Once, what woke Sophie was his laughter.

"Why didn't you wake me?" she said. She could hear panic in her voice.



"I like this," Jesse said. "Let me finish this chapter."

Sophie was convinced that children, when they suspect they will get what they ask for, usually ask for what they want. But she thought of Laura questioning Jesse:

"What did you do Saturday?"

"Well, Sophie slept until noon, and I read."

Was that what he would report? Would he explain how she had made him an exemplary breakfast—fresh juice, scrambled eggs, whole-wheat toast, chocolate milk—and that they'd gone for a walk in the park? Or would he move right on to "And then we went to a double feature"?

Dan and Laura, Jesse's parents, have been divorced for six years. Emma, Jesse's sister, was three when her parents separated, and Jesse was less than a year old. A year and a half ago, Dan and Sophie had startled themselves and each other by falling in love. They met at a party, and within two weeks were spending most nights together.

Dan was a lawyer who wanted to be a sculptor, and Sophie worked for a teen-age drug-counselling center. She spent a large part of each day on the telephone with mothers who were sure that the half ounce of marijuana they had found in their son's room meant that his name would soon be a number, and with mothers and fathers whose children came to Sophie and begged of her, "*You* talk to them. *Talk* to them. You'll see why I can't."

Emma and Jesse and Laura did not live far from Dan, and most weekends the kids stayed with him. For a while, Sophie would not sleep at Dan's apartment when the kids were there. She didn't think it would be fair to Emma and Jesse—they would be confused; they needed the time with their father. Especially Emma, who was almost ten, and often ran her fingers through her father's hair.

One Friday night, Sophie was getting ready to leave.

"Can I talk to you, in the bathroom?" Emma asked.

In the bathroom, Emma sat on the edge of the tub. Sophie caught a glimpse of them together in the mirror and was surprised by how much alike they looked: the same dark eyes and hair, the same skin coloring. Sophie looked even more like Jesse, but she couldn't figure out exactly why. It had something to do with a tentativeness at the corners of their mouths and an intensity in the eyes.

Emma put her hands on her knees,

and Sophie felt challenged. "So, how's school?" she asked Emma.

Emma ignored the question. "If you like my Dad so much, how come you don't sleep here?"

Sophie picked a piece of lint from Jesse's red flannel pajama top hanging from a hook on the back of the door.

"Well," she began, "I—"

"Neil sleeps at our house," Emma said. "Sometimes."

Neil was her mother's boyfriend, about whom Sophie knew little.

"But these weekends are your time with your father."

"We don't *sleep* with him," said Emma. "And we always have to wait until you wake up and come over to do anything. If you were here, we could just wake you up and get going."

"O.K.," Sophie said, laughter pushing up her throat. She took a chunk of her cheek between her teeth and bit hard. "Or you could let me sleep and go ahead without waiting because you'd know I was here. Sometimes. Right?"

"My mother says sleeping in the day is a waste of time," Emma said, and she opened the bathroom door.

"Hold it," Sophie said, grabbing the back of Emma's Earth Day T-shirt. "How do you think Jesse feels about it?"

"Jesse! He wouldn't know if Kojak slept over."

Sophie decided to call Jesse into the bathroom. "Jesse, could I talk to you for a minute?"

"At the commercial."

"No, now. Just for a minute."

Jesse came in and sat down on the toilet. He was still listening to the television.

"Jesse, forget the program for two minutes, O.K.?"

"O.K." Jesse stared at Sophie as if she were a hypnotist. "What?"

"Would it be O.K. with you if I slept here?"

"Sure," Jesse said. "We could stay up late."

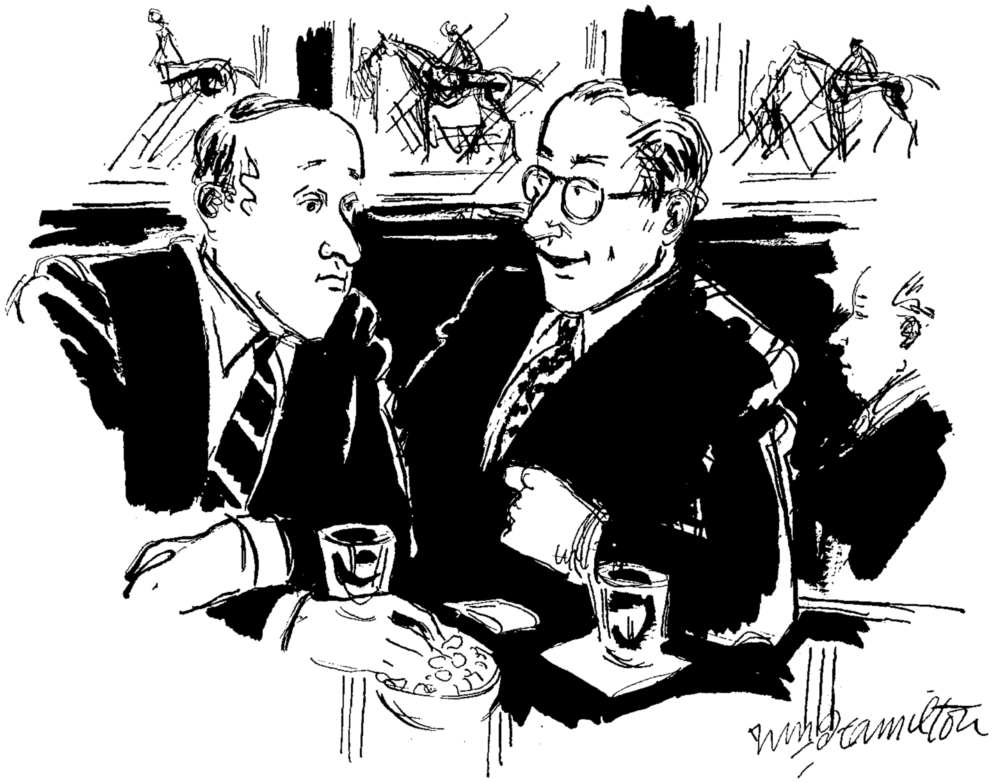
"No, Jesse, you'd still go to bed at the regular time," Sophie said.

"Yeah, yeah," Jesse said impatiently. "I mean after the lights are out."

"Jesse, I mean I'd sleep in your father's room."

"If you want to," he said. "But think about it—my father likes to go right to sleep, but you don't, and neither do I. In the morning, Dad and Emma could get going and I could read and you could sleep."

"Go watch your program," Sophie said, grabbing him and kissing him fast on the back of his neck.



"I'll tell you why we were put on this planet. We were put on this planet to outperform the market!"

• •

Sophie went into the living room, where Dan was reading a brief and making notes with different-colored pens.

"Earth to Dan," Sophie said. "Come in, Dan."

"What?"

"It's fine with the kids if I stay here."

"Good," Dan said. "I'll be done with this crap in a few minutes."

After that, Sophie slept over whenever she felt like it, always when the children were there.

EMMA and Jesse's dentist is on the same floor as the counselling center where Sophie works. One day Laura dropped Jesse off for an appointment that turned out to be for the following week. Jesse came down the hall to visit Sophie. Twice a week high-school volunteers worked in the office, and that day they were busy making a large chart of amphetamines, barbiturates, and tranquillizers. The name and description of each pill had been carefully lettered and its shape outlined—it had taken two weeks to do it—and now it was time to color them in. Sophie had two people waiting to see her, and she asked Jesse if he'd like to help with the chart. She set him up with crayons and went back to her office. Between talks she came out to check on Jesse, and heard someone say, "Listen, kid, you color that one red because it's a 'red.'" Jesse looked bewildered. Sophie felt her chest get tight.

"Jesse, you want to come Xerox some papers for me?"

He threw down his crayon. Sophie handed him a stack of papers and led him to the Xerox machine. "Bring them into my office when you're through," she said, "and I'll see if I can find us a Coke."

Sophie finished with the people waiting for her. Jesse hadn't come back. She found him at the Xerox machine, pressing his head against the glass.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Look!" Jesse said, and triumphantly handed her a stack of Xeroxes of his face and arms.

"How many did you do of your face?"

"I don't know. At first they were blurry, but I figured it out."

"Did you close your eyes?"

"No, it comes out cooler if you leave them open. Remember when—"

"Do you feel funny?" she asked. He was flushed.

"No. Want to see how it comes out if I stick out my tongue?"

"No. Sit down and read. I have to make a phone call."

Sophie called the Xerox company. "I wonder if you could tell me if it's dangerous to Xerox your face."

She was put on hold.

"May I help you?"

"I hope so. My friend—my son, I mean—just Xeroxed his face, oh, ten or eleven times, and I wondered if it could do any harm?"

"You let him do a crazy thing like that?"

Sophie pushed from her mind the picture of the Xerox she'd made of her own face. Dan had taped it to the refrigerator.

The man, sounding nervous, kept telling Sophie how the company was certainly not liable for anything as bizarre and stupid as this. Sophie thanked him, hung up, and called her doctor. He told her that as long as Jesse didn't make a regular practice of Xeroxing himself chances were that no damage was done—just watch him for headaches or sudden sleepiness.

Sophie found Jesse engrossed in *Mad* magazine. She asked him to promise her he would never copy his face again—nothing but paper.

"But remember when you—" Jesse said.

"I know, I know," Sophie said wearily. "It was dumb of me. I don't plan to do it ever again. Does anything hurt?"

"No."

"It's almost time for your mother to pick you up. I'm going to write a note for you to give her."

In the note Sophie explained what had happened, stressing the doctor's assurances.

Dan and Emma are as soothed by tightly scheduled activities as Sophie and Jesse are disturbed by them.

One Saturday, Jesse said he would rather sleep some more than go watch the pre-circus parade. "Can I just please stay here?" Jesse groaned from under the pillow when his father called to him from the hall.

It was 9 A.M. Nobody had attempted to rouse Sophie, who had watched a Katharine Hepburn movie that began at 4 A.M.

Emma and Dan left.

Sophie got out of bed at noon, and collided with Jesse on the way to the bathroom. Neither spoke: Jesse shared Sophie's inability to speak in the morning. They both had trouble falling asleep and then, once asleep, they both slept deeply. Sophie often awoke twisted by dreams. The act of awakening was something she found bewilderingly difficult. Jesse went back to his room and read. An hour later they met, dressed, in the living room.

"Jesse, it's beautiful out. Want to go to the park?"

"O.K. But first I have to call Michael."

"Which one?"

"Black Michael."

Jesse had four close friends, three of whom were named Michael. There was Black Michael, New Jersey Michael, and Plain Michael. Sophie had met New Jersey and Black, and was curious about Plain.

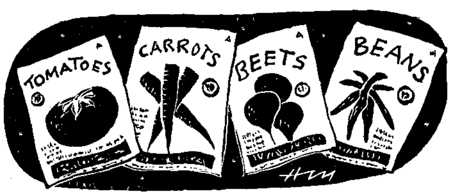
Jesse called Michael, Sophie made the beds, and they left for the park.

Sophie has tried to remember details from that Saturday in the park—details to explain what had made the day special. She has asked Jesse, "What did we *do* that day?"

"Nothing. Saw a magician. Walked around. Nothing."

Sophie had known that Jesse was funny, but that day she found out he could make her stumble with laughter. But what did he do that was so funny? She can never remember.

The day seemed filled with perfect amounts of orange and yellow light. Everything looked clean. They forgot their jackets under trees twice, and both times remembered them hours later, and both times the jackets were waiting for them.



Jesse told her about his school, about the Michaels, and mentioned Neil for the first time.

"He has a neat watch. I mean a really neat watch. And he forgets to wear it."

And then, hours later, Jesse said, "And he has three kids—boys—and they live with him. Sometimes they sleep over."

That's as much as Sophie found out from Jesse about Neil and his kids. Jesse probably covered the most important facts. He tells exactly as much as he wants to, when he wants to, and that's one of the things Sophie admires most about him. There are odd turns in their friendship. Sophie has spent much time getting information from people in ways that make them think they have volunteered it. She could get plenty of information out of Jesse with a little work, but she does not. The friendship is not without strategies, but they are mostly kind, and often overlap.

After a few months Dan and Sophie began to get on each other's nerves when the kids weren't around. Sophie grew tired of hearing about how Dan wanted to be a sculptor. Dan grew tired of answering questions about Jesse, and Laura and Jesse, and Emma and Jesse, and what his marriage had been like. They began to see each other less during the week and on the childless weekends. Even when

FOUR BIRDS

"Wake to the sun," the rooster croaked,
First bird of the day. The world, light-flecked,
Chiselled its lineaments into form.
Where was all that fine light coming from?

"Trance at the wonder," the second sang,
Whose five dry notes urged the ongoing
Afternoon on. "Why wake and stir?"
It asked. And asked. There was no answer.

"Live through the muddle." That from the next one.
Not very helpful. It looked like rain,
Or fog in the offing. Twilight. Then
It sang again from an oak or pine.

Silence. How I waited for the fourth!
Time was a negative dipped into its bath,
The dark a fixative that slowly made
For every windowpane its window shade.

No messages arrived. No music bared
The soul for its penitence. Up the stairs
No hint of a footfall. The night passed.
"Croak by your hand," said the crow at last.

—Howard Moss

• •

the kids were there Sophie felt the rooms of the apartment grow airless as it got dark. When Jesse was in bed, she would often leave. Sophie and Jesse began to spend every few Saturdays together. Dan was generous about the time, and Emma was thrilled to have her father to herself.

Sophie didn't really feel the tension until the first Saturday she took Jesse to the movies. It was a sleeting, freezing afternoon. The theatre was mobbed, but most of the crowd was less than four feet tall. Sophie smiled at the thought that she was in a very crowded place where she could see in every direction. The theatre smelled of wet parkas and Raisinets. The movie was about an unadventurous-looking blond boy who had adventures—the big one was that he ran away from home and lived with some bears. The movie was mostly about his life with the bears. They saved his life, and he saved theirs. It was an unusually long movie. When Sophie and Jesse came out of the theatre, it was already past the time Jesse was supposed to be back at Laura's. The plan had been that Sophie deliver Jesse to Dan, and Dan and Jesse would go get Emma at her pottery class, and Dan would take them both home to Laura's.

When Sophie saw that it was six o'clock instead of five, her first thoughts involved narrow escapes she and Jesse had been through that day. She figured it should start with a breathless phone call: "Hello? Dan? Oh, I'm so glad you're home. No, I'll tell you about it when you get here. Jesse was very brave."

But she decided it would be unfair to ask Jesse to lie. She also decided Jesse could never keep the story straight without the truth to work with.

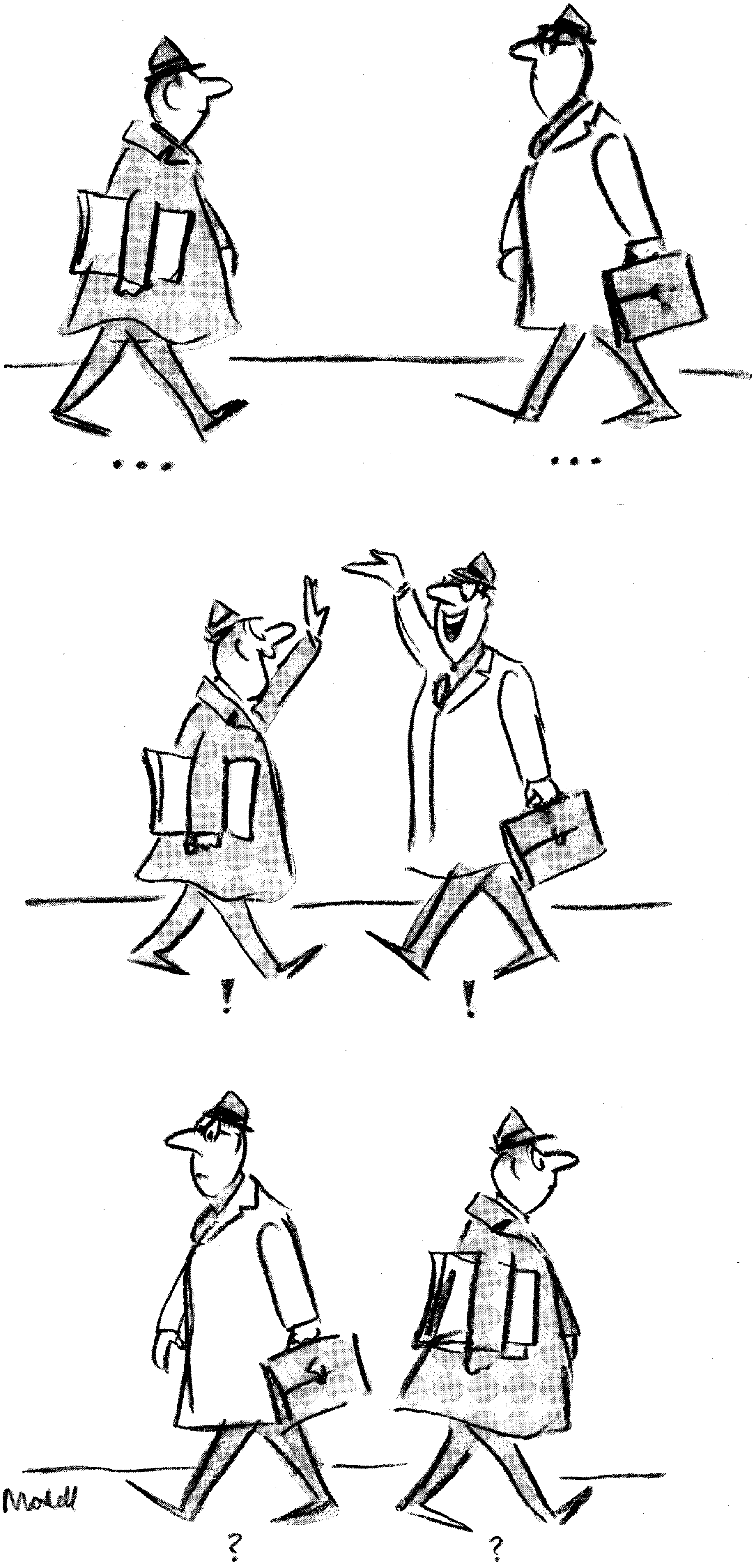
"Jesse," she said, "it's much later than I thought. Your mother and father are definitely wondering where you are. We're going to take the subway instead of the bus, and I want you to walk *fast*."

Jesse was in a post-movie stupor.

He picked a kernel of popcorn out of his hair and squinted up at her; it was clear he did not know the kind of trouble they were in.

"Since we're already late," he said, "let's go see the movie again."

Nobody was in a great mood by the time Sophie and Jesse got to Dan's. Sophie was prepared to take the offensive and knew she was doomed. Jesse and Sophie had had a dispute on the subway about the difference between being dragged and being guided. Jesse was sulking. Dan was furious. He had



dialled and dialled to find out what had happened to them. The theatre hadn't answered its telephone. Without speaking to Sophie, he called Laura, said that Jesse was back, everything was fine, he'd have the kids home in fifteen minutes. Evidently Laura's parents were expecting the three of them for dinner. Laura's parents lived in Westchester—quite far outside the city.

Laura frequently lets Dan know she considers Sophie irresponsible, and the ferocity of Sophie's defense is tempered by the memory of that Saturday afternoon. But there is more behind Laura's disdain—or what Sophie feels is Laura's disdain—than occasional miscalculations of time.

A few days after that Saturday, Dan called Sophie and asked if she would come have dinner with him. He wanted to talk about what had gone wrong between them, and if it could be fixed. It was a sad dinner, filled with sentences that trailed off.

As he was clearing the table, Dan told Sophie that he had to go to a friend's wedding in Connecticut on Saturday, and he had the kids, and it would be bad traffic, and how did she think he could get out of going? Sophie decided that the last thing Dan wanted was to get out of going. Six months earlier she would not have known this. She would have gone to work brewing an intricate excuse for him, and then when he was annoyed by the excuse she would have been hurt, and said, "If you want to go, just say so." But Sophie had learned from Dan that people who want to go very much often have trouble saying so.

Instead, she said, "Why don't you take Emma with you? She loves long car trips, and Jesse hates them, and I don't have any plans. Jesse and I could spend the day together."

"I guess we should ask Jesse how he feels about it," Dan said.

Dan called Jesse from the telephone in the kitchen. Sophie went into Dan's bedroom and picked up the extension.

"Hi, Jesse. This is Dad. What are you doing?"

"Good."

Generations come together in strange, crooked ways, Sophie thought. Her grandmother believes that the telephone is for "communication, not talk."

"Jesse, would you like to spend Saturday with Sophie instead of driving to Connecticut with Emma and me?"

"Good," Jesse said. "Ten-four."

Dan and Sophie ran into each other in the living room.

"Were you listening?" Dan asked.

"Yes."

"Then you know it's ten-four with him."

The telephone rang. Dan answered, and mouthed "Laura" to Sophie. Sophie swallowed the pistachio nut she had in her mouth, ran to the bedroom, and picked up the extension.

"Jesse tells me he's spending Saturday with Sophie."

"Yes. He hates long car trips, and I have to go to Connecticut."

"I know he does. *I* live with him. I think we'll keep him this weekend."

"What the hell are you talking about? It's my weekend, and it's all settled."

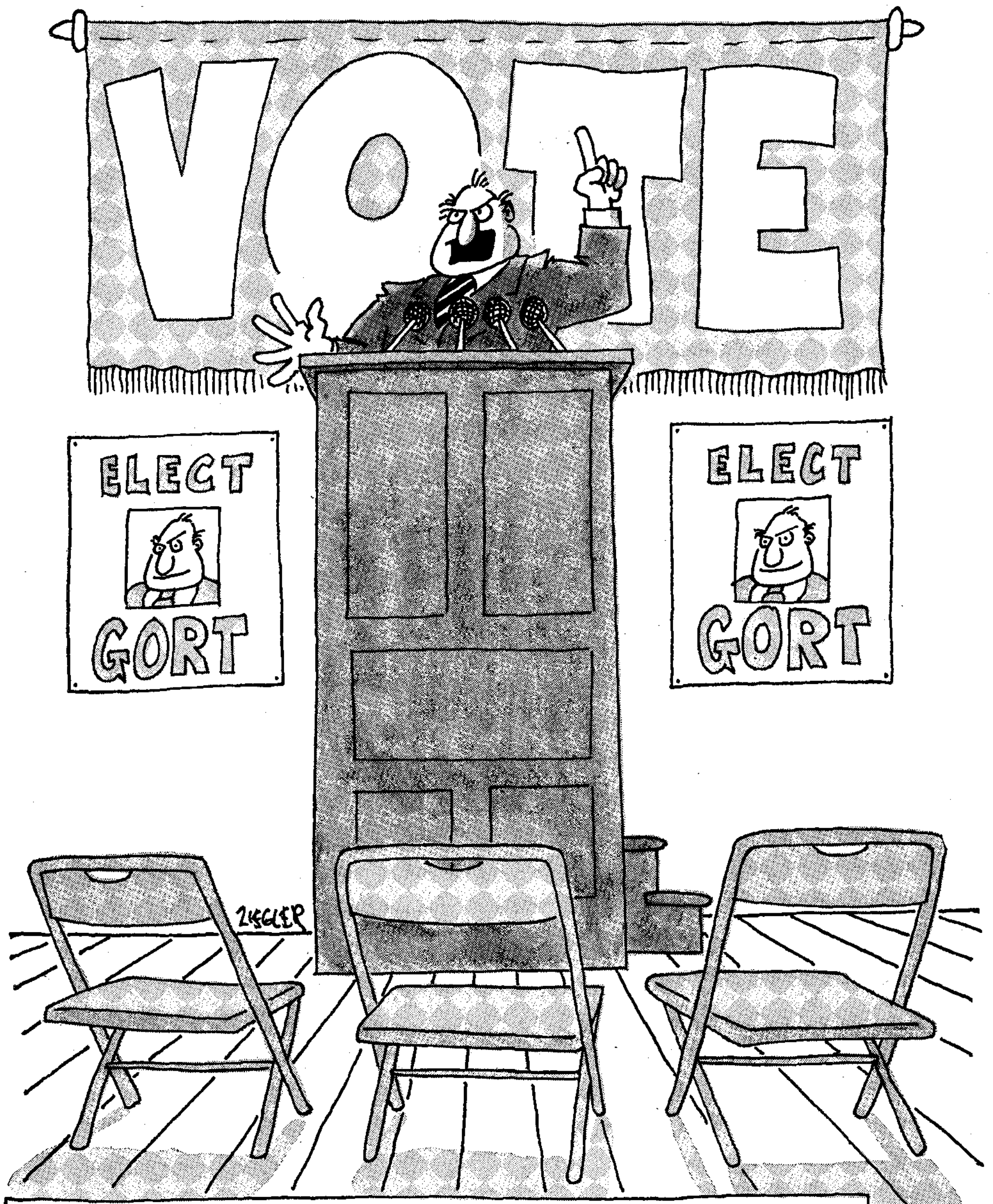
"Fine. I'll drop Emma off Friday night, and we'll take Jesse with us to Montauk."

Sophie hung up quietly. She went into the kids' room and lay down on Jesse's bed. Since she'd last been there, Jesse had done some work. A shoelace was carefully glued to the wall, as was a *National Geographic* picture of a group of bears. The bears looked as if they had recently been slipped a strong drug. Next to the bears was a Polaroid picture of Jesse and a friend who looked like Black Michael. Jesse was crouched in his Groucho Marx imitation, and Black Michael had patches over his eyes.

Neil's kids probably don't give Jesse any privacy, Sophie thought. I will see him less and less. Why would Dan bother to have any extra fighting with Laura? We are guarding territories there is no hope of holding.

Sophie turned onto her stomach and pulled the pillow over her head. She picked a small South American country, and went to work building the simple life she and Jesse would lead there after their escape.

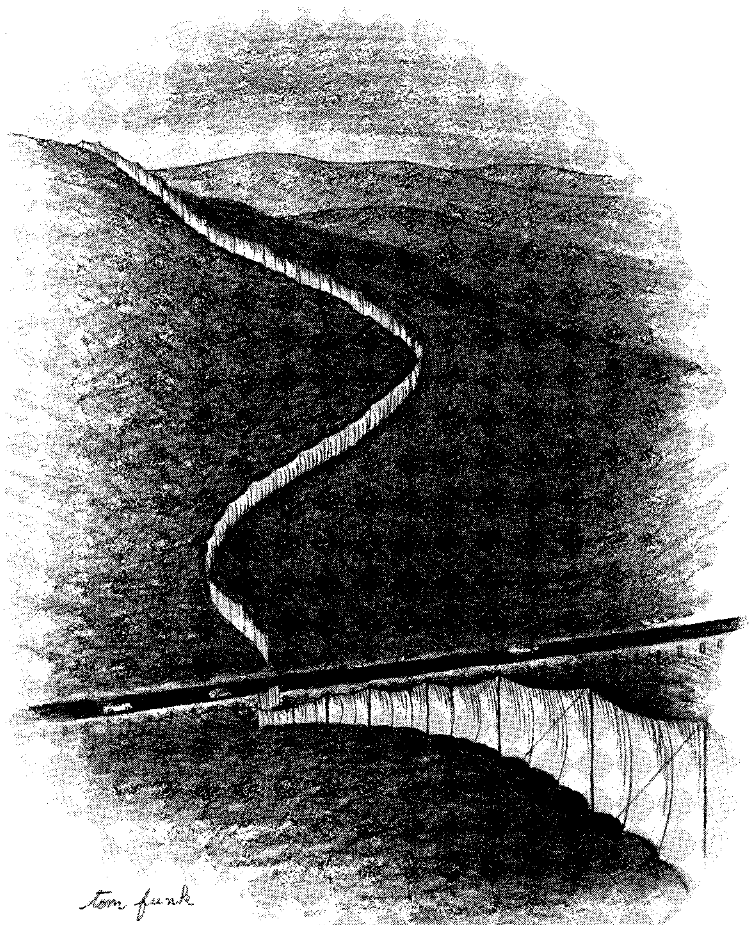
—Jane Mankiewicz



LONG AFTER LOSING THE ELECTION, FRED GORT CONTINUED TO CAMPAIGN, THUS MAKING A MOCKERY OF THOSE REPORTERS WHO HAD LABELLED HIM "THE I-DON'T-CARE CANDIDATE."

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

RUNNING FENCE



AT a climactic moment in the raising last September of his twenty-four-and-a-half-mile three-million-dollar Running Fence—one of the most ambitious and controversial art projects of the last decade—the Bulgarian-born artist Christo spent two hours in a eucalyptus grove hiding from process servers. The grove was on top of Button Hill, in northern California's Sonoma County, and Christo was not there alone. His friend Peder Bonnier, a huge and amiable young Swedish art dealer and collector, had driven him to the hideout in a rented Toyota, jolting over a barely perceptible farm track, and they had been followed by a van carrying a three-man documentary-film crew. A herd of some twenty Hereford cows stood gazing at the fugitives until the arrival of several more vehicles, one bringing Jeanne-Claude Christo, the artist's wife and collaborator, and others a crew of NBC television technicians, caused the cows to give ground. Sitting on a log, conversing in his sometimes impenetrable accent with the NBC producer Robert Flick, Christo, a deceptively fragile-looking man with shoulder-length dark hair, aristocratically gaunt features, and a courteous manner, seemed, as usual, to be entirely master of the situation. As he had often pointed out, Running Fence was a work that operated on many different levels, and everything that had to do with it—television and film crews, legal action by people who violently opposed the project, even a slightly startled herd of cows—inevitably became part of his aesthetic process.

Christo was hiding out because of a report (which later proved false) that he was about to be served with an injunction by the California Attorney General. After three years of legal maneuvering with state and county officials, after seventeen public hearings and two court decisions, Christo had defied the law. He had gone ahead and taken his eighteen-foot-high nylon fence into the Pacific Ocean at Bodega Bay, in Marin County, without a permit from the California Coastal Zone Conservation Commission, which has jurisdiction over everything constructed within a thousand yards of the ocean along the entire 1,072 miles of the California coastline. The night before, Christo and a specially trained group of his workers had unfurled eleven white nylon fence panels and run them down a steep cliff to the last steel fence post on shore; this morning, starting at dawn, Christo's marine and land engineers had collaborated successfully on the trickiest part of the whole Running Fence operation, which involved pulling a tapered nylon panel out along a heavy cable to a raft that had been towed into position and anchored some six hundred feet offshore the day before.

It was a stirring sight as the ocean panel moved slowly out, its bottom edge festooned with galvanized-iron buckets that danced and swung about in the surf until they filled with water and weighted down the fabric, as intended. Christo and Bonnier, perched precariously on a large rock at the water's edge, where they were periodically drenched by breaking waves, were the point men in a platoon that stretched halfway back up the cliff to a rocky outcropping, where John Thomson, the chief engineer for the marine operation, shouted instructions to his colleagues James Fuller and Dimiter Zagoroff, aboard the bucking, heaving raft. A little farther inland, Jeanne-Claude Christo and her sixteen-year-old son, Cyril, struggled to pay out the billowing fabric. Three separate film crews clambered from rock to rock, trying to record every detail, while an army of professional and amateur Nikons, Minoltas, and Instamatics clicked away on all sides. The spectators far outnumbered the work force, and each of them had at least one camera. Museum directors, gallery owners, collectors, art critics, journalists, or simply friends who were there to witness the grand event, they swarmed about like relatives at a christening, talking enthusiastically in several languages. Many of them had come from Europe for the spectacle. Guido Le Noci, whose Galeria Apollinaire, in Milan, had been among the first art galleries to show Christo's work, in 1963, was in America for the first time; dapper and indefatigable at the age of seventy-two, and speaking no English, he moved among the exhausted fence workers during their lunch break that day wishing each of them a cordial "*Bon appétit.*" The French critic Pierre Restany stood on a plateau near the water and announced, in excellent English, that Christo's challenge to the social order was of the utmost aesthetic importance. Challenge, he said, was the essence of art. High up on the bluff—a little higher, in fact, than anyone else—stood Jacques de Guillebon, Jeanne-Claude Christo's father, a general in the French Army. Mme. de Guillebon, an attractive and stylish woman only sixteen years older than her daughter Jeanne-Claude, looked on from a vantage point nearby, together with Jeanne-Claude's younger sister, Joyce-May Henery, eight-month-old Julia Henery, and several European friends. "I knew Christo was a genius even before Jeanne-Claude did," Mme. de Guillebon told me. "I introduced them. He came to paint my portrait in 1958, and I sent him on to the Giscard d'Estaings and to other friends. His portraits were very beautiful, but, of course, he hated doing them—he only did them to make money for his other projects."

Triumph was in the air that morning as Christo and his work force wrestled the shimmering white cloth out to the bobbing raft. Seen from the top of the bluff, the fence, rippling majestically in the wind, emerged glittering from the sea, mounted the cliff in one steep bound, and then stretched away across the sunbaked meadows as far as the eye could follow. It had been designed with enough slack for the fabric to billow out four feet on either side, and near the sea it was almost always in motion. Many spectators were reminded of the Great Wall of China, but not for long. The fence was too fragile, too ephemeral, too alive to be a wall—a fleet of tall ships, perhaps, or (Christo's own early concept) a vast tent city of desert nomads. Running Fence was remarkably close in its visual reality to the many drawings and collages that Christo had made of it over the last four years; even so, it surprised and astonished us all. The way it caught and gave back the changing light, its sensitivity to the wind and to the colors and contours of the landscape, and the vast scale of the thing came as a revelation even to those closest to the project—"*un miracle*," Guido Le Noci kept saying. Christo's "illegal leap" to the ocean, as the San Francisco *Chronicle* subsequently called it, was dazzlingly evident to local sightseers as far away as Dillon Beach, two miles down the coast.

AT PÈRE LACHAISE

What began as death's avenue
becomes, as we go on,
death's village, then metropolis,
and the four of us,
reading our rain-blistered Michelin
map of graves, keep looking back,
but cafés, tabacs,
boulangeries are gone.
It is a long way yet
to where we are going to please me,
and the bunch of muguets
I am holding too tightly is frayed
already. On either side
of the cobbles we slip on,
darkly arched over by dripping chestnuts,
the ten-foot high deathhouses
stand, and we can see
at hilltop intersections
only further suburbs of
the imposing dead.
For a while we are lost
in this silent city—
the map is not detailed
and the avenues curve.
It is cold here. I am very cold.
My friend begins to cry.
We find a Kleenex for her
and a tranquilizer.
Head bent, hand clenched
to her mouth, her black bob
spattered with chestnut petals,
she stumbles and turns her ankle.
I am to blame.
A whole afternoon in Paris spent
on this spooky pilgrimage,
and we are too far in to go back.

The rain has stopped.
"Look, my God, *look!*"
Anything awful can happen here,
but I look where she points.
Ahead, at a break in the trees
where a weak ray of sun shines through,
two of the great dun tombs
are dappled with color, with cats,
more cats than I can believe,
two dozen at least,
sitting or lying on doorsills,
window ledges, pedestals, roofs,
and a yellow one, high in the air,
curled round at rest on the bar
of a towering cross.
Grimalkins, grandpas,
lithe rakes, plump dowagers,
princes, peasants, old warriors, hoydens,
gray, white, black, cream, orange,
spotted, striped, and plain—
a complete society of cats,
posed while we stand and stare.
My heart is thumping.
"Are we dreaming?
Oh, aren't they beautiful!"
my friend whispers.
We smile at the cats for a long time
before we go on past.
We are almost there.

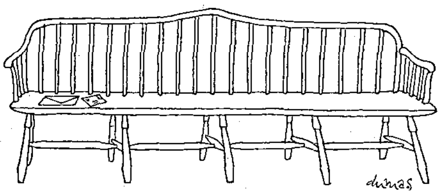
Off to the side,
behind the grand monuments,
we find a flat slab marked Marcel Proust,
and, feeling a little foolish,
I lay my fist-sized white bouquet
on his black marble.

We go back another way
where the street widens,
opening out to gardens,
and we run down broad steps,
laughing at nothing.
A few people appear,
arranging gladioli in urns,
and far down the hill we can see
an exit to the boulevard.
We find Colette's grave
on the way out and call to her,
"You should have seen the cats!"

—Mona Van Duyn

• •

Shortly before noon, when the seagoing section of white nylon had been pulled out as far as it would go, Christo broke away from a phalanx of lenses and microphones for a brief private conversation with Don Dickenson, of the Marin County Planning Department. Dickenson, who liked the Christos and Running Fence, told Christo that he had learned that Christo was working in the forbidden coastal zone, and that he had been obliged in his official capacity to report the violation to the Coastal Commission. It seemed certain that the Coastal Commission would immediately notify the Attorney General, in Sacramento, and Christo had every reason to believe that the Attorney General, whose office had called Stephen Tennis, one of Christo's battery of lawyers, the preceding Friday to warn against any such construction in the absence of a permit, would immediately seek an injunction against all further work in the coastal zone. (From the ocean to a point four miles inland, the fence's route ran through Marin County; the remaining twenty miles was in Sonoma County, but at this



Dana Fradon

"*Fe fi fo fum! Something sure smells yummy yum-yum.*"

• •

time only a small section in Sonoma had been unfurled.)

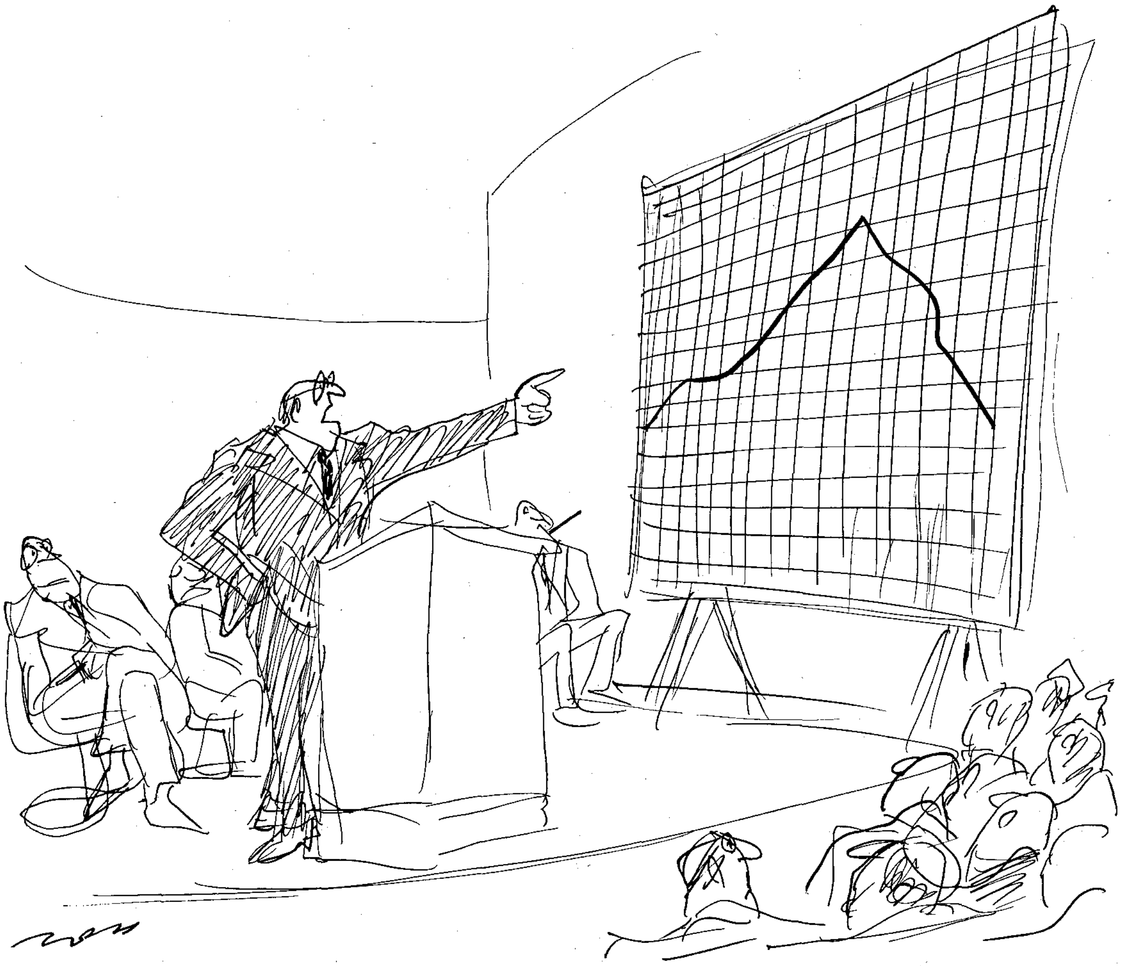
Christo was determined to finish the coastal portion of the fence before the injunction came. That way, he figured, he could comply with the law by agreeing to remove it, whereas if he received the injunction and went on to build the fence in spite of it he would be in contempt of court. The one certainty at this point was that Christo was going to build his Running Fence, complete, and take whatever legal consequences there might be. After talking with Dickenson, though, he decided that the best thing he could do was to get out of Marin County for a while. Bonnier drove him away from the ocean at a breakneck pace (Christo himself has never learned to drive a car), and a caravan of vehicles eventually followed him into Sonoma County and made their way to the eucalyptus grove on top of Button Hill.

It was very quiet up there. The day had turned extremely hot, and away from the ocean there was no wind. For a while, Christo could not sit down or relax. He had been going at an increasingly furious pace for several months, and for the last two weeks he had averaged about three hours' sleep a night. In a construction worker's white hard hat, well-worn jeans, a plaid shirt, and battered hiking boots (one of which had its sole attached to the upper with a wrapping of silver adhesive tape), Christo was instantly recognizable among a score of similarly dressed workmen, in part because he was always in restless motion. Now, walking to the edge of the wooded area, he looked out over a long, dipping line of his steel fence posts, eighteen feet high and sixty-two feet apart. Starting tomorrow, a brand-new work force of more than three hundred young workers would start hooking the nylon fabric to an overhead cable that connected the two thousand-odd posts along Running Fence's twenty-four and a half miles—a separate eighteen-by-sixty-eight-foot nylon panel between each pair of posts. Christo stood there for a long time, surveying the line of waiting posts that wound over a neighboring hill, cut back and dipped down into the valley, and vanished behind a clump of trees in the distance. "It's funny," he said when I joined him. "If I go to jail and people ask why I am there, I will say, 'For building my fence.' "

"What about your good name?" I asked him. In the public hearings, Christo's lawyers had said repeatedly that his only capital was his good name and that he would keep his word and obey the law. "Do you lose your good name now by going to the ocean?"

"Ah, my good name." Christo smiled. "But what about my good name as an artist?" he said after a moment, his voice rising. "Is more important I cheat the law than I cheat my art. If I don't go to ocean I will be criticized for years, and rightly so." A silence. Then, "Listen, I don't know if I do something wrong. Where is the wrong? I am illegal all my life. I am illegal when I leave Bulgaria, I am illegal when I block the Rue Visconti in Paris with oil drums. When Jeanne-Claude and I come to this country we live illegally in a loft where you are not supposed to live. Is that wrong? Anyway, I am glad we do it."

CHRISTO JAVACHEFF dropped his last name when he came to New York, in 1964. He is not inclined to talk much about his background, but



"See that chart? Don't you believe it!"

• •

occasionally, when someone asks where he is from, there is a touch of ironic pride about the way he says "Bulgaria." His family was rather prominent there, both socially and intellectually. His paternal grandfather, an archeologist, was a member of the Bulgarian Academy of Sciences, in Sofia. Christo's father was a well-to-do manufacturer of chemicals. Christo's mother came from a distinguished family in Macedonia; her father, a leader in the movement for Macedonian independence from Greece, had been executed by the Greeks in 1913, and she herself had been obliged to flee the country. Christo was born in 1935, the second of three sons and the only one to leave Bulgaria. His older brother makes his living as an actor there; his younger brother is a chemist. The family business was nationalized when the Communists took over after the Second World War.

Bulgaria under Communism was "incredibly boring and sclerotic," Christo recalls. In the fifties, he studied painting, sculpture, and stage design at the Fine Arts Academy in Sofia. As a member of the Union of Communist Youth, he painted propaganda billboards and went out with agitprop teams to exhort the farmers and factory workers; another of the teams' jobs was to clean up the area through which the Orient Express passed, so that foreign travellers would get a good impression of the country. Before the war, Christo's family had often visited some Czechoslovakian relatives in Prague. In 1956, he received permission to go there, to study theatre direction and stage design at the theatre of Emil František Burian, an avant-gardist who had been close at one time to Brecht. Life was somewhat freer in Prague, which had always been oriented toward Paris and the West. Through Burian, Christo got in to see some private collections of modern art, and had his first contact with works by Matisse, Mondrian, Klee, Miró, and other twentieth-century masters.

The Hungarian revolt in the fall of 1956 and its brutal suppression by Soviet troops led many Czechs to think about escaping to the West. Christo, who had been supporting himself in Prague by painting portraits of relatively well-off people, made his own decision when he learned that a doctor he knew was taking his entire family to Vienna, concealed in a shipment of medical supplies. Christo joined them. After paying substantial bribes to a customs official, the fugitives left Prague on a bitter-cold night in January, 1957, and arrived without incident in Vienna early the next morning. Christo had been instructed to report to a United Nations officer at the Vienna station, but he knew that that would mean going to a refugee camp. He had in his pocket the address of a friend of his father's in Vienna. It was an old address—there was no way of knowing even whether the man was still alive—but when he rang the bell his father's friend was there to take him in.

After a semester at the Fine Arts Academy in Vienna, Christo felt the urge to go farther west. He reached Geneva in the fall of 1957, painted portraits of numerous United Nations officials, and, the following March, took his savings and headed for Paris. He continued to make his living by painting portraits, which he did in a bravura, Impressionist style that seemed to please his sitters. Soon after arriving in Paris, though, he also started to produce a series of wrapped objects, which appear to have been inspired by a Miró collage he had seen in Prague. Having no funds for materials, he used what came most easily to hand—bottles, tin cans, and, eventually, large oil drums. Some of these he wrapped up with canvas and twine, concealing their function and transforming them into mysterious (though still humble) packages; others he left alone, or painted on. A tiny room on the seventh floor of a walkup building on the Rue de Saint-Senoch served as his studio, and it gradually filled up with wrapped and nonwrapped objects. A Russian artist named Anna Starisky, who had once been a friend of his mother's and who had been living in Paris since the nineteen-twenties, came to visit him in his studio; soon afterward she introduced him to Pierre Restany, who was then a young government employee but would shortly burst upon the Paris art scene as the critic most closely associated with *le nouveau réalisme*.

"Pierre didn't like my work then," Christo has told me. "I never was a member of the *nouveau réaliste* group." The leader of the group was Yves

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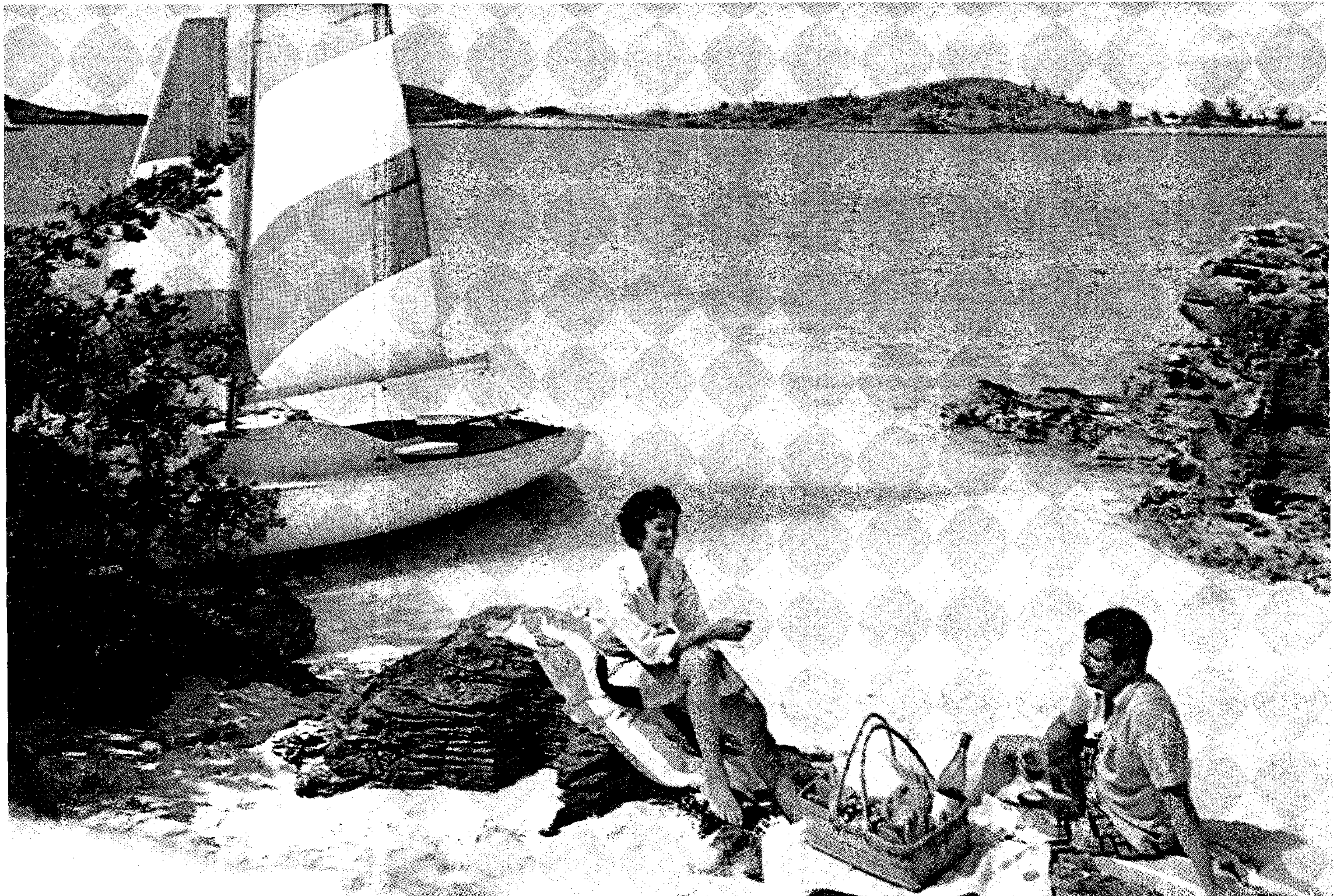
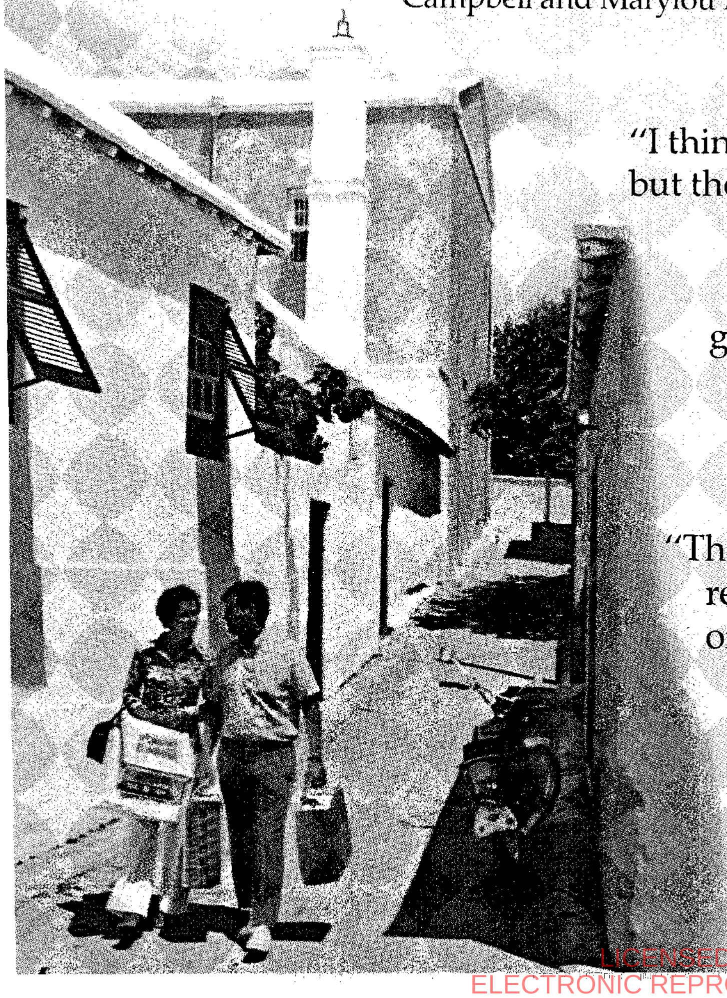


"We found this almost deserted island with a delightful little beach surrounded by flowers and pure pinky white sand."

Campbell and Marylou Miller on the Millers' third visit to Bermuda.



"I think the island is perfect, but the people make the island."

"I look forward to getting dressed for dinner. It's part of going away, part of the fun."

"The prices are very reasonable. We buy a lot of our clothes here."

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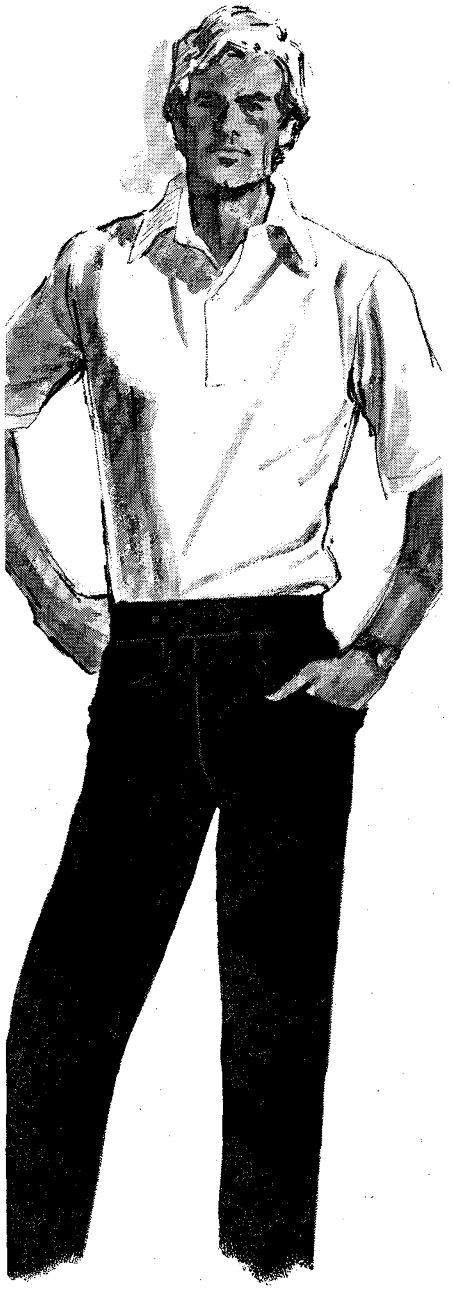
Klein, a flamboyant innovator who became famous for all-blue canvases—in a color that he designated International Klein Blue—and for "living brushes" in the form of nude girls whom he slathered with I.K.B. pigment and then directed to press themselves against large areas of canvas in various configurations. Other *nouveaux réalistes* included Jean Tinguely, who made motorized sculptures; Arman, who put together "accumulations" of small, everyday objects such as screws, faucets, and doll's eyes; César, who presented automobiles crushed in giant industrial presses to pedestal-display size; Daniel Spoerri, who glued the remains of his own and his friends' meals to tabletops and hung the results; and Martial Raysse, who took the imagery for his paintings from commercial advertisements. Their work had much in common with American and British Pop Art, which developed about the same time, and for a few years in the early sixties there was heated debate and rivalry between the Pops and the *nouveaux réalistes* over the proper attitude toward the artifacts and images of popular culture—whether these should be "transformed," in the *nouveau réaliste* manner, or offered more or less deadpan, *à l'Américaine*. Although Christo was soon on friendly terms with most of the *nouveaux réalistes* and with Restany, their *critique-explicateur*, he was not asked to join the group, and he showed with them only once, in a joint exhibition in Munich in 1963.

Many of Christo's portrait commissions in those days came about through the good offices of his friend René Bourgeois, a Paris hairdresser. It was Bourgeois who introduced Christo to Mme. de Guillebon. He did her portrait and also one of Jeanne-Claude, and Mme. de Guillebon took to him immediately—so strongly that she let him use the unoccupied maid's rooms as a studio. Christo also rented space in a garage to house his packages, which were not exactly selling like hotcakes. Lucio Fontana, the painter, bought a wrapped tin can in 1959, and that same year a German collector named Dieter Rosenkranz (whose wife, Edith, went on to divorce him and marry Clifford Irving, the Howard Hughes scholar) came to Christo's studio, bought a package, and invited Christo to visit him at his house in Wuppertal. Christo did so, and made contact there with a lively group of international vanguardists, which included the German artist Mary Bauermeister, the visiting American musicians John Cage and David Tudor, and several members of Fluxus, a neo-Dada group that specialized in provocative public performances. These contacts led, in turn, to his first one-man show, in 1961, at the Galerie Haro Lauhus, in Cologne—or, rather, in the gallery and on a section of the Cologne waterfront near the gallery, where Christo wrapped several existing stacks of oil drums and other large containers in tarpaulins and rope, transforming them into "temporary monuments" and perplexing any number of longshoremen.

A temporary monument of a more arresting sort served to advance Christo's reputation in Paris the following spring. Assisted by Restany and a few other volunteers, Christo erected an "iron curtain" composed of two hundred and four oil drums, which completely blocked the Rue Visconti, a narrow, historic street on the Left Bank between the Rue Bonaparte and the Rue de Seine. The structure, which was fourteen feet high, stood intact for three hours on the evening of June 27, 1962, halting traffic for blocks in all directions, distressing local residents, who rained verbal abuse and cold water (presumably) down on the art workers from upper-story windows, and incurring severe municipal displeasure. Having previously applied for and been denied an official permit for the project, Christo expected to be fined or even jailed, but in the end, Paris being the *ville d'art* that it is, nothing happened.

Christo's wrappings were by this time taking in an ever-widening array of artifacts. He wrapped furniture, road signs, perambulators, cooking utensils, shopping carts, and telephones, among other things, sometimes in opaque canvas and sometimes in semitransparent plastic, which permitted the shrouded object to signal its presence dimly

"But you ***are*** *rich, Myra. Rich in insight."*



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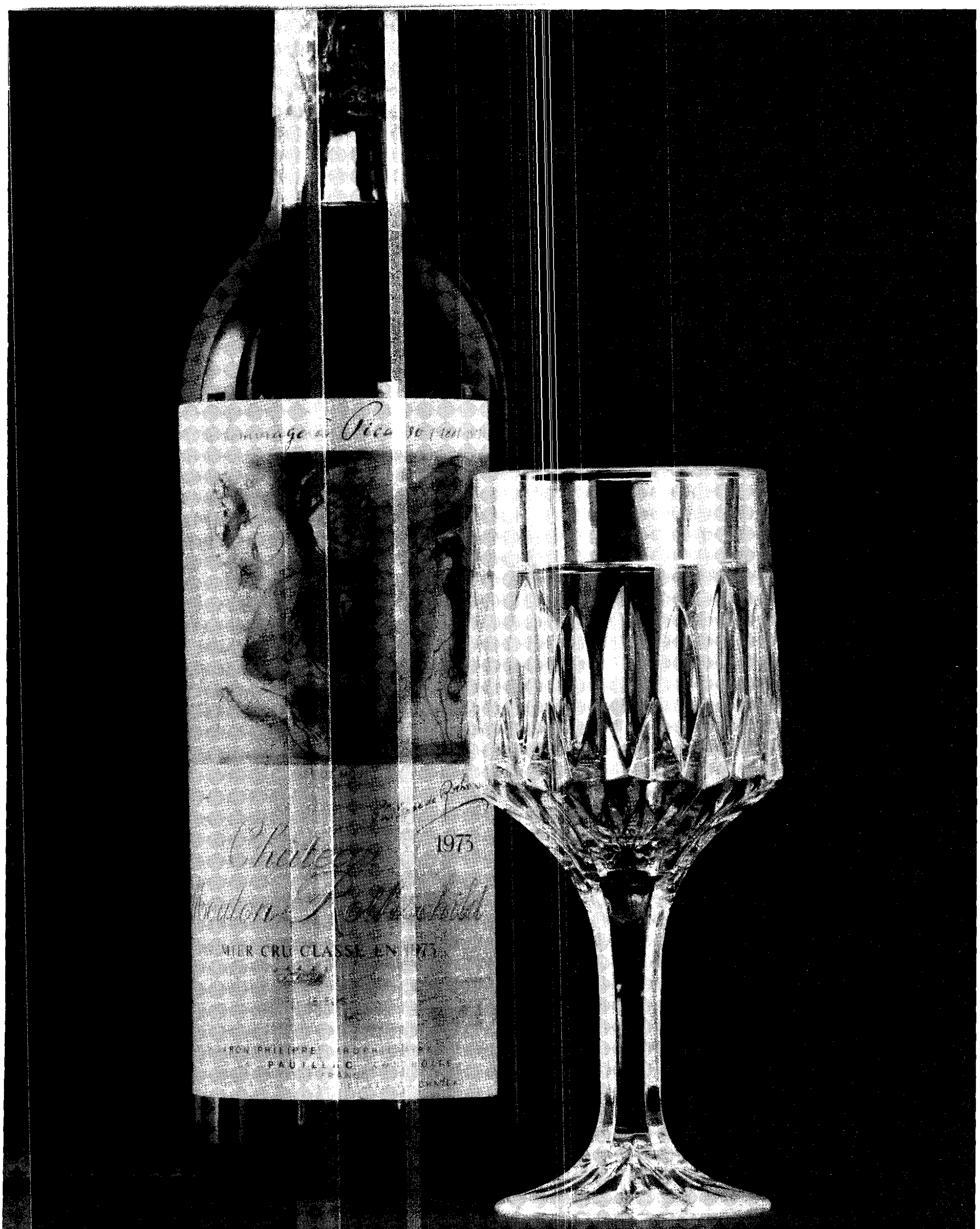
through the bulky folds and the elaborate crisscrossings of knotted cords. Soon he would progress to wrapping automobiles, motorcycles, trees, and (impermanently) nude women. His packages were generally interpreted as ironic comments on the ubiquitous "art" of commercial packaging in modern culture. They were also viewed, somewhat disparagingly, as echoes of Surrealism—latter-day repetitions of Man Ray's famous 1920 work called "The Enigma of Isidore Ducasse," a photograph of a sewing machine wrapped in heavy cloth and tied with twine. Christo himself offered no clues to his purpose. Wrapping and tying up things was what he did—let the critics elucidate it.

The most significant event in Christo's career at this point was his marriage, late in 1962, to Jeanne-Claude de Guillebon. She had been married before, briefly, to a Frenchman, with whom she had a son. They separated before the boy, Cyril, was born, and she had been living with Christo ever since, to the intense distress of her mother; whether or not Mme. de Guillebon considered Christo a genius, she made strenuous efforts at that time to have him deported. The marriage put an end to family dissension, however, and it also formalized one of the more successful mergers in recent art history. The fact that Christo and Jeanne-Claude happen to have been born on the same day of the same year (June 13, 1935) has struck a number of his admirers as evidence of some astrological grand design. Certainly no one could have provided a more ideal counterpart to Christo's talents than Jeanne-Claude. Vivacious, witty, and strikingly attractive, she also proved to have the administrative, financial, and promotional abilities that would enable Christo to carry out projects on a vastly enlarged scale.

The real center of avant-garde energies had shifted from Paris to New York by the nineteen-sixties. Tinguely, Klein, and others of the *nouveau réaliste* group were spending more and more time there (Tinguely's gigantic self-destroying contraption "Homage to New York," which was to commit suicide in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art, was the great art-world event of 1960), and early in 1964 the Christos came over to spend a few months. They were back in Europe that summer, but in the fall they returned to take up permanent residence in New York, first at the Chelsea Hotel and then in a downtown loft building on Howard Street, which is where they live today. Jeanne-Claude Christo immediately laid siege to the New York art establishment. Her early dinner parties featured supermarket steaks and Bond bread, but refusing one of her invitations was not easy. To some people, she seemed a bit overpowering, a little too much the artist's aggressively loyal wife; Christo himself, with his charm and his erratic grasp of English, was for a time somewhat in her shadow. He had graduated from packages to storefronts—full-scale, freestanding replicas of ordinary-looking shops, whose interiors were masked from view by paper or cloth covering the windows. Leo Castelli showed "Four Store Fronts" in 1966, but it attracted relatively little notice.

To this day, Christo has never really captured the attention of the New York art world. His current work is much in demand—and increasingly expensive—in Europe, but the New York critics ignore him for the most part, and his American buyers are few. Though it was in New York that Christo's imagination took wing and carried him into the arena of public art, New York has yet to see one of his monumental packagings.

The air packages came first. On the occasion of his first one-man museum show—in 1966, at the Stedelijk van Abbemuseum, in Eindhoven, the Netherlands—Christo got hold of a weather balloon seventeen feet in diameter, filled it with air, wrapped it in plastic sheeting and rope, and tethered it in a public park. Invited later that year to show at the Walker Art Center, in Minneapolis, he used the occasion to create the considerably larger "42,390 Cubic Feet Package"—four United States Army high-altitude research balloons contained within an elongated, eight-thousand-square-foot sheath of transparent polyethylene and girdled with three thousand feet of rope. The huge elliptical object, assembled by Christo and more than a hundred students from the Minneapolis School of Art, was supposed to be airlifted by helicopter from the school to the Walker Art Center, but nervous city officials vetoed the plan. Christo's third, and ultimate, air structure, the "5,600 Cubic Meter Package," dominated the 1968 international Documenta IV exhibition in Kassel, West Germany. A colossal two-hundred-and-eighty-foot-long plastic sausage that could be seen for fifteen miles, it required the services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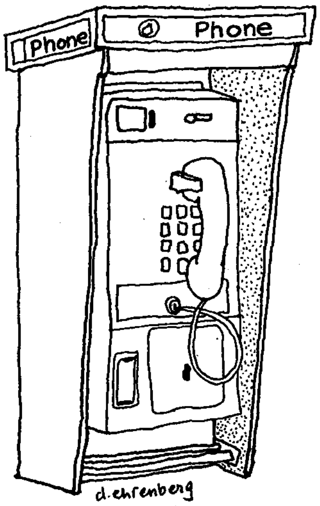
of a hundred and seventy workmen and the two largest construction cranes in Europe to elevate it, after three spectacular failures, in Kassel's Karlsaue Park that August.

The Kassel package cost fifty-six thousand dollars, and its financing set the pattern for Christo's future projects. Since the Documenta authorities put up only three thousand dollars toward expenses for each participating artist, Christo had to raise the rest of the money himself, and he did so, over the next few months, mostly by selling drawings and collages related to the air package itself, but also by selling earlier works. Christo's things were beginning to go well in Europe, and, partly because he has always made a point of buying back his own early works whenever possible, he had a sizable accumulation of wares on hand. Another helpful factor was that some of the young people he had known in his early years in Paris were coming into positions of importance in European museums and galleries by this time; although Christo did not seem to fit into any of the contemporary art categories, he nevertheless struck a number of them as an artist destined to do great things.

Harald Szeemann, the young director of the Kunsthalle, in Bern, held a particularly high opinion of Christo's work. During the summer of 1968, Christo commuted between Kassel and Bern, where Szeemann had arranged for him to wrap the Kunsthalle. Christo's desire to wrap a public building really dated back to 1961, when he had proposed packaging one in Paris. Later, and more specifically, he offered to wrap the École Militaire and the Arc de Triomphe and, in New York, the Museum of Modern Art, which declined the honor but then mounted a show of Christo's drawings, scale models, and photomontages for the nonevent. And in the spring of 1968, his *annus mirabilis*, the somewhat overburdened artist had authorized Jeanne-Claude to carry out his designs for wrapping a medieval tower and an urban fountain at the Festival of Two Worlds, in Spoleto, Italy. The Kunsthalle in Bern was his first packaging of an entire building. He wrapped it in twenty-seven thousand square feet of reinforced polyethylene salvaged from the Kassel project (the original balloon had ripped during one of the unsuccessful lift attempts, and Christo had replaced it with one made of a stronger fabric), tied up with ten thousand feet of nylon rope. A slit in the fabric permitted entrance to the museum, which was then showing environmental works by eleven other artists. Buoyed by the successes of the summer, Christo converted an invitation to show some of his works at Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art into a project to wrap *that* museum, and early in 1969 he did so, in heavy canvas and stout manila rope, to a chorus of outraged protests from American museum directors.

The progression in Christo's work from wrapping cans and bottles to wrapping larger and larger objects—automobiles, nudes, storefronts (not so much wrapped as shrouded), museums—suggests a consistency that borders on obsession. For Christo, fabric of every kind holds great fascination. It is one of the oldest of man's artifacts, as he likes to point out, and it can often assume a sort of human presence. Fabric softens and conceals, and at the same time reveals contours and shapes that may not have been evident before (as every couturier knows). A wrapping transforms what is wrapped, makes it more sensuous, more sculptural, more mysterious. From 1968 on, however, Christo's wrappings took on a new dimension—one that suggested parallels with the work of the so-called earth artists, who were emerging in this country and in Europe. In 1969, he wrapped a mile and a half (a million square feet) of rocky Australian coastline along Little Bay, near Sydney, in gigantic sheets of white polypropylene. In 1972, he hung a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-square-foot bright-orange curtain across a mountain valley near Rifle, Colorado. In 1974, he threw a polypropylene cover over the waters off King's Beach, in Newport, Rhode Island. And then came his Running Fence.



It is possible to see in these enormous undertakings a certain degree of similarity to the large-scale earthworks that Michael Heizer, using bulldozers and other heavy equipment, has engineered in the Nevada desert. Like Heizer and

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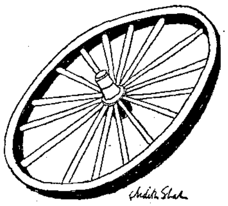
other earth artists, Christo has gone outside the system, the official art world, to involve himself in vast projects for which there can be no possible "market"—art works that exist for most viewers only in the still photographs and the films that record them. These artists' work is essentially noncommercial, in a period when soaring prices and shady dealings have made modern art seem far too commercial for its own good, and their work is also, in the word of the moment, "environmental." One large difference between Christo and the earth artists, however, is that Christo's projects alter the environment only briefly. Little Bay is the same today as it was before its ten-week wrapup; so is Rifle Gap, where the Valley Curtain hung for less than forty-eight hours before a freak storm tore the fabric and forced its early removal. Christo's handiwork disappears from the landscape when he is finished. This has led some observers to call what he does Conceptual art, but the phrase is misleading. Most Conceptual artists feel that the originating idea is the only element essential to their art, and a neatly typed statement of intent is often the sole form in which a Conceptual work exists. Christo, on the other hand, always carries out his concepts, usually at great expense, and in a way that more and more has required the collaboration and assistance of large numbers of people. For Christo, the involvement, the whole process, is the crucial element. His recent projects have existed on social, legal, political, and technical (engineering) levels as well as on aesthetic ones, and even people who oppose and try to stop them become, in Christo's mind, participants in the work of art. "I make public art," he says. It is a category all his own, apparently without precedent and—for the moment, at least—without visible followers.



NOTHING infuriated the opponents of Christo's Running Fence more than the notion that they themselves, through their very opposition, had become participants in the work of art. The depth of feeling against the fence in Sonoma County was something new in the artist's experience. The opposition was organized (after a fashion), passionate, and implacable, and there were times when even Christo feared that it might prevail.

When Christo settled on Sonoma and Marin Counties as the site for his meandering twenty-four-mile ribbon of white nylon, he was warned that although he would probably have no trouble getting the required state and county building permits, he would never manage to talk the ultra-conservative ranchers into letting him cross their land. What happened was more like the opposite. The ranchers—dairy farmers and sheep raisers, for the most part, many of Italian or Swiss descent—proved to be the project's and Christo's staunchest allies. Getting them to listen to the proposal in the first place was no snap, of course. What on earth was the point of an eighteen-foot-high cloth fence that would be taken down after only two weeks? Where was the art in it? The Christos explained it as best they could. Running Fence (it sounded like an Indian name) was a fence without function, a white line running over the land; nothing would be painted on the cloth, no designs or pictures—just the white shape stretching from the suburbs of Petaluma to the ocean. Jeanne-Claude Christo, with her French-accented but fluent English, did most of the talking at first. She would try to pick a time of day when the rancher's wife was home alone (telephone calls were useless; people simply hung up on her), and she learned to wade through packs of furiously barking dogs and other fauna without flinching, to drink endless cups of coffee, and to show a keen interest in milking, fertilizers, and other country matters.

Nor did the Christos come empty-handed. Each family whose land the fence crossed would receive, after its removal, the steel poles and cables used in that portion (handy for fencing of a more functional sort), and also the nylon fabric itself (several possible uses, from covering hay to being run up into curtains or bedspreads). In addition, the Christos offered a choice of a color television set, a refrigerator, or a freezer. Most of the ranchers already had those, so the offer was changed to two hundred and fifty dollars in cash. A few wanted more money (considerably more in some cases; one rancher held out for, and got, six thousand dollars), but the majority accepted the first offer. "The man's got an original idea, which is something you don't see too often," said Ed Pozzi, a sheep rancher with nine children and nine hundred and sixty acres of fine grazing land. "It's not going to cost us a damn cent, and it should bring a lot of money into the county, so why

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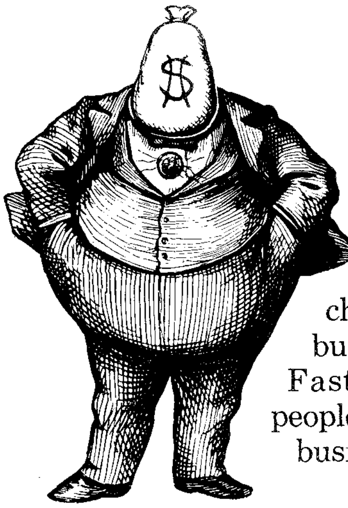

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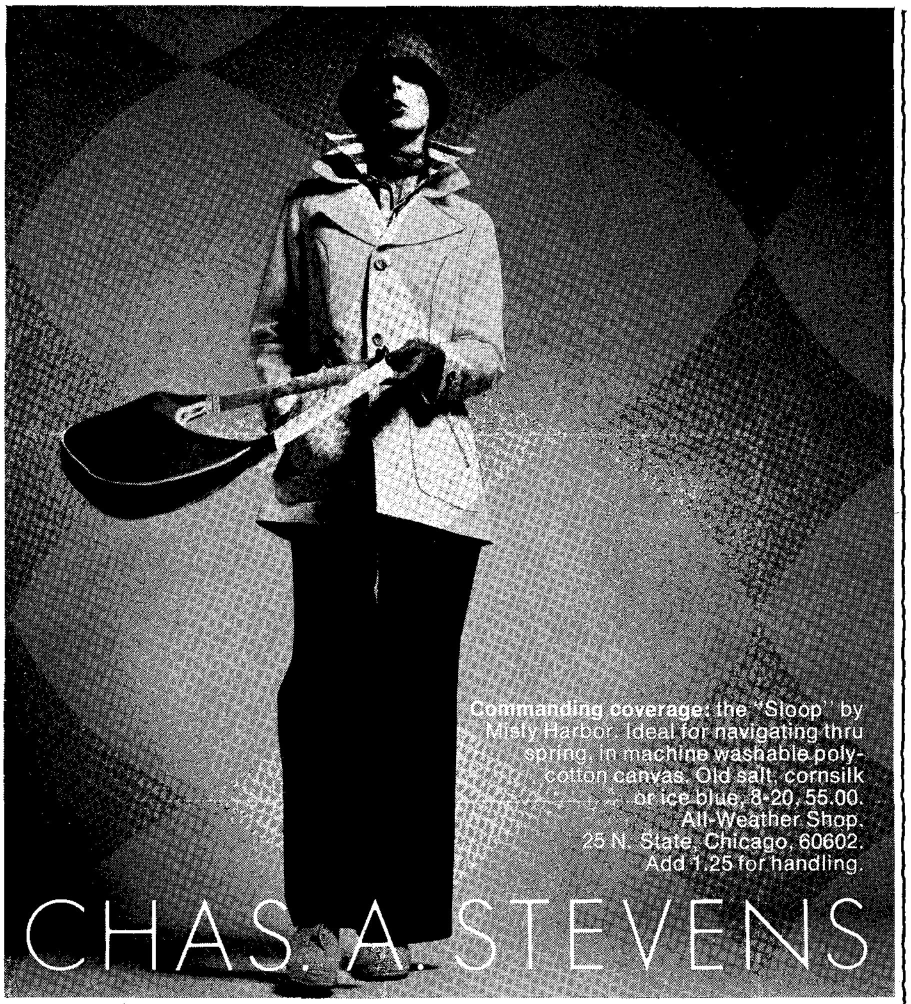

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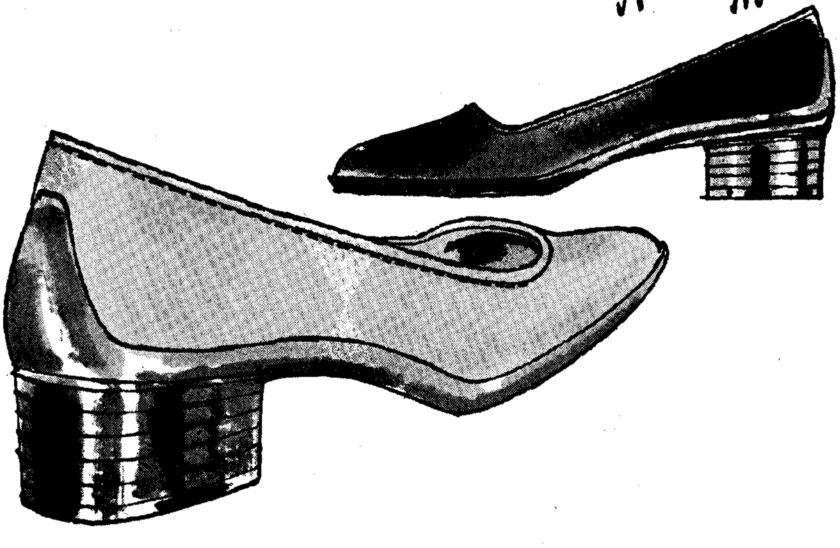

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not let him do it?" The fence eventually crossed forty-eight private properties, and only three of the ranchers the Christos approached ended up refusing them a right-of-way. Christo rerouted the fence around two of them; the third, an elderly man named Gaver, owned a key quarter-mile section near the ocean that could not be circumvented, and it became the Gaver Gap.

The fence's route was a circuitous one, with switchbacks and many long, sinuous turns. Christo had staked it out in the late summer of 1974, after travelling up and down the West Coast for six thousand miles in search of the perfect setting. His requirements were specific: "Fence should start in ocean," he said at the outset, "and cross rolling hills. Not many tree. There must be roads, farmhouses, other kind of fences for animals—cow and sheeps. And at other end it must cross Freeway." Sonoma's gently undulating landscape, mostly bare of trees except for scattered groves of eucalyptus planted a century ago as windbreaks, was exactly what he had in mind. In winter, the landscape is green, but during the dry summer months the grass turns a tawny golden brown, which Christo considered an ideal background for his white fence. The fence's height, eighteen feet, was carefully calculated—the height of a barn, or, as Christo rather cryptically suggested on one occasion, "as high as five cow." The fence would cross fourteen roads, stopping at the edge and picking up again on the other side. Special measures were to be taken where it intersected a farmer's fence, and gates would be installed to allow for the movement of livestock. Christo usually spoke of the fence as emerging from the sea and ending up on the outskirts of an urban center, but at other times he seemed to see it as starting on Meacham Hill, outside Petaluma, and ending in the ocean. "Running Fence is a celebration of the landscape," he said in a formal statement that accompanied a two-hundred-and-sixty-five-page environmental-impact report, which was prepared at the Christos' expense. "The fabric is a light-conductor for the sunlight, and it will give shape to the wind. It will go over the hills and into the sea, like a ribbon of light."

The social context was as important to Christo as the topography, and he found special attractions, for his purpose, in northern California. Petaluma, where the Christos had their Western headquarters in a suite at the Petaluma Inn, used to advertise itself as the egg capital of the world. The

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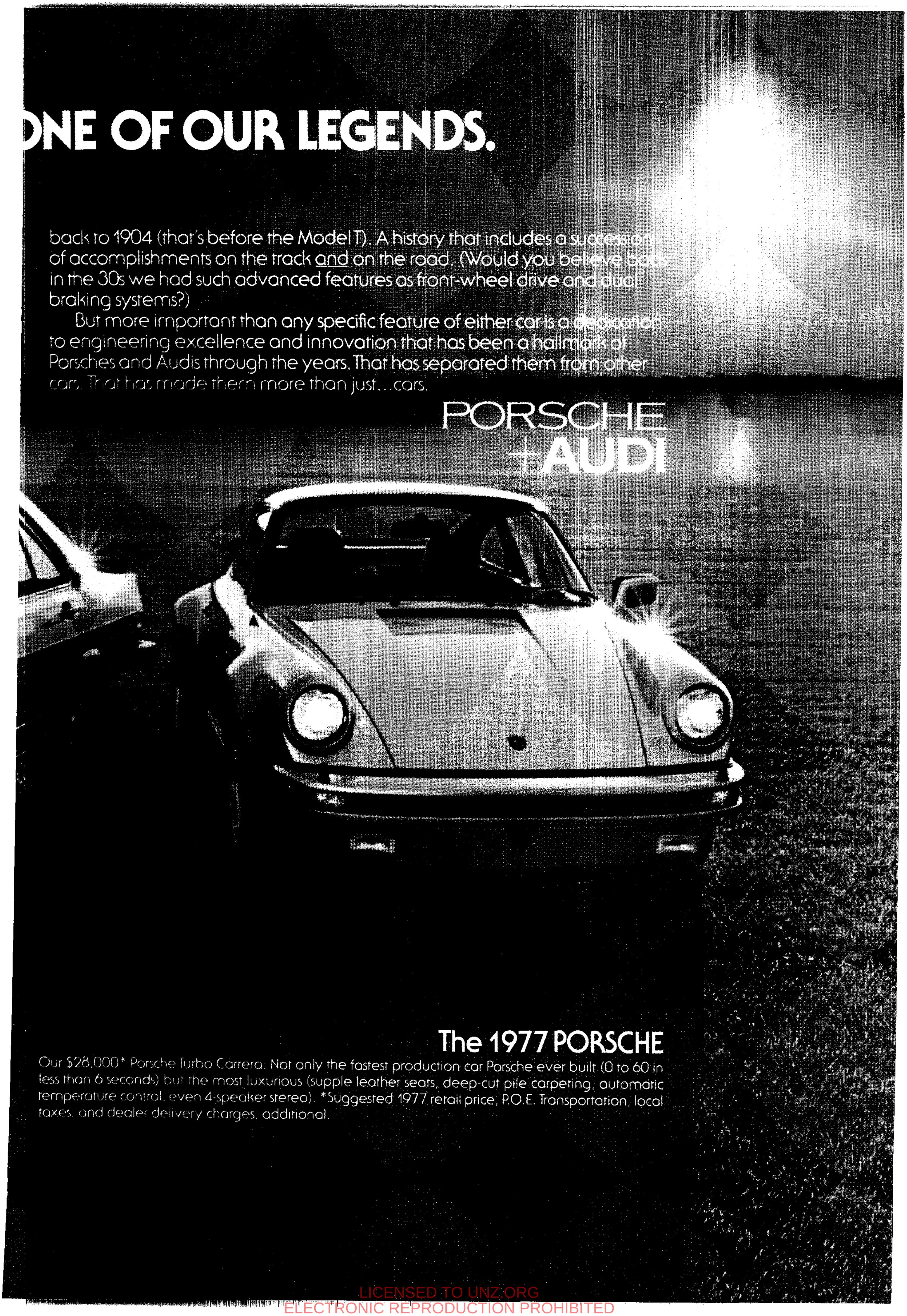

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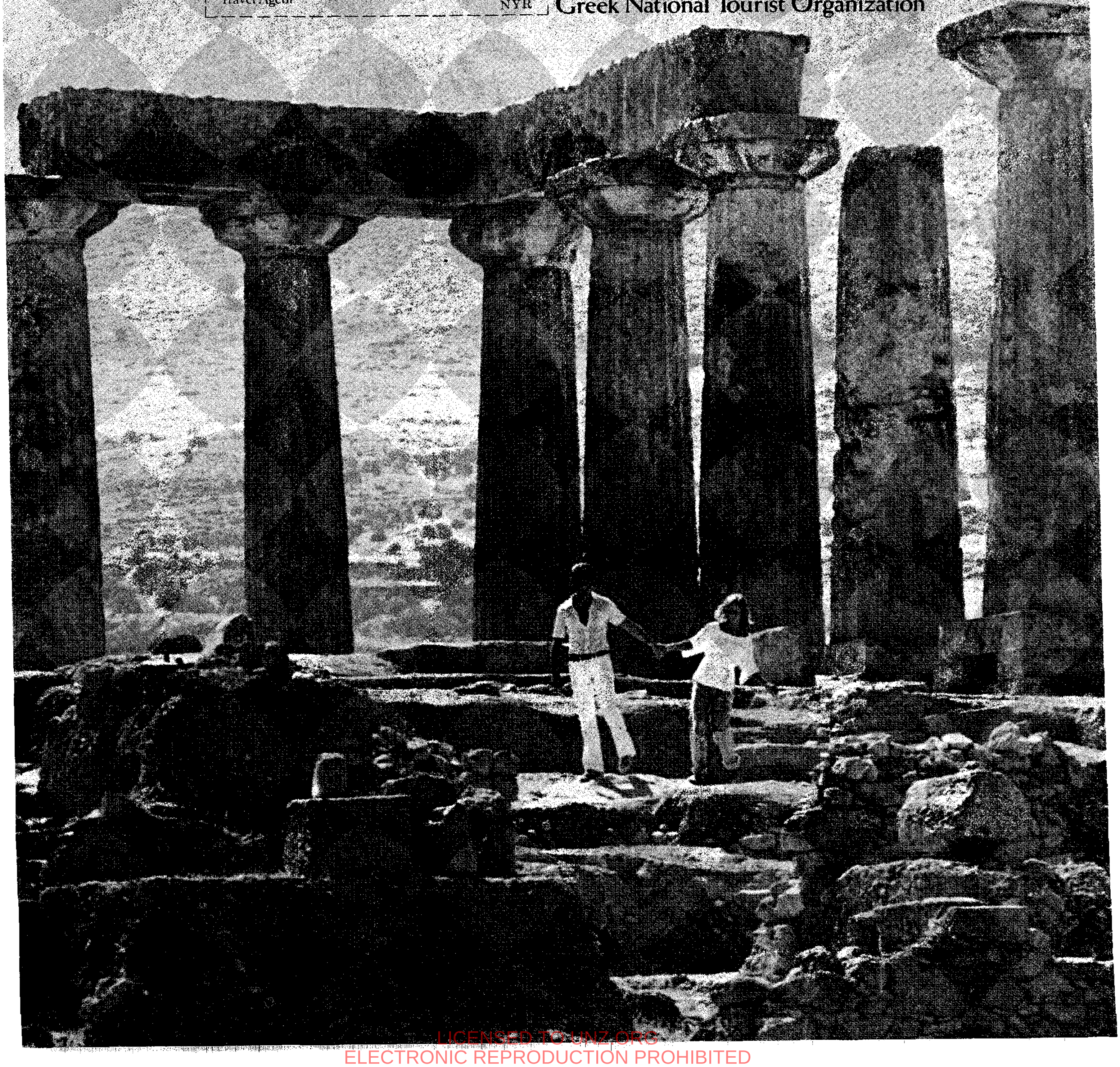

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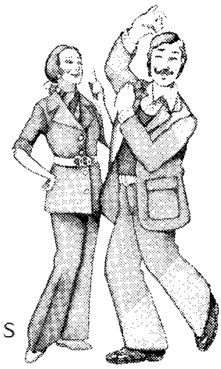

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small chicken farms on which the claim was based have largely disappeared or been swallowed up by agricultural conglomerates, and creeping suburbanization is everywhere apparent ("American Graffiti" was filmed mostly in and around Petaluma, and, for reasons that are somewhat unclear, Petaluma was selected for the world première of "Deep Throat"), but the town still has a strongly agricultural flavor, with feedstores and big, rambling hardware stores coexisting peacefully with brand-new shopping plazas and taco stands and twenty-four-hour liquor stores. Christo has sometimes said that he could have built Running Fence in Mexico or Africa (he apparently had offers from large landowners in both places)—could have built it without interference or permits or opposition of any kind—but this would not have suited his purpose at all. He needed the social texture and the rich contrasts of America in the nineteen-seventies, and he got them, in full measure.

Obtaining permits from the state and the counties proved to be not only difficult but expensive. The Running Fence Corporation gradually accumulated a legal arm that at one point numbered nine lawyers, and as the project slowly made its way through the various local zoning and planning boards it became encrusted with a thick outer shell of conditions, bonds, and added expenditures. Christo agreed to provide four anchor-driver trucks that had been specially designed for his contractor, at thirty thousand dollars apiece, with fire-prevention equipment and with extra-large flotation tires, which would not cut into the soil. He took out insurance policies to a total of three million dollars to protect the county treasuries in case of lawsuits resulting from damage or injuries related to Running Fence. The Christos paid eighty-seven thousand dollars just to obtain permits. All this helped to convince their opponents that they were made of money. Rumors had it that Jeanne-Claude Christo drove around New York in a Mercedes-Benz and wore only Yves Saint Laurent clothes. When Gary Giacomini, a Marin County supervisor, visited the Christos in New York one winter and saw how they lived—four flights up in a somewhat seedy walkup loft building—he was hugely impressed; Giacomini was an ardent supporter of the fence after that, and his enthusiasm was reflected in the attitude of other Marin County officials, who were friendlier toward the project, by and large, than their

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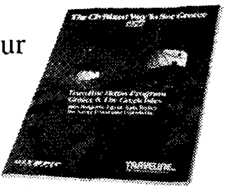

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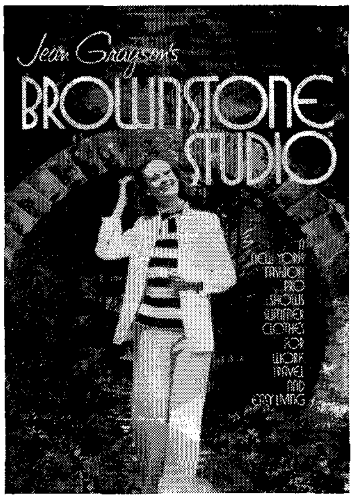
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Sonoma counterparts. (On September 14th, soon after the completion of the fence, the Marin County Board of Supervisors passed a resolution congratulating the Christos upon their "marvellously inspiring work of art" and expressing "sincere appreciation for the incomparable integrity and awareness of the public welfare manifested in all phases of the project.") The rumors persisted nevertheless. Opponents referred to Running Fence as "another Altamont" and "an Evel Knievel-type stunt;" for a while, people had it on good authority that the project was really a front for a string of McDonald's hamburger stands. It was almost as though the fence's detractors had to believe that Christo's real objective was money (in addition to fame); the other possibility—that he was building the fence for its own sake, and that the process was the sole reward—seemed somehow an idea too threatening to entertain.

Christo had estimated originally that Running Fence would cost about four hundred thousand dollars—considerably less than the Valley Curtain project, which had come in at about eight hundred and fifty thousand. The financing started with a letter to a hundred museum directors, collectors, and dealers, each of whom was invited to become a Running Fence co-sponsor by agreeing to buy twenty thousand dollars' worth of Christo's work. More than a third responded affirmatively, and their purchases brought in more than seven hundred thousand dollars. Christo worked twelve hours a day in his Howard Street loft, one floor up from his living quarters, making drawings and collages of the fence. The prices of his drawings had gone up considerably since 1970; a small collage drawing now brought about forty-two hundred dollars, while the big ones brought up to nineteen thousand. As usual, the great majority of buyers were European.

In 1974, a West Virginia factory started sewing a hundred and sixty-five thousand yards of white nylon into eighteen-by-sixty-eight-foot panels, grommeted on all four sides. The fabric had been developed originally by J. P. Stevens & Company for inflatable automobile-collision bags, but it had proved to be too wide for that purpose; Christo bought it in 1973 at a discount. He had also found a large supply of Vietnam-war-surplus steel posts, which he purchased for forty-two dollars apiece, and, as the money from collectors came in, Christo and his engineers set about acquiring ninety miles of steel cable, three hundred and fifty thousand steel hooks, thirteen thousand steel earth anchors, and other necessities. Christo's chief engineer was Ernest C. Harris, whose Colorado firm, the URS/Ken R. White Company, had taken over the Valley Curtain project after it ran into serious technical problems under other engineering auspices and brought it to a successful conclusion. Theodore Dougherty, the building contractor for the later stages of Valley Curtain, was in charge of actual construction on Running Fence. He set up a five-post prototype near his home, outside Denver, and put it through a series of rigorous tests during the winter of 1973-74. Christo is inclined to want a surfeit of engineers on his projects, and he had also engaged the services of Unipolycon, a Massachusetts firm, whose engineer John Thomson had also worked on Valley Curtain. Thomson was responsible for the design and manufacture of the nylon panels; Harris would concentrate on the hardware.

By the time the Running Fence haters got organized, early in 1975, they found themselves dealing with what struck them as a lavishly financed, legally armored juggernaut. Mary Fuller McChesney, a Sonoma County sculptor and writer, had disliked the project from the moment she heard about it. In a letter to the Santa Rosa *Press Democrat* early in 1975, she had described it as "a money-making proposition, a deal, not art." Lois Raymond's objection to the fence was more specific: it would run about five hundred yards from her back porch, in the Happy Acres subdivision of Petaluma, near Meacham Hill, to which she and her husband had recently moved, and would ruin their view of the surrounding hills. Mrs. Raymond became co-chairperson of the Committee to Stop the Running Fence, formed in 1975, which set out, with volunteer legal assistance, to rally public opinion and to appeal every pro-Christo decision. Virginia Hechtman, the third in the trio of Christo's female opponents, was the president of COAAST (Californians Organized to Acquire Access to State Tidelands), which had played an important part in the establishment of the Coastal Zone Conservation Commission in 1972. Although COAAST took a neutral position on

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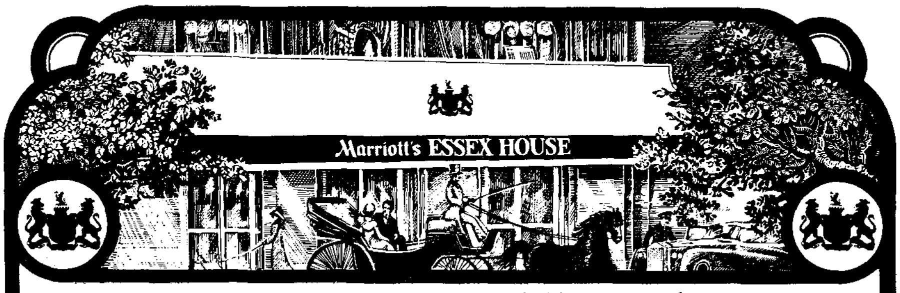

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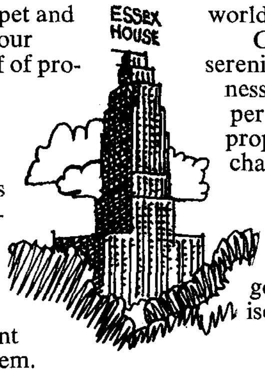

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Running Fence at first, Mrs. Hechtman soon decided that it was nothing more than an elaborate scheme to make money for the Christos, and, as such, should be denied access to the coastal zone.

The Coastal Commission had been set up as a collection of regional bodies operating under an appointed statewide supreme authority. In April, 1975, the North Central Coast Regional Commission, which had jurisdiction over the area that Christo wanted to use, listened to environmental and other arguments against the fence, saw no threat in a two-week encroachment under proper safeguards, and voted to give Christo his permit. Mrs. Hechtman and others then filed a written appeal to the statewide body, which scheduled a hearing on it for June 4th. At this point, it became apparent to Christo's lawyers that the fence was in trouble. The opposition had discovered Dr. Joel Hedgpeth, a retired marine biologist with a distinguished reputation, who referred to the fence on every possible occasion as "a roll of toilet paper," and who maintained that its descent into the water would endanger the delicate ecology of nearby estuaries. The attitude of the statewide Coastal Commission's staff director, Joseph Bodovitz, was even more disturbing. At the commission's public hearing on the fence, Bodovitz said that according to Christo's definition of art "every land developer is an artist and every land development is a work of art." Realizing that the commission might very well vote against them, the Christos telephoned all the influential people they knew and urged them to get in touch with individual commissioners. This strategy backfired badly. The commissioners were bombarded with letters and calls from famous lovers of culture (including Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson), all testifying to Christo's high standing in the pantheon of modern art. Several of the commissioners were extremely annoyed, and so was Bodovitz.

On June 18th, the commission voted nine to three against giving Christo a permit to build in the coastal zone, mainly because he had not filed an environmental-impact report. (The Marin County Board of Supervisors had voted in February that the fence did not pose enough of a threat to require one.) The day after the commission's ruling, the Sonoma County Superior Court, in response to an action brought by Mary Fuller McChesney and the Committee to Stop the Running Fence, revoked *Running Fence*'s permit in Sonoma County—which had been granted in February by the Sonoma

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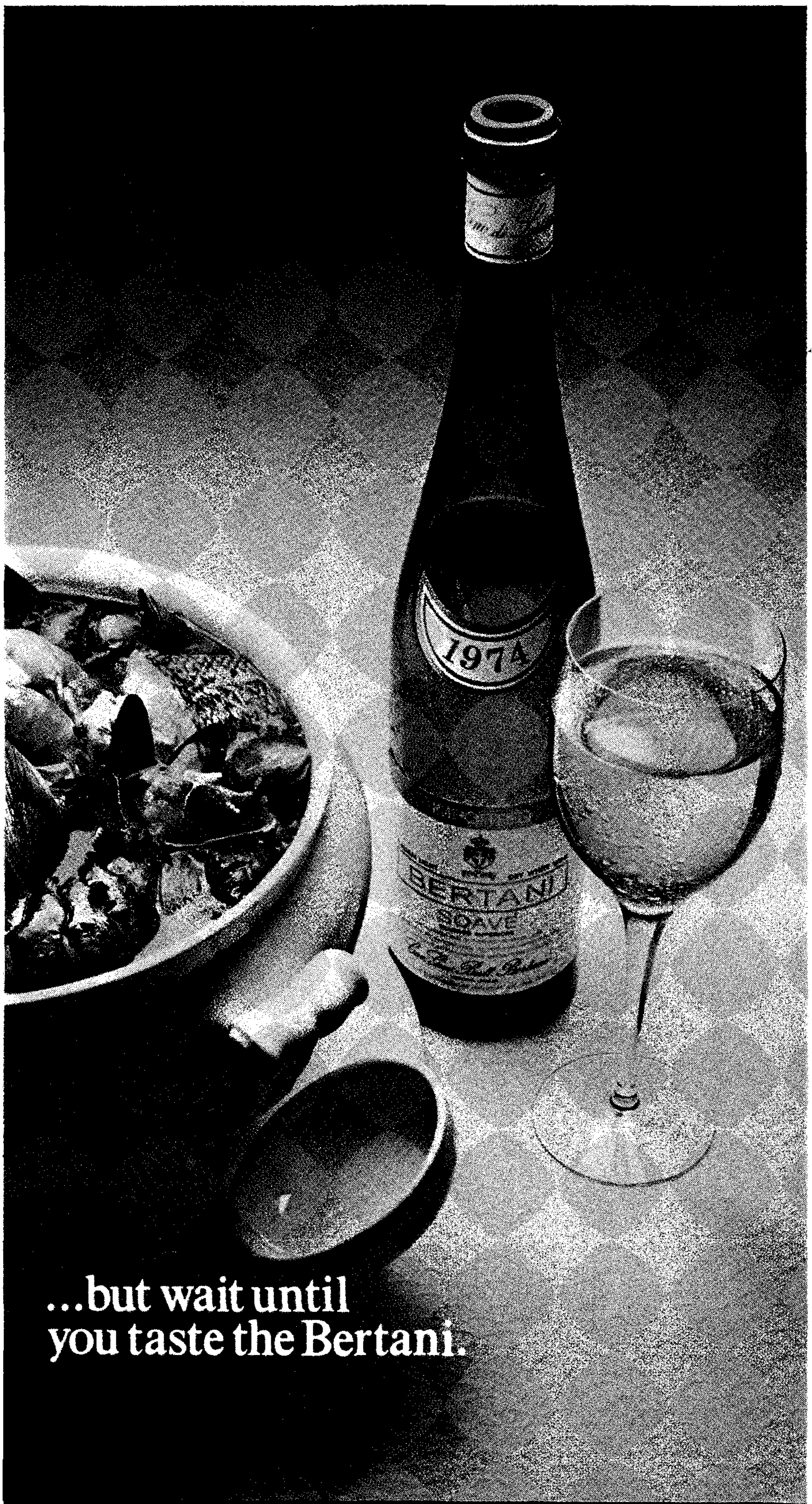
County Board of Zoning Adjustments and reaffirmed in March by the Board of Supervisors—also on the ground that an environmental-impact report should have been filed. For the moment, it appeared that the opposition, with no money but with great emotion, had stopped the juggernaut in its tracks. The double defeat effectively killed the fence for 1975. (It had been scheduled to go up in September, so that it could be removed before the winter rains turned the hillsides into quagmires.) But, as Christo kept reminding himself and others, all this was part of the public-art process.

The fence's fortunes improved on September 17th, when the California Court of Appeal overturned the Sonoma Superior Court's ruling that an environmental-impact report was required, and restored Christo's land-use permit in Sonoma County. Determined to leave no loopholes for future appeals, Christo insisted that Sonoma County go ahead and have an environmental study made anyway, at his expense. The resulting two-hundred-and-sixty-five-page document, prepared by an independent, private agency, cost the Christos thirty-nine thousand dollars, and was worth every penny. ("No work of art ever had an environmental-impact report before—I am very proud," Christo said at later hearings on his project.) It found that the fence would cause no irreversible environmental damage, and, in a passage that Christo himself could scarcely have improved on, concluded, "The large-scale irreversible environmental change may very well be in the ideas and attitudes of people. . . . As an idea or an event, Running Fence will remain in the memories of all those involved with the idea, whether they are sympathetic to the project or not."

The year's delay meant that the Christos had to go through the entire permit process a second time, in both counties. They also had to renegotiate their leases with the ranchers, but that was a minor problem. The ranchers had become very fond of the Christos. They liked the Christos' grit and perseverance. The ranchers, moreover, had grown increasingly incensed by the fact that county bureaucrats and unelected Coastal Commissioners could tell a man that he "couldn't build a fence on his own land," as one rancher put it. "I'm getting pretty damn sick of this country," said Lester Bruhn, a former dairyman who now raised sheep and championship sheepdogs on his farm, near the town of Valley Ford. "I don't own this land anymore, it seems. I don't have a goddam thing to say about it. If I were younger, I'd get out of here tomorrow and move up to Oregon." Bruhn and most of the others signed the lease renewal without asking for an additional year's rent, and they continued to show up at the public hearings, where they lent spirited support to Running Fence.

ON December 16th, after a heated meeting at which Christo and his lawyers accepted twenty-six separate conditions, including a pledge to remove the fence immediately from any area where the California Highway Patrol decided it had become a traffic hazard, the Sonoma County Board of Supervisors granted a permit for 1976. Marin County issued its permit renewal without much argument. With this success, Christo retreated for the winter to his New York studio, where he worked twelve to fourteen hours a day on drawings and collages of Running Fence, whose costs by this time were headed beyond the two-million-dollar mark. In March, 1976, Ted Dougherty and his field boss, Hank Leininger, arrived from Colorado to set up headquarters in the hamlet of Bloomfield (pop. 505), in Sonoma County, about midway along the fence's route. Dougherty engaged a local subcontractor, the Underground Construction Company, hired a local work force, which eventually numbered seventy men and four women, and started installing the two thousand fifty steel posts, bracing them laterally with cables attached to steel anchors driven four to five feet into the earth, and stringing the miles and miles of heavy cable across the tops of the poles and also at ground level. The four specially built, thirty-thousand-dollar anchor-driver trucks worked fine, but too slowly. Sixteen more trucks, of various types, were acquired over the next couple of months, turning the back yard of the Bloomfield headquarters into what looked at times like a military staging area. Christo flew out from New York at least once a week to check on progress. Jeanne-Claude spent her days on the transatlantic telephone, selling art.

On April 8th, the North Central Coast Regional Commission voted once again to give the fence a permit, and again its decision was appealed (by Virginia Hechtman and others) to the statewide Coastal Commission. A month and a half later, Christo was informed that the commission's staff (directed by Bodovitz) had come up with a recommendation against issuing a permit, this time on the ground that



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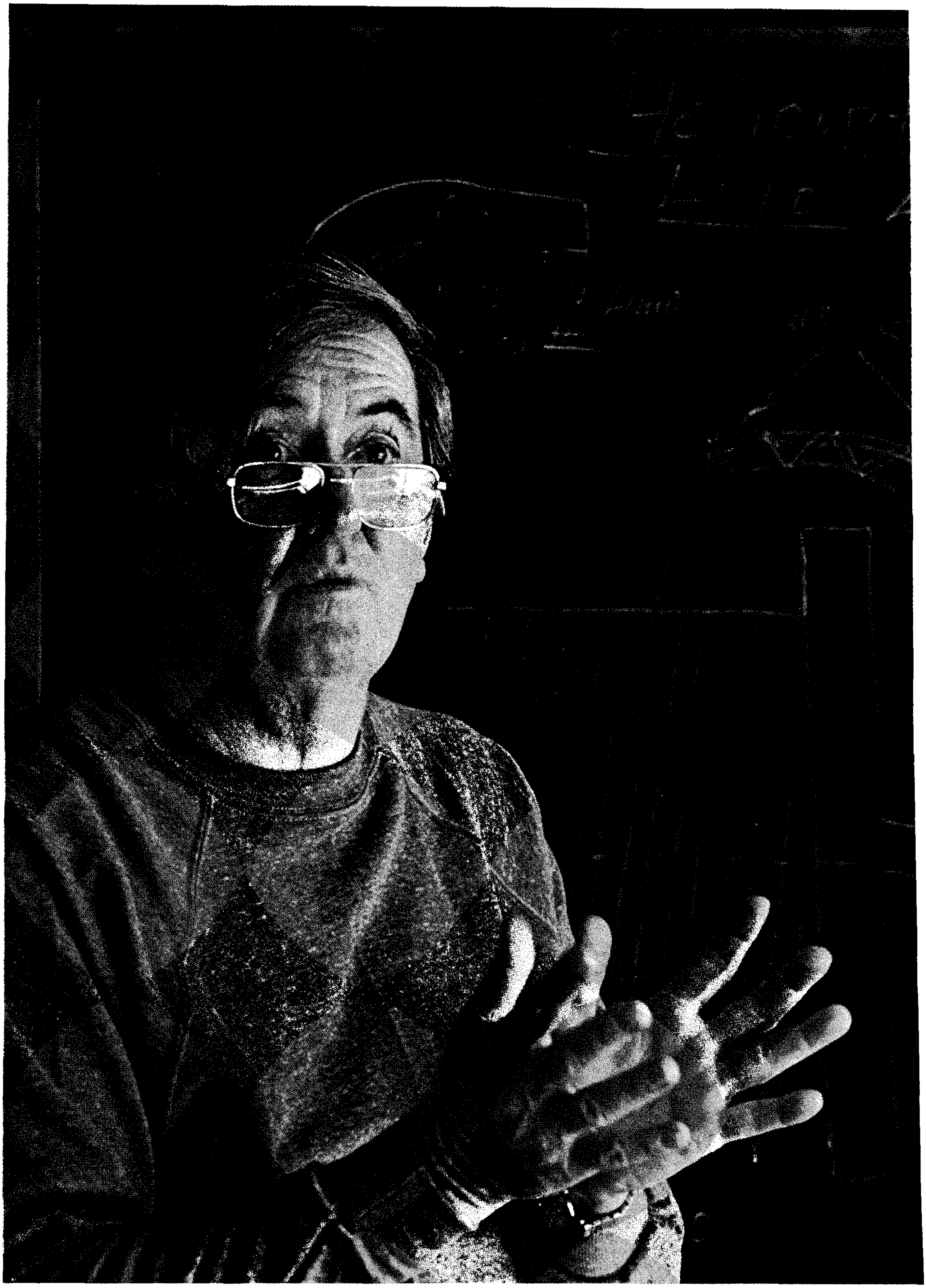

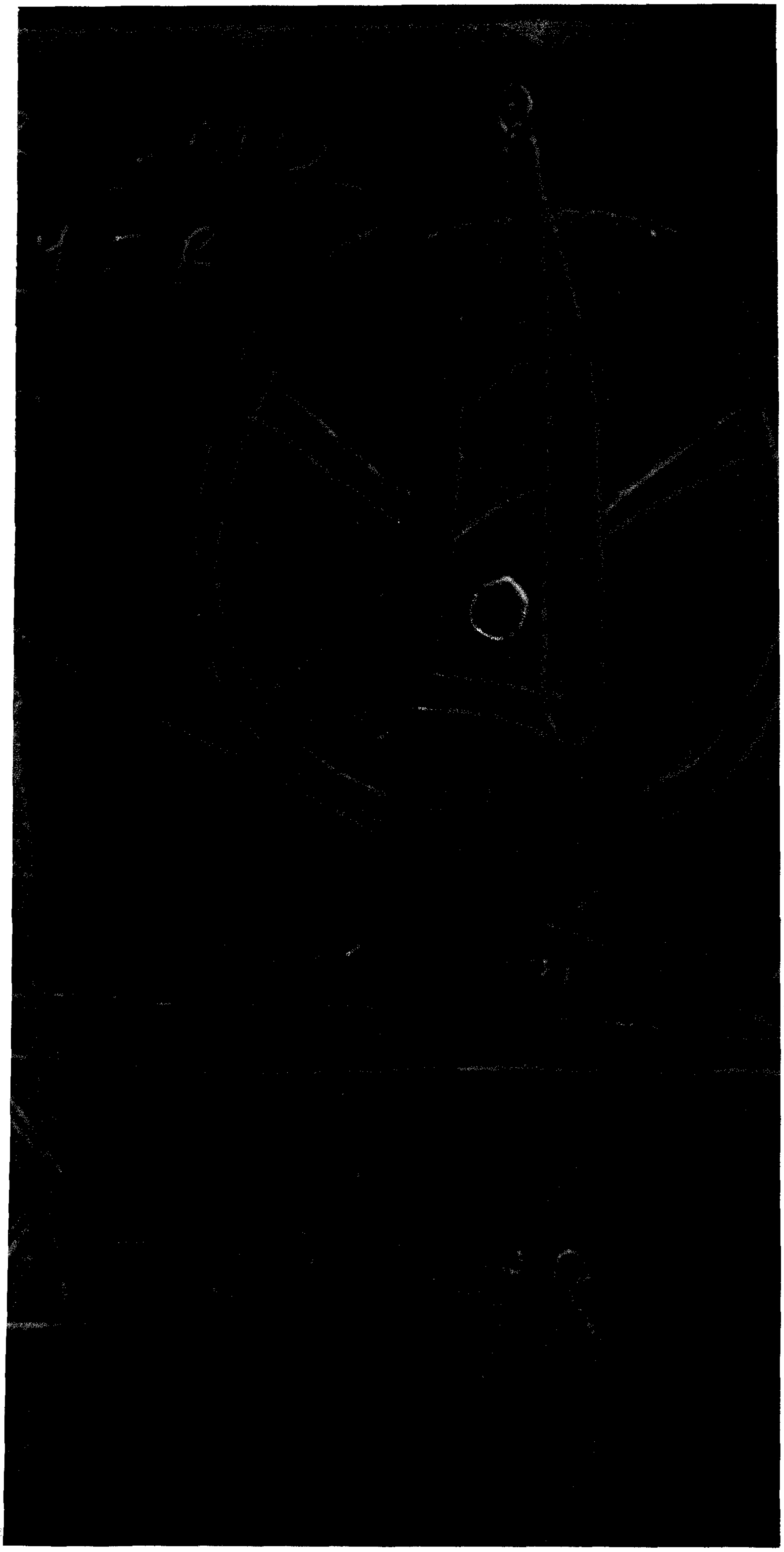

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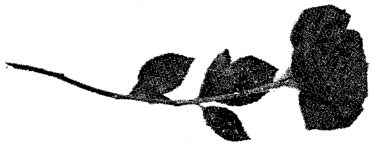

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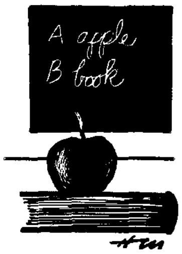
the fence might attract vast numbers of spectators, whose presence would endanger the delicate ecology of the coast. The staff report made it virtually certain that the commission would again vote against the fence.

From April through the end of August, Dougherty's post-and-cable operations stayed right on schedule. Lois Raymond and others registered periodic complaints that the construction workers were violating conditions laid down by the Sonoma County Board of Supervisors, but county inspectors who had been hired at Christo's expense to watch for violations consistently reported everything in order. Northern California's year-long drought had made the hills tinder-dry; fires broke out in several nearby areas, but there were none in the fence's vicinity. Ironically, the only serious mishap attributable to fence workers occurred when, in August, a crew drilling a posthole punctured a water main that happened to serve the Happy Acres subdivision, where Mrs. Raymond was in the middle of doing the family wash. Two weeks before this, one Running Fence truck was smashed with sledgehammers and its tires slashed, and another was left with its motor running at high speed after the oil had been drained from its crankcase. Two days later, an anonymous caller telephoned the Petaluma *Argus-Courier* and the home of Ted Dougherty to say that plastic bombs were set to go off at three points along the fence line. The trucks were repaired; a Sheriff's Department search proved the bomb threat a hoax. "There are crazy people in California," Jeanne-Claude said at the time, anxiously. "I am worried about my Christo. Maybe they think if they kill him they will stop Running Fence—but they don't know me."

The statewide Coastal Commission's next hearing on Running Fence had originally been scheduled to take place in June. Christo managed to have it delayed; he had to be in West Berlin on the date in question, discussing with city officials his proposal to wrap the Reichstag—the prospective next project after Running Fence. At the time of the commission's next scheduled meeting, in July, Christo again happened to be going to Europe. Bodovitz then proposed two alternative dates—August 31st and September 15th. Jeanne-Claude, who took his call, said that August 31st was too soon—it would not give them sufficient time to prepare their case—so the hearing was set for September 15th, seven days *after* the fence was supposed to go up. The

Christos suspected that Bodovitz, by delaying the meeting until a date when the two-week viewing period of the fence would be nearly over, hoped to render the whole coastal question moot. "What I think," Christo told me later, "is that people on the Coastal Commission believed I would try to go to ocean, but nobody thought I would do it until after they voted."

Early in August, the Christos invited Ted Dougherty, the contractor, and Ed Anderson, their Sonoma County lawyer, to have dinner with them in Petaluma. Anderson knew that the Christos were planning to build down to the ocean without the Coastal Commission's final approval, and so did Dougherty. The legal consequences were discussed, insofar as it was possible to foresee them. Building without a coastal permit would constitute a civil offense, punishable by a fine or fines, as the courts decreed. However, the North Central Coast Regional Commission *had* issued a permit after conducting a thorough study; besides, if the statewide body voted against Christo, as it probably would, Christo could appeal the decision in court. Dougherty consulted another lawyer, but there was never any real doubt about his decision; previously Christo had offered to relieve him of all official connection with Running Fence, by assuming the responsibility himself, while Dougherty worked behind the scenes, but Dougherty would have none of it. "What the hell, if they did put me in jail I'd just be a martyr, which is the last thing those people want," he said. "The amazing thing is how one man, with his idea, can get so many people so involved."



The Coastal Commission subsequently postponed the September 15th meeting to September 21st. This final delay played right into Christo's hands.

THE actual hanging of the nylon fabric was scheduled to take place over two days, September 7th and 8th. About three hundred and sixty young people had been recruited for the job, two-thirds of them from colleges in Sonoma and Marin Counties (according to an agreement between Christo and the counties), and at least half of them women. They were to be paid two dollars and forty cents an hour, and those who did not live nearby were to be put up in dormitories at the Petaluma Fairgrounds. For a week beforehand, the young people were trained in the hanging procedure, on a section of fence set up for that purpose at the Fairgrounds. They worked in groups of three, one of them on a ladder and the others on the ground. The plan was that on the first day, September 7th, they would hook the nylon panels to the top cable along the fence's entire length and leave them furled around the posts; on September 8th, they would unfurl the more than two thousand panels and fasten them to the posts and also to the bottom cable, which ran along the ground—more than three hundred and fifty thousand separate attachments in all. The complex logistics of feeding, housing, and transporting the youthful army was in the hands of Dennis O'Leary, a young administrator at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, and Harrison Rivera-Terreaux, a New York friend of the Christos' who had worked in various capacities on several of their previous projects. An interior designer by trade, Rivera-Terreaux had taken a leave of absence to work on the fence, without fee, and he knew what he was in for. "You just prepare yourself for no sleep and endless hassles," he told me. "And if you let your own ego get into it, you'll be crushed."

Nobody in Christo's immediate entourage had been getting much sleep for the last month. The Christos left the Petaluma Inn at four-thirty each morning, weekends included, so as to be on hand at the Bloomfield headquarters when Dougherty's people showed up, at five. The fence's hardware—posts, anchors, and cables—was almost all in place before the young workers arrived, but there were various details to take care of: posts that required straightening, ends of cable that needed to be cut and taped (to keep animals from injuring themselves by rubbing against them). There was also the final thousand yards to the ocean, the part that lay within the coastal zone. Very few people knew what was going on in that last thousand yards, a remote tract of land three miles from the nearest county road. The land was owned by a group of investors who had bought it several years before; unable to build on it because of the Coastal Commission, the owners had leased it to a sheep rancher named Spirito Ballatore. Mrs. Ballatore had ordered the Christos off her property the first time they came to call, but Ballatore, a thickset, white-haired man who had emigrated from the Piedmont region of Italy when he was seventeen (he is now eighty-one), told her to "let them talk" when they

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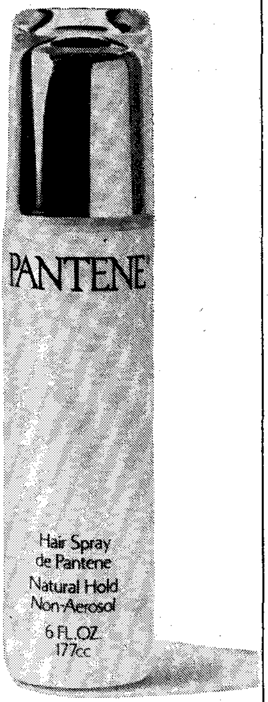

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came back a second time, and eventually the Ballatores became allies.

Every morning at daybreak, for two weeks before September 7th, Christo and a small band of trusted workers had been going out to the ocean, driving their trucks overland across the treeless hills and down to the edge of a bluff overlooking Bodega Bay, which at that hour was usually shrouded in fog. Until about nine o'clock, when the fog lifted, they sank ground anchors, attached cables, and dug post-holes. When they talked over the citizens-band radio that linked several of the trucks to the Bloomfield headquarters, Dougherty and Christo referred to the work in the coastal zone as "special preparation," in case anybody happened to be listening in. Ed Pozzi and some of the other ranchers who lived in that area heard Christo's trucks going by at five each morning on their way to the ocean. "I knew what they were doing," Pozzi confided to me later. "I just thought more power to them."

On Friday, September 3rd, Jeanne-Claude received a call at Bloomfield from Stephen Tennis, the Christos' lawyer. The Attorney General, he said, had heard reports that the Running Fence Corporation was carrying out operations in the coastal zone, and had called Tennis to ask if this was true. Jeanne-Claude, calm and businesslike, as usual, replied that their engineers were making "tests" of soil and rock conditions there, in preparation for going ahead when their permit was granted. Tennis relayed the Attorney General's warning against any construction in the absence of a permit, and hung up. If anyone from the Attorney General's office had chanced to go out in person to the Bodega Bay sector that morning, he would have witnessed some astonishingly extensive tests. Under cover of the densest fogbank of the month, a specially trained crew had set in place the last eleven steel posts, with the assistance of a helicopter, which air-lifted each one to its particular spot on the cliff face. The fog was so thick that it was difficult to see from one post to another, but the operation went off without a hitch. Nobody came out from the Attorney General's office, and the next day, Saturday, was the start of the long Labor Day weekend. Christo believed that nobody could get action on an injunction against him until the following Tuesday, and by that time, with luck, it would be too late.

On Labor Day, working against time to beat the injunction that could come the following morning, the crew at the ocean had attached the fabric panels to the top cable and furled them around the posts in the thousand-yard coastal zone. At about 6 P.M., Christo decided to have them open out the panels in the last hundred yards, the steep pitch down to the water. A cheer went up when the first panel was pulled out. It rippled like a sail in the breeze, billowing and then stretching taut in the soft, late-afternoon light. The steepness of the terrain made the work especially difficult, and it was nine o'clock before they had the last panel stretched. For the final hour, they worked by the light of a full harvest moon, which cast a ghostly shadow of the fence on the hillside. Christo kept moving alongside the unfurled panels, checking hooks and occasionally touching the white fabric. "Look at Christo flirting with his fence," said Jeanne-Claude. The workers were shouting to one another and laughing. They had been on the job since five that morning, but most of them seemed as excited as Christo. "It's just so goddam flip and outrageous," a long-haired kid in torn jeans said happily. "I can't wait to see the rest of it."

TUESDAY, September 7th: Triumph at the ocean, as an international galaxy of spectators watches the last seagoing panel pulled out to the raft. Confusion and difficulties everywhere else. Four special buses that have been chartered to transport the young workers consistently fail to pick them up at agreed-upon locations. Scattered along the fence's twenty-four and a half miles, easily identifiable in white hard hats and bright-yellow "Running Fence" T-shirts, more than half of them never get their packaged lunches, and in the heat their two-gallon plastic water jugs quickly run dry. It is unseasonably hot—over a hundred degrees at midday on the parched hillsides. Wrongly informed that an injunction is about to be served, Christo spends two hours hiding out in the eucalyptus grove on top of Button Hill. For the rest of the day, he works with the crews, going from section to section to help, correct, and encourage. (Also to pick up after them. "They are like little children," he marvels later on. "They leave everything—hard hats, water jugs, sweaters, bags, even their cameras.") On some of the hills, the wind is causing problems. Christo shows the workers a way of letting the cloth fly free in the wind while they attach the top cable hooks. The fabric-hanging goes a good deal more slowly than anticipated. By nine in the evening,

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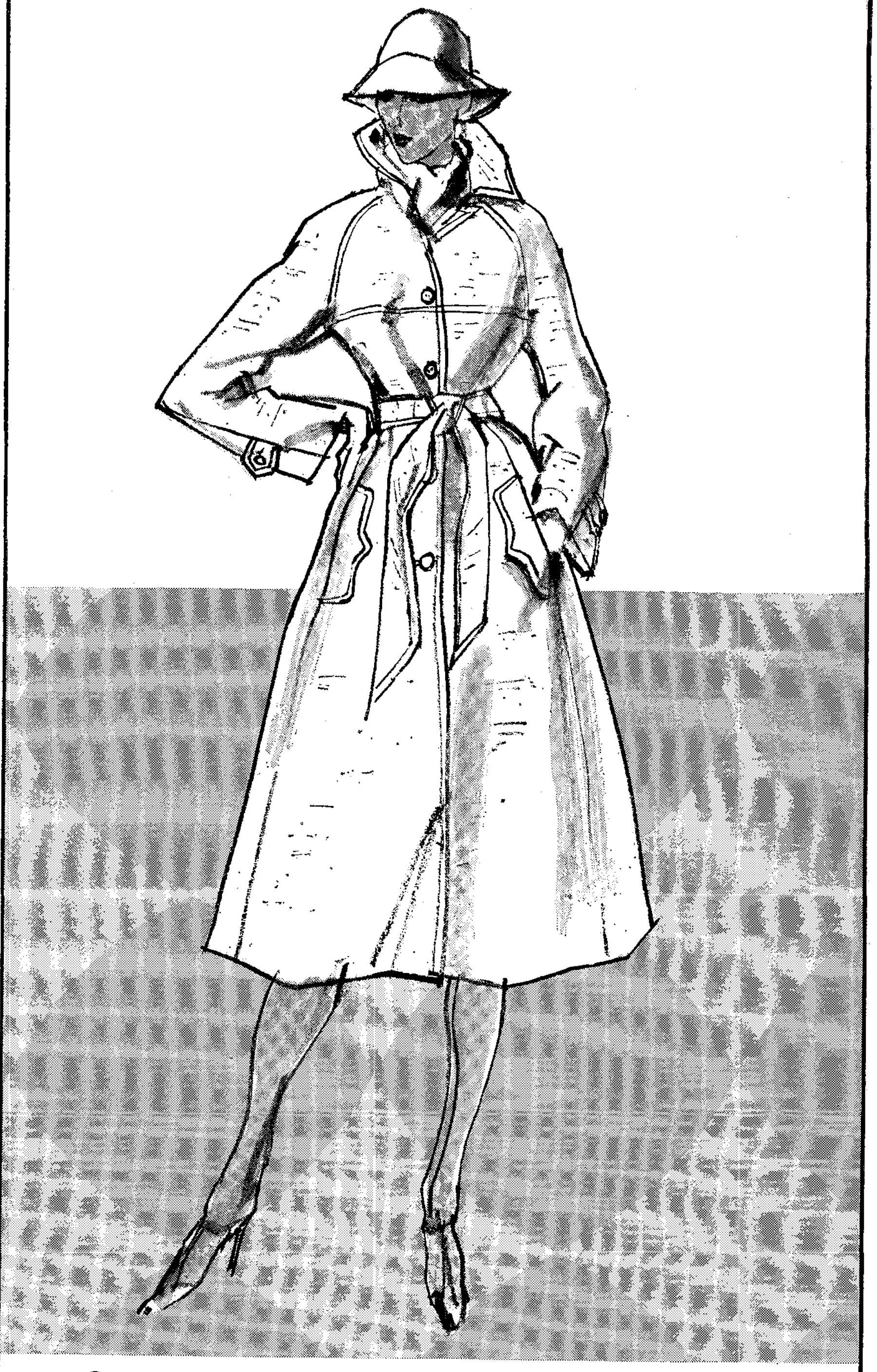

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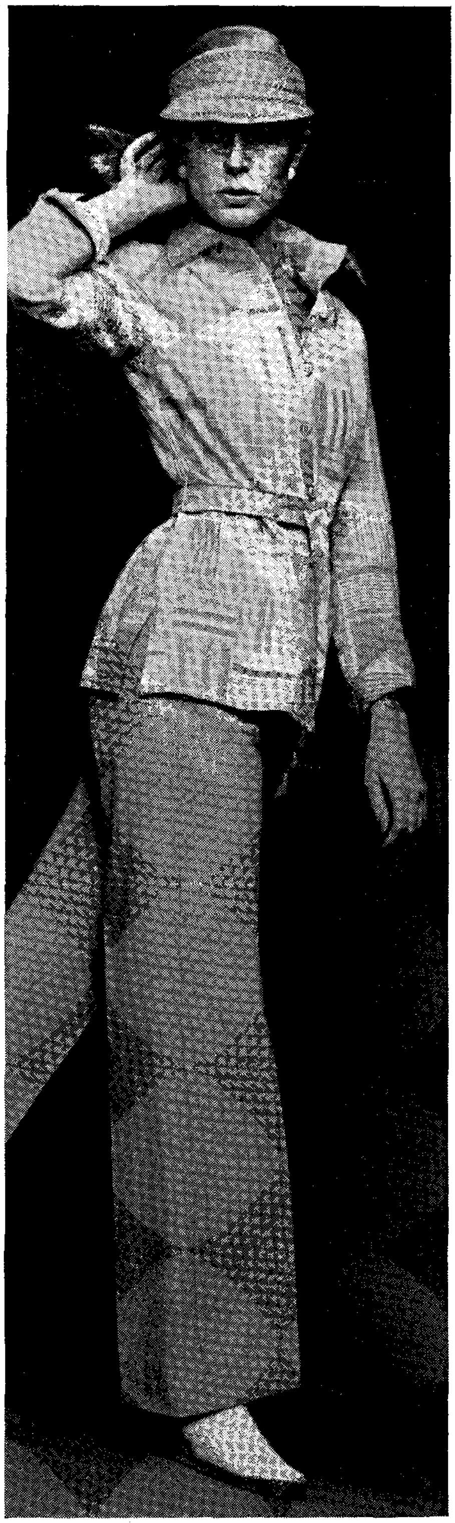

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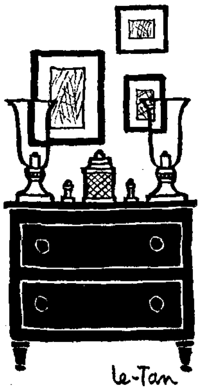
when the crews finally quit work, less than half the individual panels have been strung and furled around their posts. Groups of exhausted workers stand out on the road for an hour or more afterward, waiting for the errant buses to pick them up. Some are rebellious, but the majority are too tired to care. The Christos, Ted Dougherty, Harrison Rivera-Terreaux, and Dennis O'Leary stay for two more hours at the Bloomfield office, trying to decide how to get everyone working more efficiently the next day. Still no sign of an injunction.

WEDNESDAY, September 8th, 5 A.M., Petaluma Fairgrounds: More than three hundred young workers sign in, much to Dennis O'Leary's relief. Christo arrives at five-ten and makes a little speech: He is sorry about yesterday's breakdowns in transportation. Today, the lunches will be delivered by helicopter. (Cheers.) Also, they will be unfurling the panels they hung yesterday, and attaching and unfurling at the same time in the other sectors. (Applause—unfurling is fun.) Also, the work force will be split into two big groups, one starting on Meacham Hill and working west, the other working east from the ocean end, and there will be no transportation once they have started—today everyone walks. (Groans and mutterings.) Everyone wants to work the ocean end. It proves difficult to fill the two buses going to Meacham Hill. "Why you not come?" Christo demands. "Is all the same fence. Please, everyone come now *immediately*."

An hour later, on Meacham Hill, watching panel after panel being pulled out by the workers, the documentary filmmaker David Maysles is reminded of illustrations for "Gulliver's Travels"—the ladders, the guy cables stretched out on either side of the posts, the elongated white curtain shivering in the wind like a live giant beset by tiny creatures. Maysles and his brother, Albert, have been filming the entire fence-building operation, and today they are not alone. The press is out in force. Film crews from NBC, CBS, and ABC are here; another film crew from German television; still another from the College of Marin. Reporters from the Washington *Post*, the Oakland *Tribune*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, *Time*. Gianfranco Gorgoni, Christo's official photographer on Running Fence, is disgusted with the film crews. Every time he starts to take a picture, somebody sticks a microphone on a long boom into the frame.



At the Bloomfield headquarters, the two-way radio circuit rasps with incoming calls from the field. Jeanne-Claude talks long-distance to Switzerland, trying to sell a ten-thousand-dollar drawing so they can meet the next payroll. Workers, foremen, photographers, journalists, European visitors throng the cluttered offices. The two private helicopters that Christo has rented for reconnaissance and supply purposes (at a hundred and thirty dollars an hour) set up a recurrent noise-and-dust storm as they take off and land in a lot across the road. Skirting the edge of the helicopter pad, circling the back lot where the Running Fence vehicles and equipment are kept, and running parallel to the road as far as the old Bloomfield firehouse (which has been turned into a Running Fence press center) is a quarter-mile-long length of string with bits of paper tied to it at regular intervals. The work of two Bloomfield adolescents, it disappears into a derelict toilet bowl near the firehouse, where its creators have posted a sign reading "Our Fence Leads to the Water, Too."

By ten o'clock, several miles of completed fence are visible from the top of Meacham Hill. The fence climbs up Meacham's eastward slope, crests the long, whale-like shape of the hill like a dorsal fin, then drops down the other side and veers leftward to a point near the Railroad Avenue exit of the Freeway (Route 101); it stops a few yards short of the Freeway and starts up again on the other side, climbing again, bisecting a brand-new subdivision, crossing back yards, and on one lot cutting between the kitchen and the doghouse (the dog can squirm underneath the fence). The moderate-to-heavy traffic on the Freeway does not appear to be slowing down to look at the fence. Now and then, a trailer truck blasts a salute on its air horn.

On his way from the Meacham sector to a hill farther down the line, Christo is persuaded to stop off at the Bloomfield press center. The press has been trying for days to interview him, but he has been unavailable. Now everyone wants him to talk about what this morning's San Francisco *Chronicle* calls his "illegal leap" to the ocean. But Christo refuses to discuss it. He refers

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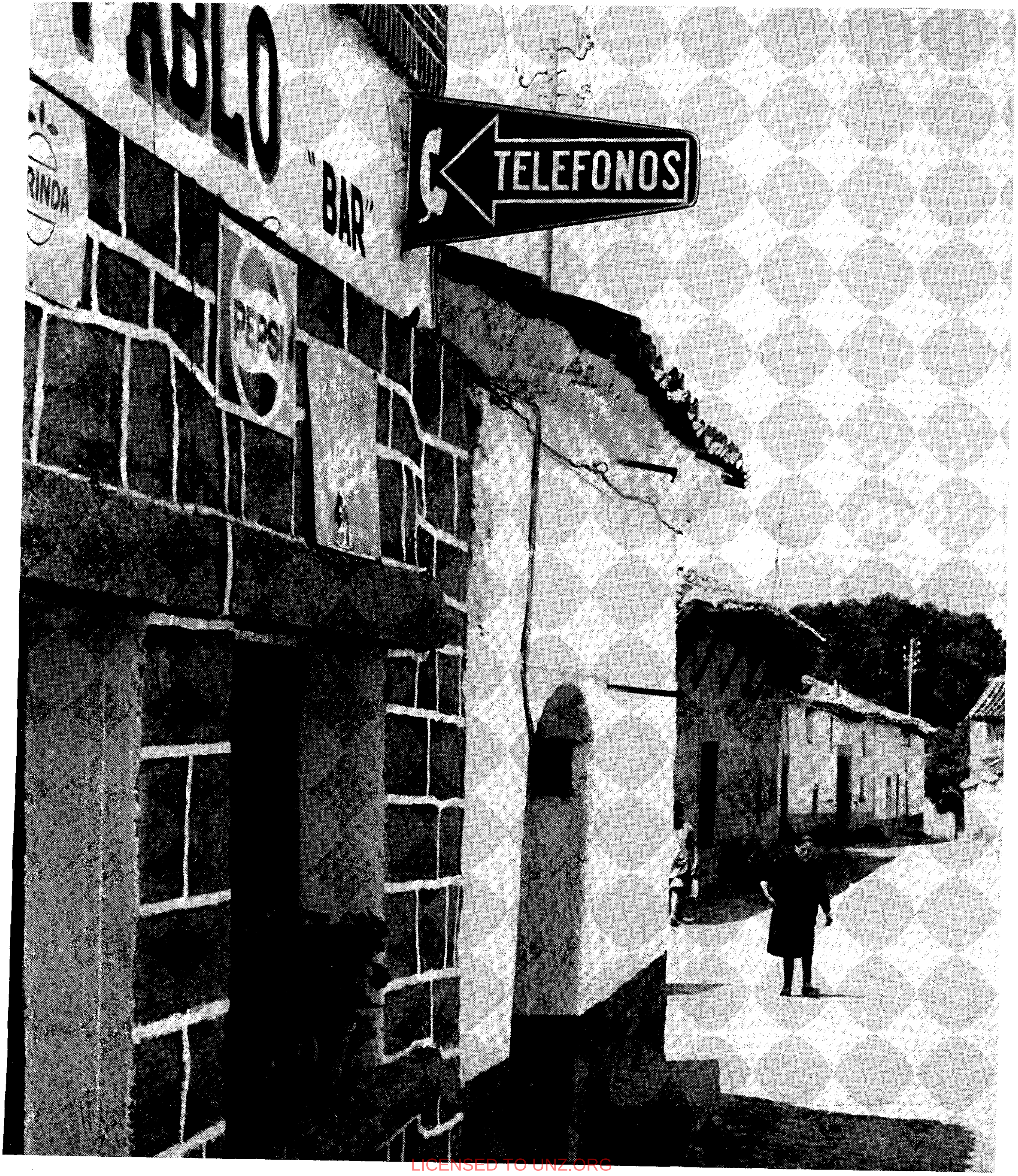
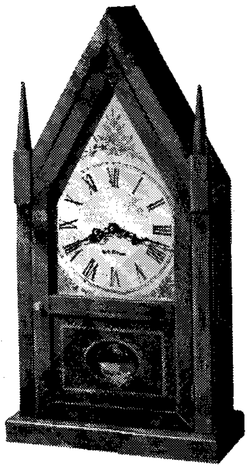


them to his lawyers. He answers two questions, loses his temper, and slams out of the room into the rented Toyota, which Peder Bonnier drives away at immoderate speed. In front of Armand Mazzucchi's farm, on the road between Valley Ford and the ocean, Christo sees a dozen young workers sitting by the roadside waiting to be picked up. He tells Bonnier to stop, gets out of the car, and descends on them like an angry hornet. What are they doing there? Why aren't they with the main body, working east from the ocean? Why are they waiting to be picked up when today everybody walks? The crew leader tries to explain that Harrison Rivera-Terreaux sent them here and that they have been going great guns all morning, but Christo doesn't hear him. Christo is freaking out, bruising sensibilities right and left. What the workers don't know is that Judge David Menary, of the Marin County Superior Court, is at that moment hearing arguments in two suits against the Running Fence Corporation's illegal leap—one by the Committee to Stop the Running Fence, the other by the Attorney General. Christo is desperately anxious to finish the four-mile section of the fence in Marin County as soon as possible, to beat the injunction. His student work force is dwindling as the second day of scorching heat takes its toll. Forgetting Bonnier and the car, Christo takes off by himself into the hills behind the Mazzucchi farm, heading for the fence. If necessary, he will finish it all by himself.

At three o'clock, word comes through that Judge Menary has denied the requests for a temporary restraining order, and has set October 14th as the date when he will hear the Attorney General's request for a preliminary injunction. By October 14th, of course, the fence will have been largely dismantled.

THE fence was not completed until the afternoon of Friday, September 10th. A solid cadre of about two hundred and twenty workers stayed through to the end, and celebrated afterward with beer and corn chips at an impromptu party in Bloomfield, where Christo had beer poured over his head. He made a speech, autographed dozens of hard hats, T-shirts, and other surfaces, and smilingly acknowledged fervent shouts of "Thank you, Christo!" and "We love you, Christo!" The next evening, the ranchers threw their own party for the Christos, in a renovated schoolhouse in the



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town of Freestone. There was plenty of beer there, too, and a supper of roast beef, ham, breads, potato salad, bean salad, and cake. Harry Milden, a German-born dairy farmer, who organized the party, presented a commemorative plaque to the Christos. There were speeches. Jean Mickelsen, who had been, along with her dairy-farmer husband, George, among the Christos' first and strongest supporters, said that Running Fence had come to seem like one of her own children, growing and changing in ways that were both predictable and unpredictable. Ed Pozzi got up and said he supposed Christo's next project might be to wrap the moon. Ed Anderson, the Sonoma County lawyer, noted that some people had complained that the fence was temporary, and therefore a waste. "But life is temporary, too," he said. "A moment between two eternities. And Christo has made that moment for us a lot brighter."

None of the terrible things that the opposition had said would happen did happen during the two weeks that the fence was up. Valley Ford experienced the only traffic jam in its history on Sunday, September 12th, but the crowds of weekend sightseers did not approach the predicted thirty thousand, the roads remained navigable, and nobody's property was damaged. Local pilots did a brisk business flying people over the fence. A few enthusiasts snipped out souvenir patches of the fabric, and somebody wrote "Bird Lives" in black spray paint across one nylon panel. Christo, who had never heard of the legendary jazzman Charlie (Bird) Parker, interpreted the message as "Birds Live," and took it as a reference to another opposition prediction—that birds would kill themselves by flying into the fence. There was very little vandalism, though, and no ecological disasters. The dismantling took less time than had been expected. By October 22nd, in fact, not a trace of Running Fence remained to be seen, and the Christos were busy selling or otherwise disposing of their leftover equipment.

The legal dust that Christo had raised took longer to settle. On September 23rd, the statewide Coastal Commission voted seven to one against approving Christo's permit to build in the coastal zone. Of course, the fence had been removed from the coastal zone by then, without visible damage to land or water, but the commission asked the Attorney General to press for legal damages in the full amount of twenty thousand dollars—ten thousand

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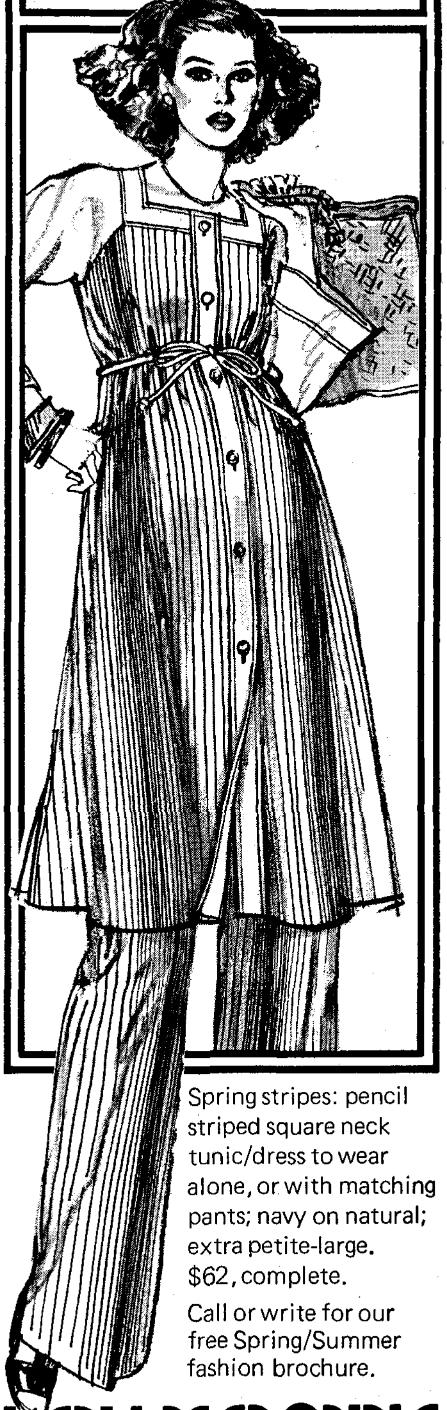

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dollars for the violation and five hundred dollars for each day it continued. The Attorney General's office now seems to have lost some of its prosecutorial zeal in the case—the Attorney General, in fact, asked Judge Menary to set aside the October 14th hearing on the suit, and no future hearings are scheduled. Several members of the Coastal Commission remain very angry, though, and the stalwarts of the Committee to Stop the Running Fence are unshaken in their belief that the two counties, the state, and they personally have suffered grievous harm. Why should Running Fence have aroused such deep-seated anger and suspicion? Mary Fuller McChesney and her husband, Robert, a well-known painter and teacher, say that Christo simply came to the wrong place at the wrong time—that he ran headlong into what Bill Kortum, the only Sonoma County supervisor who voted against the fence at the December hearing, described as "almost a civil war" in Sonoma County between the land developers and environmentalists who wanted to preserve the area's agricultural character. But the fence was never going to be anything but a temporary spectacle, and, looking back on it all, Christo was inclined to think that the heart and soul of the opposition had been personal, and that, ironically, most of it had come from the local artists. He thought maybe it would have turned out differently if he and Jeanne-Claude had gone around to talk with the McChesneys and other artists at the beginning; their first priority had been the ranchers, but perhaps they could have won over the artists, too, if they had tried. As it was, they figured that the opposition had cost them approximately three hundred thousand dollars in legal and other fees, and that in the end, with fines, it might cost them even more. In the light of the project's total costs, though, this figure seemed tolerable; the current accounting on Running Fence comes to slightly more than three million dollars, which the Christos are still working to pay off.

Ultimately, Christo accepted the wrath of the McChesneys, of the Raymonds, of Bill Kortum and the rest as part of the process—not only accepted it but used it, just as he used the landscape and the ocean and the weather, the legal and political ramifications, the practical efficiency of his engineers, the sometimes scattered energy of the young workers, and the chaotic and unrelenting intrusion of the photographers and filmmakers and journalists on hand to record the event. Using everything is his stock in trade as an artist, and it helps to explain why some fellow-artists and most critics have such difficulty with his work. "From the beginning, when I come here in 1964, I was very opposed to the formalist aesthetics of American art," Christo told me. "My work is complex, ambiguous. What I learn here—the American system, society, the way the whole big machine work—I find perfect to use for my projects. To grab American social structure and make it work, this is what I learn in America."

After a moment, Christo went on, "The arrogance of the Minimalists here! I think all the power and force of art come from real life, that the work must be so much part of everyday life that it cannot be separated. It is because my Running Fence is rooted in everyday life that it gain so much force. Its space is not physical but *mental*. Some people say I make theatre art, but is *not* theatre, because there is not one element of make-believe anywhere. All is reality. Everything really happen."

Alfred Frankenstein, the dean of San Francisco art critics, wrote an article in the *Chronicle* in which he said that Christo's going to the ocean without a permit "had destroyed the conceptual integrity of his own creation." In Frankenstein's view, "the whole idea was to use the machinery of American law on behalf of an unprecedented idea. When Christo took the law into his own hands, his entire conceptual structure collapsed." Christo felt that Frankenstein had missed the point. "Illegality is essential to American system, don't you see?" he said to me the day after the Frankenstein article appeared. He was sitting on an oil drum in the Bloomfield back lot and leaning forward, in his intense way. "I completely work within American system by being illegal, like everyone else—if there is no illegal part, the project is less reflective of the system. It's the subversive character of the system that makes it so exciting to live here—one reason, anyway. And no make-believe, remember. We challenge, and we pay the consequences."

The entire process was the work of art, then—four years of planning and organizing, vast expenditures of imagination and money, an incredibly complex marshalling of forces and energies on many levels. And yet, beyond the process, there was that amazing visual

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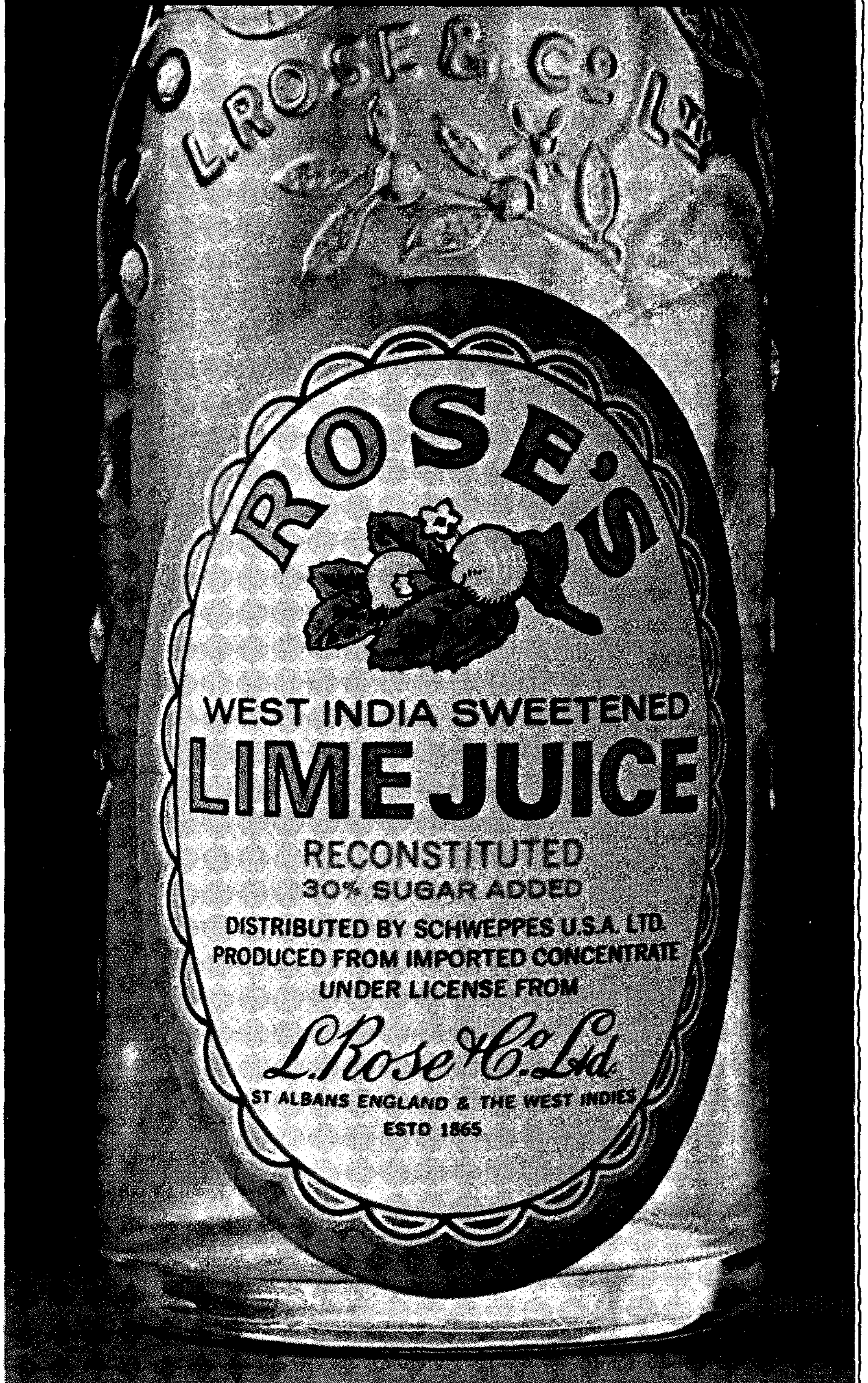

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image. The ephemeral end product, the great white fence, was far more beautiful than anyone, even Christo himself, had anticipated. The best way to see it was by car. From an airplane, you could take in the whole extent and scope of the project, but the scale was wrong—the fence became schematic, a line drawing. Driving the country roads from Meacham Hill to the ocean, watching the sinuous movement of the endless white ribbon as it appeared and disappeared over the hilltops, cut across valleys, passed near the white farmhouses and barns, came rushing toward you and (for half a mile in a section near Valley Ford) ran parallel to and only a few yards from the road, then angled off again into the brown, voluptuously rolling landscape—seeing it this way, at different times of day and under varying conditions of light, seemed to have more than a little in common, after all, with more traditional aesthetic experiences. The landscape concentrated by Running Fence became more memorable than real.

Christo had said that he did not think of the fence as a barrier, a medium of separation, any more than he thought of it as a real fence. It was created, he said, with the idea of *going through*—as an invitation to look at the landscape in a new way. It came alive in ways that surprised everyone. Early in the morning, at the ocean and in other places where moisture was present, some of the panels would be a pale pink, the result of chemical changes in the fireproofing solution with which they had been treated; the sun bleached them white again within two hours. Sometimes, just at dusk, the fence looked to Spirito Ballatore like a mantle of snow on the hills. Driving back to Bloomfield one afternoon in Ted Dougherty's truck, Christo himself suddenly pointed to a hillside where the wind was rippling the cloth for a quarter of a mile or more. "Look there, Ted," he said, his voice rising in excitement. "See how it describes the wind." —Calvin Tomkins

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MISADVENTURES IN VERONA

THE new production of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Circle in the Square is an honorable failure. The director of the play, Theodore Mann, has evidently worked hard with a large and motley cast, but he is not known for having a light touch, and, oddly enough, it is a light touch that the play requires. For "Romeo and Juliet" is a tragedy that must be played as if it were a comedy, or it won't succeed; tether it to solemnity and it becomes an earthbound recounting of a series of preposterous misadventures. Because its tone is continually at odds with its content, it is a play far more difficult to perform than one would expect from a mere reading acquaintance with it. From first to last, bodies pile up on the stage at a fearful rate, and the emotions aroused in us by a carnage almost as ample as that in "Hamlet" ought surely to be pity and terror, but no such thing: the language of the play is so lyrical, so springlike, so charged with the energetic hopefulness of first love that we scarcely take in the grim evidence of our senses. After an ideal performance, we leave the theatre elated rather than deeply moved, remembering Romeo and Juliet not as corpses in a tomb but as dear, harmless amorous children. Though Romeo takes two men's lives and is a suicide, these formidable offenses against God and the state strike us, in their romantic context, as only mildly reprehensible. Moreover, if "Romeo and Juliet" were an authentic tragedy instead of a nominal one, the protagonists would be, of course, Capulet and Montague, who by their senile pride and other flaws of character bring ruin to those presumably dearest to them.

That Shakespeare himself intended the play to be taken lightly is hinted at in its last words, spoken by Escalus, Prince of Verona: "For never was a story of more woe/ Than this of Juliet and her Romeo." The couplet reduces the play to a pretty toy, which one may be grateful for but need not take too seriously; the effect is startlingly like that evoked by the ending of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which Shakespeare is thought to have written a year or so earlier. Both plays are washed in the same blue moonlight, and the celebrated "aria" describing Queen Mab could have been given as readily to Theseus as to Mercutio. The passage has, at the very least, the look of being a delectable leftover, too precious to discard.

Mr. Mann has been more earnest than necessary, and he has also had some difficulty with his cast, the members of which rarely act in a common style for long. Some of them are obviously at ease speaking Elizabethan blank verse and others are not. Paul Rudd as Romeo is (or was on opening night) among the latter; his is an intensely contemporary presence, and his voice and manner summon up undergraduate Princeton more easily than they do the courtyards of Renaissance Verona. Pamela Payton-Wright is an adequate Juliet, except at those points where she has been encouraged to giggle—we may lay it down as law that Juliets do not giggle, though they may smile and sigh. David Rounds as Mercutio embodies a similar defect: he risks being clownish when he ought to be sardonic, for Mercutio's wit has almost nothing to do with being funny. Jan Miner relishes her role as Juliet's bawdy nurse, as does Lester Rawlins his role as the dithering, doddering Capulet. Armand Assante is an admirably spirited Tybalt, and Jack Gwillim a convincingly ineffectual busybody as Friar Laurence. I would hate to have a Friar Laurence arranging the details of *my* private life; his spiritual descendants are all travel agents.

The single handsome set is by Ming Cho Lee, the costumes are by John Conklin, the lighting is by Thomas Skelton, and the occasional music is by Thomas Pasatieri.

HAL HOLBROOK has come to town with his astonishing impersonation of Mark Twain, but his engagement (at the Imperial) is so extremely limited that my mention of him here amounts to a passing salute in his praise. On this visit, he has been giving us Mark Twain at seventy—the old, idolized, white-haired, white-suited public figure, who welcomed the adulation of his fellow-men and held an opinion of them so low that he didn't dare to publish it until after his death. As great humorists will, he took nourishment from vanity, self-contempt, and despair; life was meaningless and the sooner it came to an end the better, and yet he could not resist hanging on and making jokes and waiting for the roar of laughter and applause that was sure to follow. Hol-

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brook conveys the complexity of Twain with uncanny fidelity; his performance is a work of art that will grow richer and darker with the passing of time and may end by being frightening as well. Nobody ever told ghost stories better than Twain did, and now he is on his way to becoming one.

—BRENDAN GILL

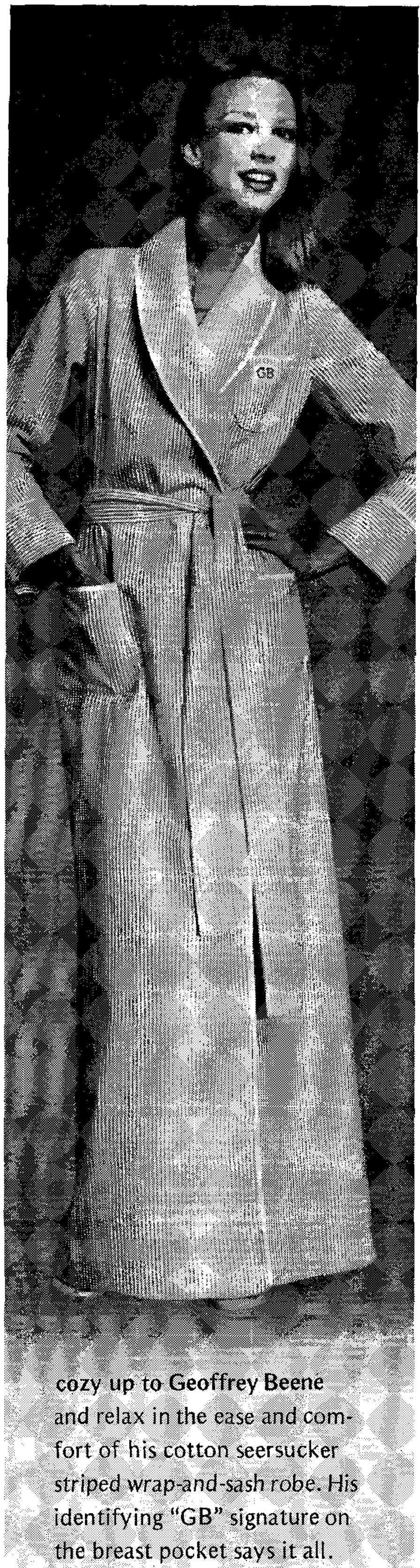
OFF BROADWAY

Back in Your Own Back Yard

ALBERT INNAURATO'S "Gemini," which opened just a few days after his "The Transfiguration of Benno Blimpie," is a mixture of farce and humor with serious undertones, written in what I trust will soon be known as the Innaurato style. Innaurato is an original, of incomparable imagination, whose only influence, as far as I can judge, is himself. When I saw a workshop production of "Gemini" a few months ago at Playwrights Horizons—an Off Off house—I thought it was lively enough but so dishevelled that it was at least a year's work away from completion. Not at all. Now, as presented at the Circle Repertory with a few cast changes, it is hardly a flawless play, but it is a true comedy, its wild spirit intact and, in its own way, coherent. One possible clue to the difference: an epigraph in the first program read, " 'And I, who was looking out, saw a group of people running around crazily, who were unworthy of any kind of respect.'—Dante." The playwright's attitude toward his characters has certainly modified: the young hero's father, as now acted by Danny Aiello, is worthy not only of respect but of love; indeed, it is Mr. Aiello's acting that gives the performance whatever focus it needs. But it is Mr. Innaurato, of course, who was able to take a script that could have gone anywhere and bring it to a resolution.

The action of "Gemini" takes place in the back yard of adjoining houses in South Philadelphia—the common back yard of Fran Geminiani, a laborer, and his son Francis, a student at Harvard, and also of a sexy, rackety Irish-American woman called Bunny and her son Marshall, a very fat, asthmatic teen-ager. The arrival for a surprise visit of two of Francis's college friends—a sister and brother named Hastings, who behave with a self-assurance that only inherited money and breeding can give—throws Francis into such a state of consternation that he tries to put them off by telling them that his gentle, expansive father (Mr. Aiello) is a hit man for the Mafia. At first, his panic appears to be purely social (high-class friends meeting low-class relations), but this is not the case: the panic is sexual. Francis, sitting alone day after day playing opera records, has discovered (or thinks he has) that he is homosexual—that it is not Judith Hastings, his girl and constant companion at Cambridge, whom he is in love with but her younger brother, Randy. All the plot proceeds from this discovery, and it is played out against a background of brawls, hastily improvised picnics, bursts of affection and bursts of anger, a disastrous birthday celebration, a failed suicide attempt, a temporary disability brought on by rat poison, rampant idiosyncrasies, and rampant hospitality and good will. I must say at once that Mr. Innaurato's background was my foreground: sympathetic as I felt toward Francis in his predicament, and toward bewildered, unhappy Judith and bewildered, surprised Randy, I kept getting agreeably sidetracked by the frenetic activity of the people around them. Funniest of these is the father's girlfriend, Lucille—"mistress" being far too lavish a term for this drab, skinny, tentative, bossy, paralyzingly fastidious, and anything but pathetic widow. She is a delightful comic (and human) creation, and she is given a delightfully comic (and human) performance by Anne DeSalvo. Fat, wheezy, pesky, funny, sad Marshall may drive his mother and the trio of undergraduates crazy, but I was always happy to have him around, as admirably acted by Jonathan Hadary. The trio are well portrayed, too, by Robert Picardo as Francis, and by Carol Potter and Reed Birney as the Hastingses. The only serious clinker is Bunny, who is played with alarming gusto by Jessica James. She is a cartoon among the characters, drawn without relish by the playwright. Mr. Innaurato, by the way, has had the courage, rare indeed Off Broadway in the nineteen-seventies or sixties, to give his play a happy ending: Francis, having felt a misfit in many ways, suddenly and triumphantly discovers that he may be a fit after all. Peter Mark Schifter, the director, keeps everything on the boil and, at the same time, clear. Setting by Christopher Nowak, costumes by Ernest Allen Smith, lighting by Larry Crimmins.

CATHY BREWER-MOORE is Ruth and Donna Liggitt Forbes is her sister Eileen in the satisfying revival of the musical "Wonderful Town," at Equity Library through March 27th.



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Under Bolen High's direction, both do well, as do the members of the company who happen to have only two names apiece; young and refreshing (and, of course, working for free), they sing and dance and act with an ardor that is rare in any troupe, and with considerable proficiency besides. Jamie Widdoes, Ed Dixon, Elizabeth Austin, and Paul Ukena, Jr., are especially appealing. In case you need reminding, the show (lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, music by Leonard Bernstein, book by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov, based on Ruth McKenney's short stories, which first appeared in this magazine) is about the funny adventures of two innocents from Columbus, Ohio, who come to Greenwich Village to seek their fortunes as writer and actress. And no element in the show is stronger than the feeling for this city that pervades it—a feeling made manifest in Darrell K. Keister's simple setting, with its handsome backdrop of Christopher Street. The pitch for funds at the end of the intermission—a tradition at this theatre—is, as usual, a delight, and persuasive enough to fill to overflowing the baskets passed around by the principals.

THERE are a number of pleasant songs by John Raniello in "Movie Buff," at Actors Playhouse, and the performances of Mark Waldrop, Nora Cole, Deborah Carlson, and Jim Richards, among others, are far better than could be expected under the circumstances. The circumstances are insurmountable, however—a deadly book by Hiram Taylor (who also contributed some of the lyrics) about a New York movie audience that is magically conned back to Hollywood in the nineteen-thirties and forced to imitate the stars of the period. I almost left after the first act, but I must admit that the second act went a little better.

—EDITH OLIVER

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The Law Enforcement Assistance Administration has awarded $199,918 to Cornell University's Institute on Organized Crime to conduct research and hold a training seminar on ways to control racketeering.

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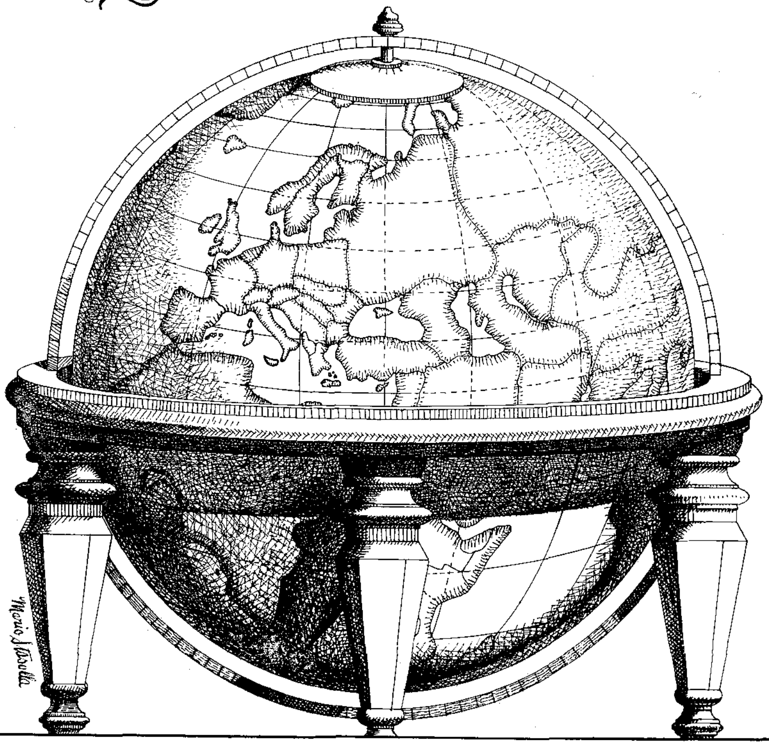
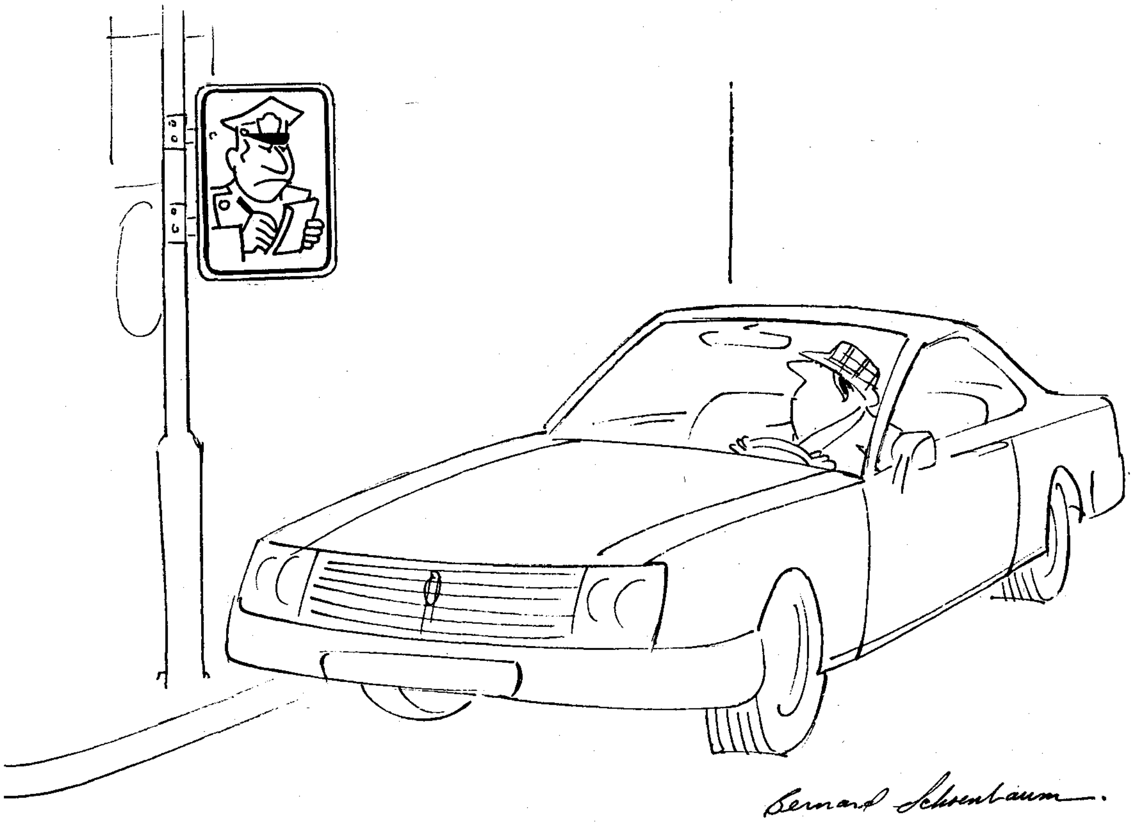


THE SPORTING SCENE

THE COMPLETE BASKETBALL PLAYER

DURING most of his early seasons with the Boston Celtics, John Havlicek, who has now been captain of the team for more than a decade, served as its "sixth man;" that is, he did not start the games but at some point in the first quarter was inserted in the lineup to supply a lift or to provide a cohesion that was lacking. Once in the game, Havlicek usually played for close to thirty-five of the forty-eight minutes that a National Basketball Association game runs. This season, after several years as a starter, Havlicek was relegated to his old role of sixth man after Dave Cowens, the team's powerhouse center, suddenly requested and received an indefinite leave of absence in order to deal with some personal problems. In shifting men around to adjust to the loss of Cowens, the Celtics management decided that Havlicek would be of most value to the team if he was again used that way. On the evening of November 19th, when the Celtics played the Denver Nuggets at the Boston Garden, Havlicek replaced Steve Kuberski in the lineup when the game was about five minutes old. At that point, the Garden announcer informed the patrons that Havlicek was now participating in his eleven-hundred-and-twenty-second regular-season N.B.A. game, thus tying the record for most games played, which had been set in 1973 by Hal Greer after fifteen seasons with the Syracuse Nationals and the Philadelphia 76ers. Though play was in progress on the floor, the crowd at the Garden rose to its feet and gave Havlicek a roaring ovation that lasted several minutes. Havlicek played his invariably sound game and contributed eighteen points to the Celtics' victory that night. The following night, Boston met the Detroit Pistons at Detroit. At a little beyond the one-minute mark in the first period, when Tom Heinsohn, the Boston coach, sent Havlicek in for Charlie Scott, who had twisted his ankle, Havlicek set a new league record. As he came onto the court just before the resumption of play, the announcement of his achievement was made over the public-address system. One of the few professional basketball players who are accorded a warm welcome on the road by the fans of rival teams, Havlicek received loud, sustained applause. In this game, he led the Celtic scorers, with twenty-eight points. The next night, back in Boston, Beth Havlicek threw a party for her husband. Players, wives, and other members of the Celtics' family ate and drank and read kidding verse extolling Havlicek, and he responded with a light, adroit speech.

Havlicek (the name, by the way, is pronounced Hav′-lih-chek), who will turn thirty-seven in April, is a handsome Ohioan with wavy brown hair, brown eyes, and rather Roman features. He is now in his fifteenth season in the N.B.A. A slim, wide-shouldered man who stands six feet five, he weighed two hundred and five pounds in his rookie season. He still weighs two hundred and five pounds. He has changed as little in most other respects. For example, as the current dean of the league's players in length of service, as a member of a team that has won the league championship eight times in the last fourteen years, and as floor general of the Celtics for more than a decade, he radiates, as you might expect, a considerable presence on the court—a quiet but almost palpable confidence, and an intensity that is perfectly under control. However, when one thinks back to Havlicek the rookie, one of the most impressive things about him is that he possessed this rare blend of fire and coolness even then. Many highly qualified observers, including Heinsohn, who was a teammate of Havlicek's for several seasons, regard him and Jerry West, of the Los Angeles Lakers, who retired in 1974, as the best two-way players—as conspicuous on defense as on offense—in the game's history. N.B.A. records certainly support this judgment. In regular-season play over his career, Havlicek ranks as the fourth-highest scorer, behind Wilt Chamberlain, Oscar Robertson, and West; he has scored over a thousand points in more seasons—fifteen—than any other player; he is second to Chamberlain in the number of field goals made; he is sixth in total assists. He has been voted to the league's first or second All-Star team eleven times. Beginning with the 1968-69 season, the first year that league All-Defensive teams were selected, he was named to the second team the first three seasons and to the first team the next four seasons—an uncommon distinction for a player of such potent offensive skills. As regards the playoffs, which follow the regular season—this year, they will begin the second week of April—only Havlicek's former teammate Bill



Russell, now the coach of the Seattle Supersonics, has logged more games (a hundred and sixty-five to Havlicek's hundred and sixty-three), but the chances are that Havlicek will eclipse Russell's mark this spring. In playoff competition, he ranks as the third-highest career scorer, behind West and Elgin Baylor, but he is likely to pass Baylor this spring; he shares with Chamberlain the record for most field goals made in a playoff game—twenty-four—and in 1974, in the final, or championship, series of the playoffs, against the Milwaukee Bucks, he set a rather recherché mark by scoring nine points in the second five-minute overtime. In ten seasons he has led the Celtics in scoring; in six seasons he has led them in assists; and one season he led the team in rebounds. Havlicek, who has a good memory for details, is aware of most of these figures, but the only record that he has ever thought consciously about is the one he now holds for most games played in the N.B.A. during regular-season competition. "The reason is fairly obvious, I suppose," he explained not long ago. "If there's any phase of basketball I've been identified with, it's endurance. When I broke the old record, it meant a great deal to me."

Statistics tell you something, and occasionally a lot, about sports heroes. The knowledge that Ty Cobb's lifetime batting average was .367, that Bill Tilden won his first Wimbledon singles championship at twenty-seven and his last at thirty-seven, and that Maurice Richard scored fifty goals in fifty games in the National Hockey League in the 1944-45 season reveals much more about these extraordinary athletes than a long parade of adjectives. Similarly, statistics are extremely useful in indicating Havlicek's versatility and longevity. However, there are many facets of his awesome talent which they do not begin to suggest. Leaving aside for the moment the coherence he gives the Celtics when he has the ball and is setting up the plays, there is little doubt that over the eighty-five-odd years since basketball was invented no other player has come close to contributing as much to his team's efficiency when he did *not* have the ball. In fact, unless they have a definite assignment to carry out on a set play, most players, including many experienced ones, have little idea of what they should be doing—or could be doing—before they get the ball. One fundamental reason Havlicek moves so well without the ball is that he understands the game so well. He knows at every moment where the nine other

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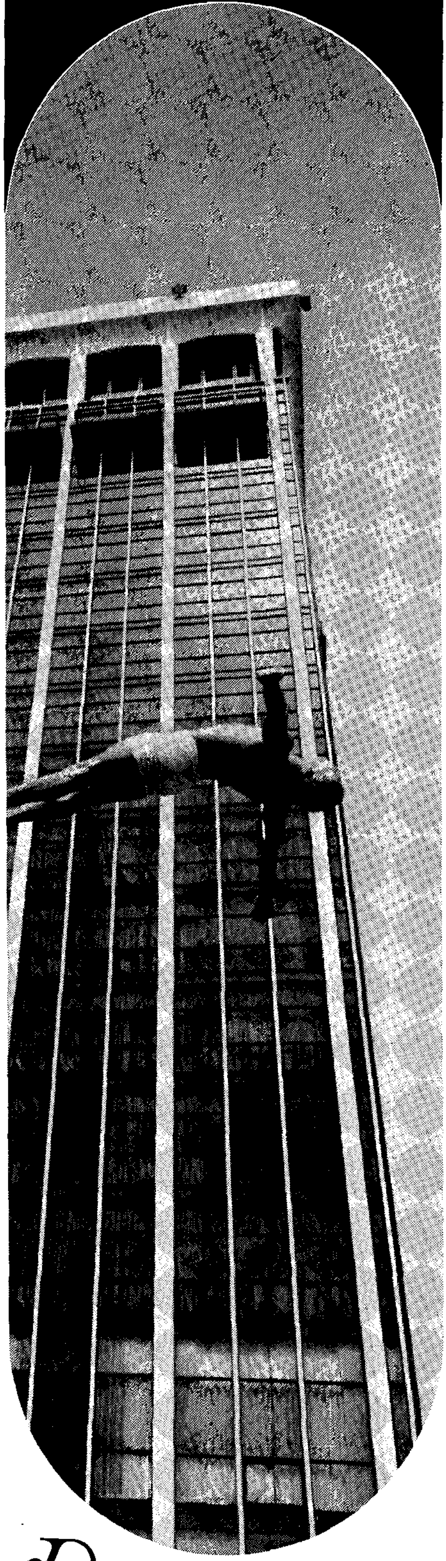

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players on the floor are and what each of them is likely to be doing, and so he has the ability to make whatever move is necessary to spring a teammate free from his opposing man for a good shot, say, or to help him get the precious extra step on his man that will enable him to start to drive for the basket. In addition to helping his teammates in this manner, when Havlicek is moving without the ball he is also able to get himself open like no one else in the game. He has a whole cornucopia of slick little movements, all of them legal. For instance, he will take off on a weaving pattern that seems to be without any evident purpose, but frequently what results is that he runs the man guarding him into one of his Celtic teammates, and—presto!—he is open to receive a pass and score. Or, with what amounts to a sixth sense, he can run the man guarding him into one of the man's own teammates and get loose that way. Over the last few years, acting as a sort of informal assistant to Coach Heinsohn, Havlicek has displayed a talent for explaining advanced moves and patterns to the younger Celtics, but he has never yet succeeded in transmitting to anyone else the subtle art of moving without the ball. It seems to be a gift, pure and simple.

HAVLICEK is also the possessor of a more obvious gift: he perhaps has greater physical stamina than any other man who has ever played basketball. When he is on the court, as he ordinarily is for almost the entire game, he is always in motion, running from baseline to baseline—always in the play, even when he doesn't appear to be. Some Boston sportswriters have estimated that Havlicek probably runs as many as six miles per game, and one of them has figured out that the total mileage he has piled up during his professional career would have carried him from Boston to San Francisco and back across the Mississippi on his return trip to Boston. When Bill Russell was coaching the Celtics, he used to refer to Havlicek as the Mechanical Man, and he liked to say, "There should be a giant key sticking out of John's back. You just wind him up and—click-click-click—he keeps going." Being a complete basketball player, Havlicek naturally does a lot more than run. He leaps for rebounds, changes the direction and pace of his dribble, backwheels and sidesteps and reverses when he is guarding a man, jumps to bat away a shot or intercept a pass, sets picks (legal, stationary blocks) for his teammates or fights his way through picks to cover opposing players, stops and starts and turns and bursts and fakes—the whole thesaurus of gut-busting, enervating movements that make basketball possibly the most punishing of all sports. Dave DeBusschere, the stalwart two-way forward on the New York Knickerbockers' championship teams, once remarked of Havlicek, "He's so fast and moves so much that he exhausts you." Bill Bradley, who played the other forward on those Knicks teams, and who for ten years has had to play Havlicek head to head, recently said that doing this constitutes "by far the most difficult job I have in a season. Havlicek's every movement has a purpose, and his teammates look for him constantly."

Since his junior year in high school, when he discovered that he could run without letup for an entire game, Havlicek has consciously tried to achieve perpetual motion on the court. "My game is running," he told me when we talked not long ago. "I probably didn't refine that running, running, running, however, until I changed my whole game in college and became a primarily defensive player. I realized then that the most difficult player to guard is the kind of player who is always moving, so I decided that when I was on offense I would be continually in motion, and this allowed me to free myself for opportunities to shoot or to set up a teammate who had a better shot. As far back as college, I set out deliberately to wear down the man covering me. I felt confident that when I was still relatively fresh, he was bound to be tiring, and that this would give me the extra edge to break away for easy baskets and, in general, help my team's offense to take command of the game. In those years, I was in really good shape. I could probably have played two games the same day without drawing a deep breath."

There is no doubt that a rare physical endowment lies behind Havlicek's matchless stamina. To begin with, he has exceptionally large lungs. When a doctor takes an X-ray of his chest, in fact, it is sometimes necessary to take two pictures, since both lungs can't be fitted into one X-ray. However, Dr. Thomas F. Silva, Jr., the Celtics' team physician, told me, "I think it would be more to the point to emphasize that John has a very highly developed cardiopulmonary system. The fact that John did a lot of running at an early age—not because he was told to but because he wanted to—helped him to create this system, but what should be brought out before anything else is that he was blessed with an unusually strong body. Being the conscientious and intelligent person he is, John was able to build up his body over the years with hard work. He also had the good sense not to overdo things. He's always understood that the body needs time for rest. During the season, he makes sure he gets an afternoon nap on game days. He uses the summer as a letting-down period, and that's the right thing to do after the long and taxing basketball season. Last year, I think we were into June before the championship series was over. During the summer, John remains physically active, by playing tennis and golf at a relaxed level and doing some fishing. He's never allowed himself to get out of shape. For another thing, his eating habits are exemplary for an athlete. He removes all the fat from his meat. He goes in big for vegetables and salads. He isn't a pastry person. He drinks large amounts of soda and juices but very little alcohol—only an occasional beer. He gets the proper amount of sleep. He leads a regular life—he's a family man. What I guess I'm doing is describing not only an admirable individual but the most amazing athlete I've come in contact with. He worked diligently and sensibly to build his wonderful physical plant: that excellent cardiopulmonary system—especially that finely conditioned heart—those well-toned muscles, and those long, strong, slender legs, which remind me of the legs of a race horse. Now that John is in his late thirties, he's beginning to slow down a trifle, sure, but I hope you noticed that in the first game this season, an overtime game against the Indiana Pacers, he played fifty minutes and scored thirty-two points."

Another of Havlicek's physical assets is an exceedingly low pulse rate—about forty-two beats a minute. All this, along with his ingrained drive, his mental stamina, and the tight rein he keeps on his emotions, gives him an essential calmness that has helped to make him one of the outstanding clutch performers in sports during the last quarter of a century. Howie McHugh, who has been the Celtics' publicity director since their formation, in 1946, as a charter member of the shaky Basketball Association of America, the predecessor of the N.B.A., finds it difficult even to estimate the number of games Havlicek has pulled out with a basket in the final seconds. "I've never kept a record of them, and at this late date I doubt

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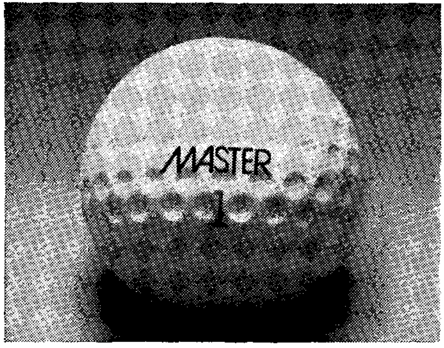

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if we could come up with an exact count," McHugh said recently. "Just guessing, I'd say John must have come through with the winning basket in those last seconds maybe seventy or eighty times. No, it's got to be more than that. It's got to be almost a hundred." One example of these heroics took place in the 1969 playoffs, when the Celtics, after finishing a weak fourth in the Eastern Division, went on to win the league championship by defeating the 76ers four games to one in the divisional semifinals, the Knicks in six games in the divisional finals, and the Lakers in seven games in the championship series. The game that Havlicek saved was the concluding one against the Knicks. With forty-five seconds to go, the Celtics, leading 101–99, were unable to set up a good play. With only a few seconds left on the twenty-four-second clock (in professional basketball, a team must attempt a shot within twenty-four seconds after it gains possession of the ball, or the ball goes over to the other team), a teammate dumped the ball off to Havlicek, who was positioned some twenty-five feet out from the basket. Knowing that the only thing to do was to get off any kind of shot—there was always the chance that the Celtics might come up with the rebound—he threw up a hurried, off-balance bomb that banked off the backboard and through the basket. Celtics 103—Knicks 99. The Knicks surged back instantly with a field goal by Willis Reed. Celtics 103—Knicks 101. The Celtics then brought the ball up the floor and started to move it around. It came to Havlicek as he cut to the left of the foul line with sixteen seconds left on the game clock and nine seconds left on the twenty-four-second clock. As nonchalant as a London clubman sauntering into White's, Havlicek faked to his left and then dribbled to his right, using up as many seconds as possible, so that in the event the Knicks got the ball again there would be practically no time left in which they might score. Then, still dribbling the ball, Havlicek started to thread his way toward the baseline, and, though surrounded by a forest of Knicks, managed to toss up a floating one-hander that found the basket. There was one second left on the twenty-four-second clock when he made the shot. It clinched the game. Havlicek believes that if he had been less experienced, he would probably have taken the open shot he had when he first got the ball. "After seven years in the league, though," he says, "I'd

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learned how important it can be if you can kill off seven or eight seconds in the final moments of a game."

THE 1976 championship series against the Phoenix Suns provided a somewhat similar example of how well Havlicek responds to a critical situation. In the fifth game of a best-four-of-seven series, with games at two-all, Phoenix led by the score of 110–109 in the second overtime when Havlicek, seemingly stumbling awkwardly out of control, scored on a circus shot—a running line-drive fifteen-footer that slapped in hard off the backboard. Havlicek doesn't think the shot was as difficult as it appeared to be. "Let's go back over that play," he said when we talked together. "Don Nelson took the ball out of bounds at mid-court for us. The plan was that he'd pass it in to either Jo Jo White or Dave Cowens, but neither was open and Nelson was having a problem getting the ball in to anyone. Fortunately, he was able to hit me with it. My intention was to drive toward the hoop in the hope of drawing a foul, or maybe even making a three-point play. As I was driving in, I saw that I had a good angle to bank the ball off the backboard, so I tried to do that. The thing that made all this possible was that the Phoenix defense was trying to avoid me—they didn't want to foul me. So it wasn't, you see, all that tough a shot, although it may have looked so because of the way I was leaning in toward the basket. That shot didn't win that game, you may remember. Phoenix had used up all its time-outs, but, in order to be able to inbound the ball at mid-court, Paul Westphal, a Phoenix guard, deliberately called a time-out right after that basket. This gave us a technical foul, which Jo Jo made, so we led by two points with just about a second left. Well, the inbounds pass by Phoenix went to Garfield Heard, and, all in one motion, he caught the ball and spun and sank a fantastic turnaround jumper. He got the shot off just before the buzzer. That tied us again, and we didn't win the game until the third overtime." (Boston, it should be added, wrapped up the championship by taking the sixth game, 87–80. Havlicek, who played the whole series despite a torn muscle in his left foot which had not fully healed, was a force in the fourth-period rally in this game. With a little over seven minutes to go, he and Cowens combined for eleven points while Phoenix was scoring only four. This put the Celtics out in front, 77–71, and they stayed there.)

However, the play that nearly every member of the Celtics organization mentions first when discussing Havlicek's amazing penchant for coming through in the pinch is a defensive maneuver he pulled off in 1965, his third year in the N.B.A. In the seventh game of the divisional playoff final against the 76ers, the Celtics dissipated a comfortable lead in the last few minutes. With five seconds to go and the Celtics ahead by only one point, Russell, taking the ball out at the 76ers' end of the floor, hit a guy wire supporting the backboard with his inbounds pass, and the ball went over to the 76ers—five seconds still left to play. A basket would do it for them. Greer took the ball out. Since Russell would be battling hard with Chamberlain near the basket, the play set up by the 76ers called for Greer to pass the ball in to Chet Walker, a tall forward, who would throw it back to Greer, who would shoot from the baseline behind a screen set by Johnny Kerr. It was a play that the 76ers used often, and the Celtics were alert for it. When the referee handed the ball to Greer, Havlicek, his back to Greer, began to count to himself, "One thousand and one, one thousand and two," and so on, knowing that each count approximated a second. When he reached one thousand and three and didn't feel anything happening, he knew that Greer must be having difficulty passing the ball in, so at that point, while keeping his eye on Walker, whom he was guarding, he tried at the same time to pick up a peripheral glimpse of Greer to see if he could tell where the ball was going to go. At that instant, Greer whipped the ball toward Walker, and Havlicek, reacting instantly, was able to move in front of Walker, intercept the pass, and flick the ball to a teammate, Sam Jones, who dribbled out the clock. Boston 110—Philadelphia 109. Havlicek's tour de force made such a deep and lasting impression on the Celtics' fans that when a phonograph record describing the high points of the team's big games during the previous decade was later brought out—it was made up of excerpts of the radio broadcasts by Johnny Most, a graphic and fluvial announcer—the record was entitled "Havlicek Stole the Ball." Everyone agreed that the play epitomized the excitement of the team's achievements. The record sold very well.

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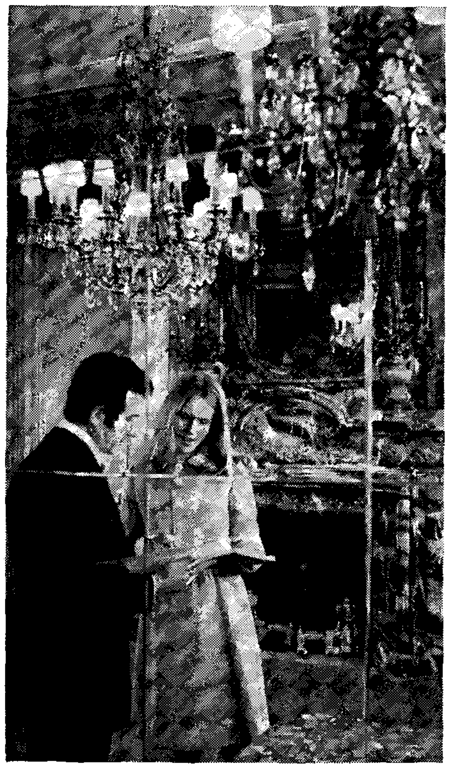

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spectacular feats, but, oddly, he alone among the authentically great players in the game's history has accomplished his wonders in a style that is essentially undramatic. Occasionally when he came bursting down the floor leading the Celtics' fast break, he would leave the spectators gasping at the speed he could turn on and the deftness with which he controlled the ball while wheeling at that velocity. And occasionally when he went up for a crucial rebound in a mass of bigger men and plucked the ball out of the air, people would be awed by his timing. He imparted something of this same feeling when he came swooping in to the basket from the side of the court and, in the act of banking in a lay-up, never for a moment braked his acceleration. By and large, however, Havlicek has always made the things he does look much easier than they are, and so he gives the impression of being as unflashy as Bart Starr, the superlative quarterback of the Green Bay Packers during their championship era, whom he resembles closely in nature and personality. Young men of exceptionally high standards, both of them are more thoughtful, articulate, mannerly, and high-minded than most contemporary sports heroes, but, despite these qualities, they possess an inner toughness that makes them far more reliable under pressure than most professional tough guys, and imbues them with a deeper will to win. Havlicek, who has a nice sense of humor and is good company, does have a few failings, it is pleasant to report. He is a hopeless perfectionist. He is fastidious in the extreme, and reminds one of his teammates of an inspecting officer in the Navy giving his men's quarters the white-glove test. Another teammate thinks he has a tendency to call too many time-outs.

The range and effectiveness of Havlicek's talents as the team's guiding hand went unappreciated for a long time in some quarters, because he had been preceded in that role by perhaps the most dazzling basketball technician of all time, Bob Cousy, who went into retirement in 1963, at the close of his thirteenth year with the Celtics. A highly emotional man, Cousy, without working at it, brought a touch of the histrionic to everything he did—even an action as ordinary as removing his warmup jacket before the start of a game. A magnificent ball handler, he had an intuitive sense of creativity, and there was no one quite like him when it came to getting the other four men on a team into the flow of the offense, so that the Celtics really did play as a unit. Whereas Cousy was an outright genius, Havlicek is the consummate craftsman—patient, unflamboyant, observant, enormously skillful, quietly inspired at times, and utterly dependable. "Havlicek is the only player of his type who has achieved the status of a true superstar," Cousy said a few weeks ago. "The chief asset he has, of course, is his unbelievable stamina. He has only one gear—top gear. Being the person he is, John has had the will to use that stamina to complement his natural ability, and that's what has brought about his marvellous consistency. There's no doubt about it—consistency holds first priority among the qualities a coach looks for in an athlete. To be consistent on the good-solid-player level is something, but to be as consistent as John Havlicek has been on the superstar level is unique."

Good fortune has also played a significant part in Havlicek's career. His ability to improve his all-round proficiency, to continually refine his understanding of the game, and to reap the profits of experience has depended in large measure on his durability, and this, in turn, has depended on his relative freedom from injury. The only major surgery he has undergone was the removal of a cartilage from his left knee in 1964. The knee mended well and did not cause him serious problems afterward. However, no one can play basketball and escape painful minor knee injuries. Havlicek has had his share of them, but not many have kept him out of games. In the 1965-66 season, the combination of a pulled stomach muscle and a pulled groin muscle forced him to the sidelines for several weeks, but these injuries healed well and did not recur. In the autumn of 1972, he was troubled by an arthritic right wrist—an irritation of the soft tissue of the wrist, involving ligaments and tendons. The wrist hurt when he shot, and this hampered his concentration, but he continued to play. Before each game, he applied heat to the wrist, and after each game he put an ice pack on it. Then, three weeks after the irritation had flared up, it went away. In 1973, in the third game of the Eastern Conference finals of the playoffs, Havlicek's right shoulder was badly bruised in a collision with DeBusschere and Bradley. After missing the fourth game, he carried on in the subsequent games as best he could, shooting with his left hand; while he scored eighteen points in the fifth game, the injury severely impaired his overall play, and that fact unquestionably had a bearing on the Knicks' eventual victory, in a hard-fought series that went the full seven games. Then there was the muscle tear in the left foot that Havlicek suffered in the 1976 playoffs. The tear occurred in the first game of the Eastern Conference semifinals, against the Buffalo Braves, and he missed the next three games. When the Celtics moved on to the Eastern Conference finals, against the Cleveland Cavaliers, he saw only limited action during each of the six games, but he was fit enough to put in his usual time on the court and play with his usual effectiveness in the six games of the championship series, against Phoenix. From studying the careers of men who have enjoyed long and fruitful careers in professional basketball, it appears that a player must have, along with good luck, a pair of sturdy ankles. Havlicek obviously has. In high school, where he played three sports—football, basketball, and baseball—he had his ankles taped only for the football games, and then only because "it was the thing to do." At Ohio State, where he didn't play football, he did not have his ankles taped for basketball, but all the players were required to have them wrapped with cloth bandages. When he joined the Celtics, he avoided having his ankles taped until the club adopted a rule that all players had to have them taped for games. Havlicek has never taped them for the practice sessions, however. He evidently knows what he is doing. In a game that is probably harder on the ankles than any other, he has had only two ankle sprains since he went out for basketball as a high-school freshman, twenty-three years ago.

One more thing. After getting off to a fast start this season, Havlicek injured his left knee in mid-November and, shortly afterward, aggravated that injury and had to miss a number of games. Some Havlicek-watchers are of the opinion that the injury is bound to influence him in his decision on whether to make this the final season of his playing career. In addition, the continual travel that the expanded league has made necessary is more wearisome for him than it used to be, especially now that some of his closest friends on the team have departed—Tom (Satch) Sanders and Paul Silas, who have lively minds, and Don Nelson, who is an expert listener. Finally, there is a lot of pride in Havlicek. No one is more aware than he is that during the last two seasons he has slowed down discernibly and that the

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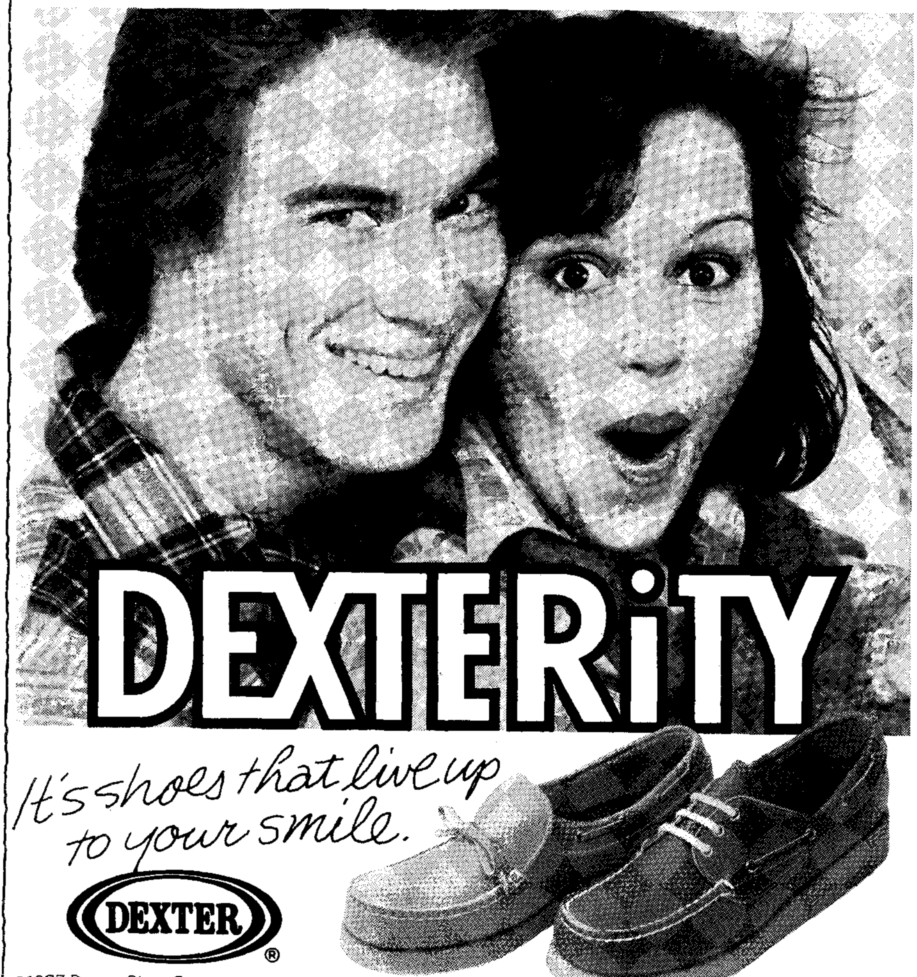
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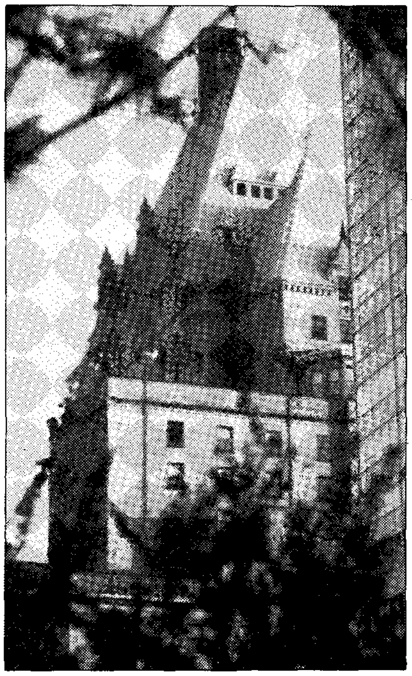

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furious pace of the game has forced him to take more breathers. Having to pace himself these days is all right with him, but he has no wish to hang around when he can no longer approximate the standard of basketball with which he has so long been associated. However, after the injury to Charlie Scott in midseason this year, Havlicek, pressed into service as his replacement at guard, looked very little different from the Havlicek of old, scoring an average of 18 points per game, playing an average of thirty-six minutes per game, and being at his best in the pinch. Accordingly, there is no knowing for sure whether or not this season will be his last.

HAVLICEK came to the Celtics before the start of the 1962-63 season. From the time that Arnold (Red) Auerbach was installed as coach, in 1950, the Celtics had been a competent, colorful club. Auerbach, an aggressive and sometimes prickly young man out of Brooklyn, had a very clear concept of what makes for a winning basketball team. He believed in acquiring players who were quick; who had the speed to outrun the opposition; who were two-way players; who were team oriented; and who had the basketball sense to recognize the situations that evolve on the court and to react to them instantly—departing from, say, the regular pass on a certain play when it was patently wiser to switch to the first or second option on that play. (The Celtics have always run fewer set plays than most of the clubs in the N.B.A.) The team, however, lacked a good big man, and not until it gained a very good one in Russell, midway through the 1956-57 season (following his appearance at the Olympic Games in Melbourne), did the Celtics win their first league championship. They went on from there, beginning in 1959, to win eight championships in a row, the foundation of a phenomenal record: eleven championships in thirteen years, and a total of thirteen championships over the last twenty years. This has led many sports authorities to proclaim the Celtics one of the greatest sports teams in history and their dynasty one of the few that deserve comparison with the New York Yankees, who, since establishing themselves in 1921, when they captured their first pennant, have now appeared in thirty World Series and won twenty of them.

In any event, by the end of their 1961-62 campaign the Celtics had come to be regarded as something quite

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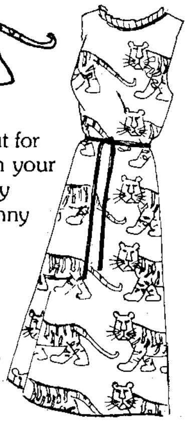

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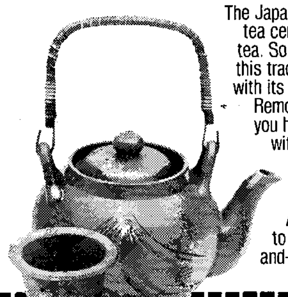

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exceptional, and they were. Along with Cousy and Russell, who was the finest defensive center of all time, their roster included Sanders, a strong defensive forward; Heinsohn, then a strong offensive forward; K. C. Jones, a sleight-of-hand guard whose forte was defense; Sam Jones, a slim, rangy guard with a wonderful eye; and Frank Ramsey, a strikingly versatile player who seldom, if ever, started a game, since he was the embodiment of Auerbach's sixth-man theory, which was to have a man who bolstered rather than weakened a team when he came off the bench to replace a starter. As the league champions, the Celtics did not get to exercise their first-round draft selection in 1962 until the other eight teams had made theirs. By that time most of the high-scoring collegiate paragons had long since been snapped up, and the Celtics decided to take Havlicek. "At Ohio State, John and the other guys on the team had been overshadowed by Jerry Lucas, the team's great center," Auerbach recalled this year. "We knew, though, that John was a tremendous defensive player. That's why we took him. There's a place on any team for a man who can really play defense. I'll be honest with you. When we drafted John, I had no idea he'd turn out to be a player who exemplifies your dream of the complete professional athlete."

Havlicek's steady development into a superlative all-round player amounts to an unusual sports story, and a most heartening one. To begin at the beginning, Havlicek comes from Lansing, then a town of about seven hundred people, in the section of eastern Ohio called the Valley—a hundred and twenty-five mile stretch along the Ohio River from East Liverpool south to Marietta. Lansing is situated between two hills about three miles from the Ohio. "It isn't a pretty town," Havlicek says. "It's a town of hard-working people who are employed in the coal mines and steel mills nearby. Still, I can't imagine anyone having a better boyhood than I had there." He was born in neighboring Martins Ferry on April 8, 1940, the third child of Frank Havlicek, who was eleven years old when his family immigrated to this country from Bohemia, in Czechoslovakia, and Amanda Turkal, who is of Croatian descent and who was born in this country and grew up in a small town in the Valley. Mr. Havlicek ran a grocery store in Lansing and did his own butchering. A well-built man of six feet three, who died two years ago, he was not particularly drawn to sports. An old Lansing friend of the family, Paul Baboul, remembers that whenever Mr. Havlicek made the journey to Columbus to watch his son play for Ohio State, he was invariably more interested in the construction of the university gym than in the games played there. Mrs. Havlicek, who stands five feet eight, has always been an ardent sports fan. She followed the Cleveland Indians closely, and when John began to emerge as a high-school basketball star she never missed a game.

In view of his boyhood habits, it is not surprising that John grew up into a good athlete and a hardy one. When he was only five or six years old, he got it into his head that he would like to see if he could run without stopping from one mile marker to the next along the old Route 40, between Lansing and Blaine. He found that he could, and that he liked the sense of accomplishment it gave him. He also found that the act of running was enjoyable in itself. "When I was growing up, I ran everywhere," he recalls. "Running to school or when I did errands for my parents was routine. Then, I didn't have a bike and most of the other kids did, so I used to run to be with them. This is probably how I built up my stamina, without realizing it at the time."

Havlicek attended high school in Bridgeport, a town of around five thousand people, three miles from Lansing. He must have been one of the best high-school athletes ever produced in this country. He was selected for the All-State teams in football, basketball, and baseball, which is a feat in a sports-crazy state like Ohio. In basketball, he averaged almost thirty points a game and was also known for his superior defensive play. In football, he was a T-formation quarterback. He was a difficult runner to bring down and a beautiful passer—with his big paw and powerful arm, he could throw the ball more than eighty yards—but he is best remembered in the Valley for his cleverness in handling and hiding the ball. Officials frequently blew their whistle, signifying that a play was over, with the ballcarrier presumably piled up in the big stack along the line of scrimmage, only to discover that Havlicek had faked his handoffs to the backs and was still in possession of the ball, moving coolly around as he tried to spot an open receiver. By his senior year, he was a lean six feet three, and that was one of the reasons the team was referred to as Big John and the Seven Dwarfs. The other reason was that the tall

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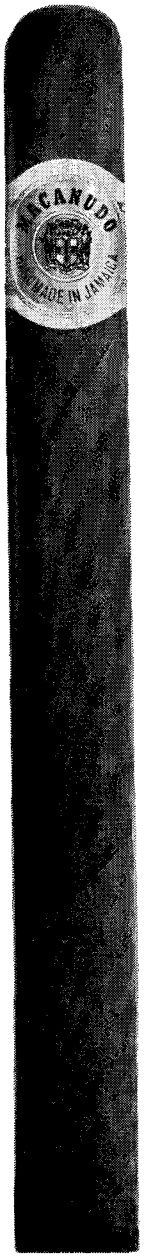

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quarterback and his pudgy line had contrived the autumn before to beat Martins Ferry, Bridgeport's big rival, for the first time in thirty years. In baseball, Havlicek played second base his freshman year, was moved to first as a sophomore to plug a hole there, was moved to third as a junior for the same reason, and continued his tour of the infield his senior year, when he played shortstop and also did a little pitching. He was a sensationally good right-handed batter, who hit between .460 and .480. (In his freshman year at Ohio State, he hit .591, his best average in college.) Had he not gone on to college, the chances are that he would have entered professional baseball. His best friend as a boy, Phil Niekro, took that course and became a star pitcher for the Atlanta Braves. The Indians, the Yankees, the Pirates, and the Orioles were among the teams that tried to sign Havlicek. When offers of college football and basketball scholarships were handed out, he was bombarded. Ohio State offered him scholarships in both, and he chose basketball, because he liked it better. It was in the summer following his senior year of high school, by the way, that he received his nickname, Hondo, which has stuck to him ever since. During the scrimmages prior to an Ohio high-school all-star basketball game, another member of the squad, Mel Nowell, started calling him Hondo, claiming that in profile Havlicek closely resembled John Wayne, who had played a character named Hondo in one of his recent Westerns. Nowell entered Ohio State that September along with Havlicek, and other freshmen soon followed Nowell's lead and began calling Havlicek Hondo. While Boston is even farther east of the Pecos than Columbus, Havlicek eventually became known as Hondo there as well. An assist in this case came from Larry Siegfried, one of his Ohio State teammates, who joined the Celtics a year after he did. (This year, a book that Havlicek wrote in collaboration with Bob Ryan, of the Boston *Globe*, has come out, and the title decided on by the publisher is "Hondo: Celtic Man in Motion.")

During Havlicek's three years of varsity basketball, Ohio State carried off three Big Ten championships. In 1960, his sophomore year, the team won the National Collegiate Athletic Association tournament, which determines the national champion, and the next two years it went to the final of the tournament before losing to the University of Cincinnati. As mentioned earlier, Lucas, the imposing center, got most of the ink, as they say in the locker room, but there were a lot of solid players on those Ohio State teams—not only Havlicek, Nowell, and Siegfried but also Gary Gearhart, Joe Roberts, and Bobby Knight, who is now the successful coach at Indiana University. The team was coached by Fred Taylor, who retired last year. "Coach Taylor was selling defense, and I decided to buy it," Havlicek said when we talked together. "There were five fellows in my freshman class who had all averaged about thirty points a game in high school, and I felt that if I showed I could play good vigorous defense it would be my shortest route into the lineup. Defense is one of the easiest ways to gain respect. It takes a little more work than offense does, so people are apt to remember someone who is digging and scrapping. In the emphasis that Coach Taylor put on defense, he was ahead of his time. He used to stress the point that if your man doesn't get the ball he can't score. Long before the pros got around to sophisticated defenses, he had devised special drills to teach us how to overplay a man—how to partially front him to the side where he was most likely to receive a pass. Coach Taylor used to say that each man you play has certain spots on the floor he likes to shoot from. Your job is to beat him to those spots. Then you try to force him farther away from the basket, beyond his shooting range." Taylor valued Havlicek's defensive competence so highly that he always assigned him to guard the opposing team's best player, whether that player was a guard, forward, or center. While happily accepting the role that Taylor cast him in, Havlicek was not exactly invisible on offense. A forward, he averaged twelve points a game his sophomore year, fourteen his junior year, and seventeen his senior year. Near the end of his last season, friends from his home town, who had often made the three-and-a-half-hour drive to Columbus to watch him play, organized a John Havlicek Night and, several hundred strong, adorned the stands with signs on the order of "Havlicek—Lansing Is Proud of You."

Havlicek did not play football at college, because he felt that engaging in sports the full academic year would be too much of a load for him. (He majored in Physical Education, the blue-plate special of the American college athlete, but he took his studies seriously.) Nevertheless, he was drafted not only by the Celtics but also by the Cleveland Browns, of the National Football League. The Browns' management, mindful not only of the élan with which he played college basketball but also of the immense promise he had shown as a high-school football star, planned to convert the tall, rugged young man into a wide receiver. As for Havlicek, he thought there was a possibility that he might be able to play two professional sports, and he reported in July to the Browns' training camp, which was directed by the famous Paul Brown, then entering what was to be his last year as the Cleveland coach. No one paid much attention to him. For one thing, the Browns had an abundance of seasoned receivers on their roster. For another, their first draft pick for that year was Gary Collins, a highly touted wide receiver, who, as it happened, turned out to be everything the Browns had hoped. Havlicek spent five weeks at the training camp, played briefly in two intrasquad games and one exhibition game, and then was cut. If he was miffed at not being given a better shot at making the club, he kept it to himself, characteristically, and proceeded to get in touch with the Celtics, to find out when *their* preseason training camp was scheduled to start. One would guess that it must have been a source of satisfaction to Havlicek that the next spring, after he had made good in a big way in professional basketball, Blanton Collier, who had succeeded Paul Brown as the Cleveland coach, asked him to come out again for the Browns. Collier repeated this invitation each of the next four years. He wanted to use Havlicek at free safety, because of his sure hands and his speed of foot, and was certain that Havlicek would be outstanding in that position. Anyway, speaking of Havlicek's sure hands, during the 1962-63 season, which was the one season that both he and Cousy were on the Celtics, Cousy, who loved to catch opposing teams off guard by winging passes the length of the court, quickly discovered that Havlicek could hang onto the ball better than anyone else on the team, and always looked for him. A few years later, when Havlicek had become one of the men who ran the Celtics' offense, he demonstrated that he, too, was a master of the floor-length pass. He had developed the arm for it in high-school football and had learned the correct technique for it during those same years. Briefly, if you throw a long pass with a basketball using the same motion you use in throwing a football, the ball will hook. What

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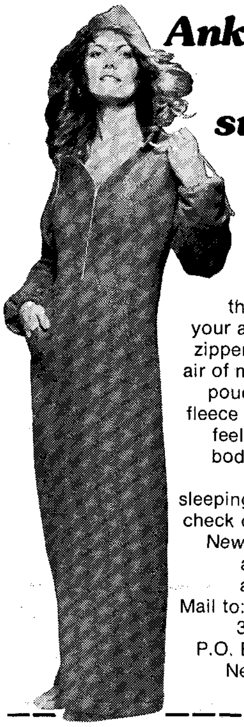

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you must do is snap your wrist inward as you release the ball, as you do in throwing a screwball in baseball. Then the basketball will fly straight toward your target.

When Havlicek got in touch with the Celtics late in August of 1962, he was told by Coach Auerbach that, while training camp would not begin for some weeks, he would appreciate it if Havlicek came East and spent the next week—the closing week—at his basketball camp in Marshfield, Massachusetts. Havlicek had hardly arrived when Auerbach put him into a scrimmage of advanced players who had been working out all summer. "I remember standing at the edge of the court with Ben Carnevale, who was then the coach of the Naval Academy and a member of the faculty at the camp," Auerbach said this year. "We were both flabbergasted by what Havlicek was showing us. Here he was, not having touched a basketball for months, and he was far and away the best man on the court. Carnevale and I just watched him for a while, and then Carnevale exploded. 'Holy cow! Look what you've got!' he said. You could tell after only three or four minutes that John was something special—a much, much better player than we had ever thought he'd be."

Havlicek got off on the right foot when the season began: he made the first shot he took, an emphatic dunk. From the outset, he was awed hardly at all by the realization that he was in the big time. This was due largely to the confidence that Auerbach showed in him. "Red made me feel I could really play the game," Havlicek says. Auerbach gave him a good deal of playing time, and Havlicek, who had not been expected to add much in the way of offense, ended up as the team's fourth-highest scorer. During the first part of the season, when an opposing team sagged off Havlicek and invited him to take a moderately long shot, he usually passed off to a teammate who was known to be a better shooter. Auerbach cured that tendency fast. "You can't let them insult you," he told Havlicek. "You must take the shot." That first year, Havlicek played forward most of the time, but he was also used at guard. Auerbach was already beginning to think of him as the man who, when Ramsey retired—which he did in 1964—would succeed him as the Celtics' sixth man, and, of course, the more things he could do, the better. Never having played guard before, Havlicek was just an ordinary ball handler and not a particularly ac-

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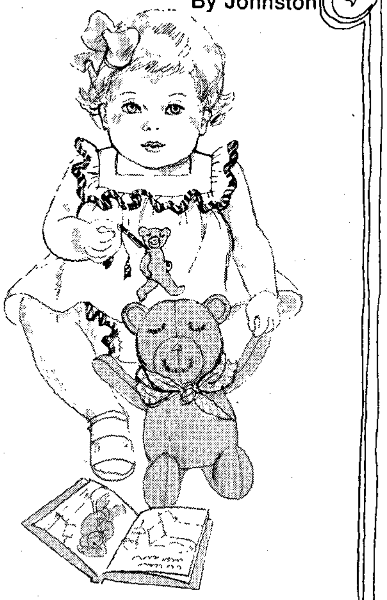

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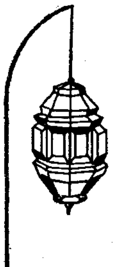

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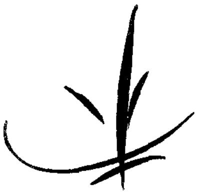
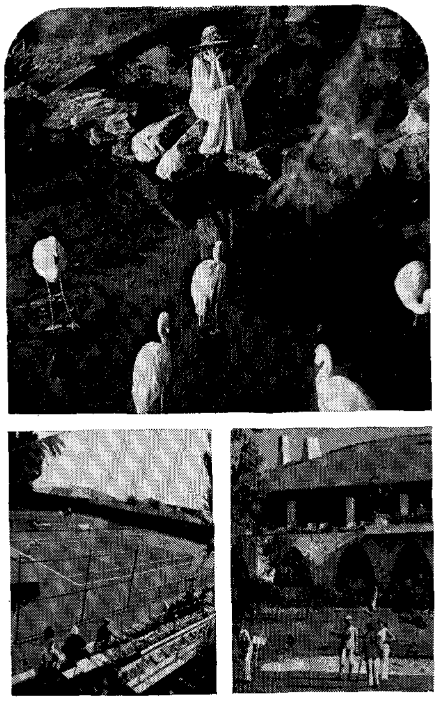
curate shot. He was aware of these deficiencies and put in a lot of time the next summer working on them. “I don't know how he did it,” Heinsohn told a friend. “During that one summer, he made himself into a good outside shooter. He had learned to dribble with his left hand, and he could now handle the ball pretty darn well. He didn't have to look at it anymore when he was dribbling. Funny thing about John. Like everyone, I knew from the start that he was a terrific athlete, but year after year I learned that he was even better than I'd realized. I remember one thing he did in a game in the late nineteen-sixties, a couple of years after I retired. He was going after the ball near the baseline at the Celtics' end of the floor. He picked it up in his left hand, and when he was turning around he saw that Siegfried had shaken himself free at half-court. So what did he do? Making the kind of a play only a super-athlete would think of, let alone be able to execute, he heaved the ball the length of the court and hit Siggy right on the button. What really stupefied me is that he threw the ball with his left hand, and Havlicek isn't a lefty.”



In Havlicek's second season in professional ball, he led the Celtics in scoring, with an average of 19.9 points per game. In his third season, when he took over as the sixth man, he established himself as one of the coming stars of the league. “You can help yourself a lot just by observing,” Havlicek once said when he was asked to explain his steady growth into an increasingly versatile player. “When you watch a West or a Robertson, you see them do things that you want to add to your own repertoire, if you can, but, basically, you learn by watching your teammates. After all, you play eighty-two games a year with them. Take Cousy, for instance. When he was directing our attack, he was always looking for a teammate whose man had his back turned to the play. Cousy could then put the ball just about anywhere he wanted to, and if the teammate did *his* job right he'd have an easy basket. I decided that that was an excellent policy to follow when building a play. Or take Bill Russell. Everyone mentions what he meant to our defense, but he was extremely valuable on offense, too. He made each man on the team a better player, because he played to our individual strengths. I know he could make me feel where the open spot was. I'd go there, and most of the time I'd get the ball. I tried to adopt that tactic of Russell's as best I could. I learned an awful lot from watching Frank Ramsey, too. Very smart player. He had a great feel for making quick transitions from offense to defense and from defense to offense. There are times when players on every team are still thinking about a basket or a good move they've just made, and that's the time to get the ball down the court in a hurry and get that basket right back. Ramsey exploited that. He was very skillful, for example, at sneaking down the court when someone on the opposing team took a difficult shot. He'd be gambling that Russell would grab the rebound and hit him with a long pass for a nice cheap basket. Frank was always moving, always thinking. I learned far more about how to move without the ball from watching him than I did from watching anyone else. Then, there were the Joneses. Sam was a tremendous scorer, because he was generally in the right place on the floor and had the knack of positioning himself properly to shoot the ball. When you receive a pass in the scoring zone, the first thing you have to do before you shoot is to square off both shoulders on the basket. No one did that better or faster than Sam. That was a good pointer to practice. K. C. Jones played the same role with the Celtics—the defensive specialist—that I'd played in college, so there was a bond between us. When you talk about players with stamina, K. C. has to rank very high. He never stopped working on his man. On offense, his main concern was setting up the rest of us. An exceedingly unselfish player, K. C.—the kind you need on a winning team.”

As the years wore on, Havlicek's diligence in learning through observing diminished not at all, and in time he gained an almost unique understanding, for a player, of what was happening on the floor at every moment—an astonishing faculty when one bears in mind that basketball is a game in which the patterns are as varied and can change as swiftly as those in a kaleidoscope in the hands of a restless child. Tom Sanders, the discerning young man from the Lenox Avenue neighborhood and N.Y.U. who played for the Celtics from 1960 through 1973 and has since been the basketball coach at Harvard, believes that one reason Havlicek acquired such a complete understanding of the game was that he played both guard and forward. “I also think that being the sixth man for so many



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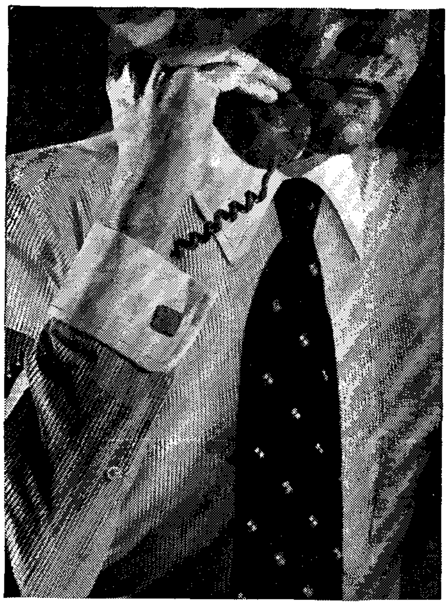

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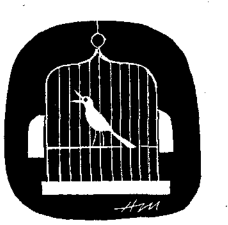
seasons helped him," Sanders has said. "When he sat on the bench before entering a game, he was able to study everything that was going on from that angle. Then he went in and put his knowledge to work."

IN 1966, there was a major change in the Celtics' organization. Auerbach, after winning his ninth league championship, was moved up to a position where he concentrated solely on the duties of the general manager, and Russell was promoted to player-coach—a job he held for three years. Many of the team's veteran stars had by then hung up their sneakers (K. C. Jones would join them after one more season), and suddenly Havlicek found himself shouldering a much greater part of the burden than before. Significantly, he was named team captain, even though Russell continued to use him as the sixth man. After K. C. Jones' departure, Russell's principal problem in trying to revivify a Celtic team that could not compare in either quality or depth of personnel with the teams of the previous decade was to find someone to run the offense. He experimented the first year with Siegfried and with Emmette Bryant the first months of the next year. He then settled on Havlicek, who at that point was coming into full maturity. Havlicek led the team in assists six consecutive years, beginning with the 1967-68 season. The season before that—Russell's first season as coach—Havlicek had taken it upon himself to try to help solve the team's dwindling scoring punch by doing more shooting himself, and though he had never before averaged as many as twenty points a game, he lifted his average to 21.4. Over the next seven seasons, it never dropped below twenty. During Russell's last two years as player-coach, the Celtics, though they were a sputtering version of the old synchromesh machine, did win the league championship, outlasting the Lakers both years in the final playoff series. They did this as much by sheer will power as anything. Havlicek, with his competitive ardor, kept driving all of them, Russell included, to exert themselves to the fullest. When the coach was slow getting into the offensive flow after rebounding at the other end, Havlicek, taking a breather on the bench, would shout to him things like "Come on, Russell, run! You're no good to us if you don't get up the floor!" Driving himself hard, as had become his custom, Havlicek played perhaps his most glittering basketball in the playoffs, averaging 25.9 points per game in 1967-68 and 25.4 in 1968-69, as well as making the big plays. He once said of playoffs in general, "You get yourself so worked up psychologically and physically that you sometimes wonder if it's worth it. After they're over, it feels as if fifteen thousand years had been lifted off your shoulders." Most old basketball hands believe that the prospect of helping the Celtics to win one more championship is all the motivation that Havlicek has ever needed to work himself up for the playoffs.



In the summer of 1969, the Celtics underwent another considerable upheaval. Russell, with no forewarning, announced his retirement. Heinsohn, who succeeded him as coach, took over a team that lacked not only a Russell at center but a Sam Jones at guard, for Jones had retired that spring. Once again, Havlicek's position on the team was radically altered. "For so many years, I'd been the kid on the Celtics," he says, looking back. "All of a sudden, in one year, I was the old man." While Auerbach and Heinsohn went about the slow process of rebuilding the team, Heinsohn made maximum use of Havlicek, the sole surviving link with the Celtics' days of glory. For the first time in his professional career, Havlicek became a starter, and, with his great endurance, regularly was on the court for more than forty of the game's forty-eight minutes. Heinsohn also let him know that, as the team leader, he had carte blanche to teach Jo Jo White and the other new additions everything he could about the Celtics' approach to basketball. Havlicek chose to teach mainly by example. One way in which he did this was to raise his own contributions to an even higher level. During the first five years of the Heinsohn era, the former defensive specialist became one of the league's highest scorers, averaging 24.2, 28.9, 27.5, 23.8, and 22.6 points, respectively, per game; in that last year, 1973-74, when Boston won the league championship again after a four-year hiatus, Havlicek averaged 27.1 points over the eighteen playoff games. These hefty figures were due partly to increased point production at the foul line. "Foul shooting is a matter of practicing, practicing, practicing, until you establish a groove," Havlicek told me. "I improved my foul shooting when, after some experimentation, I adopted a series of five steps. The first thing I do is to line myself up. Second, I receive the ball from the official. Third, I take a couple of dribbles to loosen up my wrists. The next thing I do is take a deep breath. And, last, I shoot the ball and make sure I reach for the front of the rim on the follow-through. I learned to do these steps sort of automatically, and they set up a rhythm that helped me."

Havlicek's predilection for methodical procedure is evident in most of the things he does, whether it is his habit of going over in his mind just before each game the strong points and the weak points of the various men he will be playing or his system for blocking out his man from getting a rebound. In this latter tactic, the first thing he does is to get good position on his man, and then, as the shot is taken, he counts "One thousand and one, one thousand and two" before trying to get the rebound, knowing that after the ball hits the rim there is usually a time span of about two seconds before it hits the floor. Havlicek is methodical about everything. Last summer, an old friend told me about watching him teach his young son, Chris, how to use a flashlight: "It showed a lot about John. He explained several times how the flashlight worked, until Chris was able to take it apart and put it back together. Then he explained to Chris how he should use it at night if he wanted to find something, and told him how the batteries wear out with use. His orderly mind and his patience make him a natural teacher."

During Heinsohn's regime—it is now in its eighth year—Havlicek has helped immeasurably to build a team that coalesced well enough to win the league title in 1974 and 1976, though it has by no means been especially impressive. Along with the development of Jo Jo White and Dave Cowens into outstanding players, the team's success has been due largely to Havlicek's aptitude for imparting his sense of basketball to his younger colleagues. To steady the Celtics in close games, Heinsohn has made it a practice to move Havlicek into the backcourt in the second half, and particularly in the last quarter; a guard has the play in front of him and can direct the movement of a team's offense much more easily than a forward. When the Celtics have been in trouble with the clock running out, they have almost always relied on Havlicek to take the crucial last shot. With his unflappable assurance, he has made it more often than not. All the other teams know that Havlicek will be getting the ball in these circumstances, but, with his many years of experience,

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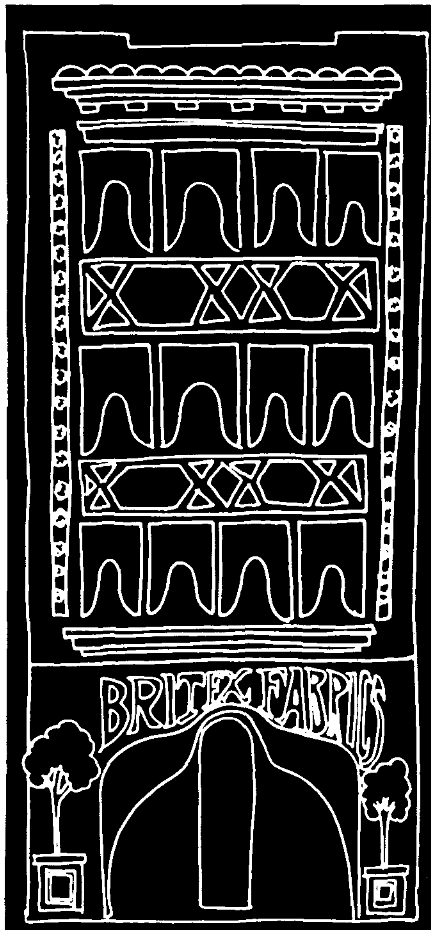

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he is still able to make things happen—to work his way open no matter how much attention he is receiving. "John is like a forward, guard, and on-floor coach combined," White said recently. "The other team may know what you're going to do, but if you execute a play properly it will still work. John helps us to do that, and when we have no particular play on, he seems to give people the ball at the right time. He knows what should be done, and his attitude rubs off on the other players."

Cowens, whom I spoke with just before the start of the season, said much the same thing: "A team must have a catalyst, who has the ability to change the pace of a game. John does that for us. He creates confidence because of the way he plays, and you pick it up yourself. A shot that must be made is made. He's a very formidable person, all in all, sort of like Arnold Palmer—full of confidence but without a grain of conceit or arrogance."

Heinsohn goes right to the point in discussing Havlicek: "He knows *how* a play works and *why* it works. I never hesitate to call on him for assistance." I watched an instructive example of this take place when the team was going through a practice in Columbus, Ohio, last October, during a preseason swing across the country. Heinsohn was working on adding a play that went briefly like this: the right guard brought the ball up and passed it to the center, who was running out toward him, two yards beyond the foul line; the center fed the ball off to the left guard as he came swinging across from left to right; the right forward meanwhile moved out from the baseline and set a pick for the left guard, so that he could get off a good, unhurried shot. Later, Heinsohn started to work on a variation of this play in which the center, after receiving the ball, faked a pass to the left guard and, instead, dropped the ball off to the right guard as he slid across the court to a spot behind the left forward, who set a pick for him. Something was wrong with the timing on this variation, and Heinsohn said to Havlicek, "John, you've run this play a hundred times. Show us how it should go." Taking over at right guard, Havlicek consciously delayed a couple of moments before coming up to receive the return pass from the center. Those few extra seconds gave the left forward the time he needed, and hadn't had before, to get into position to set an effective pick for the guard.

"People hurry plays, and if you do, and don't set them up correctly, they won't work." This is a good sample of Havlicek's thoughts on basketball Here are a few others:

"Players who nothing except excellent shooters aren't much help to a professional team. I can remember several years when the Celtics cut their first draft choice.

"A lot of players today lack the ability to make their defensive man think they're always involved in the play. You have to act as a decoy a lot of the time to free somebody else, and it's important that you carry out your assignment with authority. I know that after I make a pass I'll make a sharp cut even if I'm not going to receive the ball, because I want my defensive man to be aware of my move. Then he's not going to be able to help out in another area.

"Confidence comes from preparation, and the way to feel fully prepared is to practice something until you have it down so well you're pretty sure it will work.

"Concentration is a matter of experience.

"What I've tried to do is reach the highest plateau of performance I can and then remain at that level consistently. Anytime you fall below it—well, you're just going to have to work a little harder the next few games to get back up there.

"I think that N.B.A. basketball has changed a great deal during the last decade and a half. When I first came into the league, there were three six-foot-five guards—Oscar Robertson, Tom Gola, and myself. Now there must be thirty or thirty-five guards who are six five or over. When I was breaking in, just about every team had two big power forwards, but Auerbach was the type of man who was looking for swiftness and agility, and he wanted a small forward for those reasons. I think nearly every team now has a small forward—someone who can get up and down the court very quickly. I think the game has speeded up tremendously, chiefly because the power forwards weren't as mobile as the men who have taken their place. The shooting is better, no question about that. On the other hand, though today's players have greater physical abilities and more raw talent than the players of the mid-dle nineteen-sixties, they don't have as good an understanding of basketball. Today, you have a high number of players who, because of their physical assets, shortcut the fundamentals, and, as a result, you have a more wide-open game and, maybe, more mistakes."

AS one might expect, Havlicek's conduct of his off-the-court life has been distinguished by fine peripheral vision, good common sense, and a total lack of splash. After his first season as a Celtic, he started what became an annual custom: he returned to Columbus for the off-season months. Thirteen summers ago, he became a manufacturer's representative for a Columbus firm, the International Manufacturing & Marketing Corporation, which then produced housewares and hardware but has since branched out in other directions. One of these is Super Star Sports Games—indoor target games in which the players throw Velcro-covered balls that stick to the target surface and do not damage nearby walls, as darts do. Three years ago, Havlicek and some Columbus friends launched a company called John Havlicek All Sports Products, whose line now ranges from tents, sleeping bags, and air mattresses to baseball gloves, basketballs, badminton sets, and horseshoes. In 1970, Havlicek, who had been renting summer places in Columbus, finally bought a house there. Three years earlier, he had married Beth Evans, an alert and pretty young woman from Painesville, Ohio, whom he had met while they were both attending Ohio State. They have two children—Christopher Evan, who is six, and Jill René, who is three. During the nine other months of the year, the Havliceks make their home in Weston, a town to the west of Boston. They are exceedingly civic-minded, and devote a good deal of their time to the Association for Retarded Citizens and other charitable organizations.

Havlicek has not announced that this will be his final year in professional basketball—he will probably not make that decision until the end of the current season—but the odds are that he will call it a career this spring. As a young man breaking into the N.B.A., he hoped he might be able to hang on for ten years, and he is thankful for his unexpectedly long professional career and for the handsome salary—estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars—that he has received the past several seasons. For some reason, basketball players don't get as much of the ancillary gravy as the luminaries of many other sports, but Havlicek, with his immense coast-to-coast popularity, has done rather well. He has endorsed an athletic sock, a hot-lather shaving-cream dispenser, and a playground-type rubber-soled shoe that is made in

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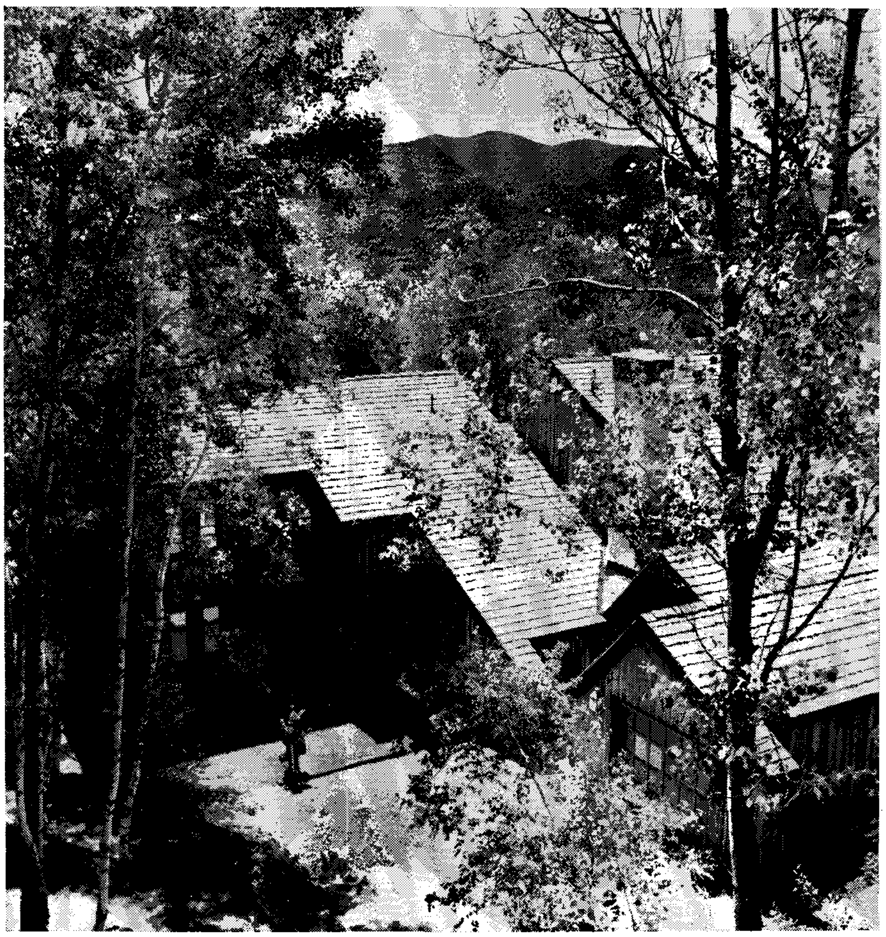

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Japan. He has appeared in a promotional film for La Choy Food Products, and this year he starred in a very successful TV commercial for Lectric Shave. For nine years, he operated the John Havlicek Basketball Camp, whose annual one-week session was held at Gordon College, in Wenham, Massachusetts, and regularly attracted two hundred and fifty campers.

At this critical stage of his life, Havlicek naturally spends a fair portion of his time trying to decide what he should do when his playing days are over. With his superb understanding of the anatomy of basketball, he would, of course, make a first-rate coach, but he has no desire to enter coaching. There is a strong possibility that he will go into business, and, among other things, continue his association with the International Manufacturing & Marketing Corporation and with John Havlicek All Sports Products. If the opportunity to do television sportscasting should present itself, he would undoubtedly like to explore it. Whatever he goes into, the change in his life is not likely to change him. One of the most notable aspects of his success is that he is fundamentally still the same young man who turned up at Auerbach's basketball camp in Marshfield fifteen summers ago—an old-fashioned young man, who has always been attracted to the orderly life and traditional values, because, as he puts it, "they have worked well for me." These days, when so many of the kingpins of sport are constantly renegotiating their contracts and their life styles, Havlicek carries one back across the years to the era between the two World Wars, when the goal of the college athlete was to be a three-letter man, not a pre-pro specializing in one sport, and when even the most highly publicized college athletes aspired to be men of proportion who also did well in their studies and had time for a pleasant social life. The epitome of the college athlete of the nineteen-twenties and thirties was Barry Wood, of Harvard, who was an All-America quarterback in 1931, starred on the hockey and baseball teams, made Phi Beta Kappa, completed his work for a medical degree, and rose to the vice-presidency of Johns Hopkins before requesting a return to active service as a teacher and researcher and becoming chairman of the Department of Microbiology. John Havlicek is quite different from Barry Wood in many ways, but he has a similar fibre and dimension, and it will be interesting to watch his progress in the years ahead. —HERBERT WARREN WIND

MUSICAL EVENTS

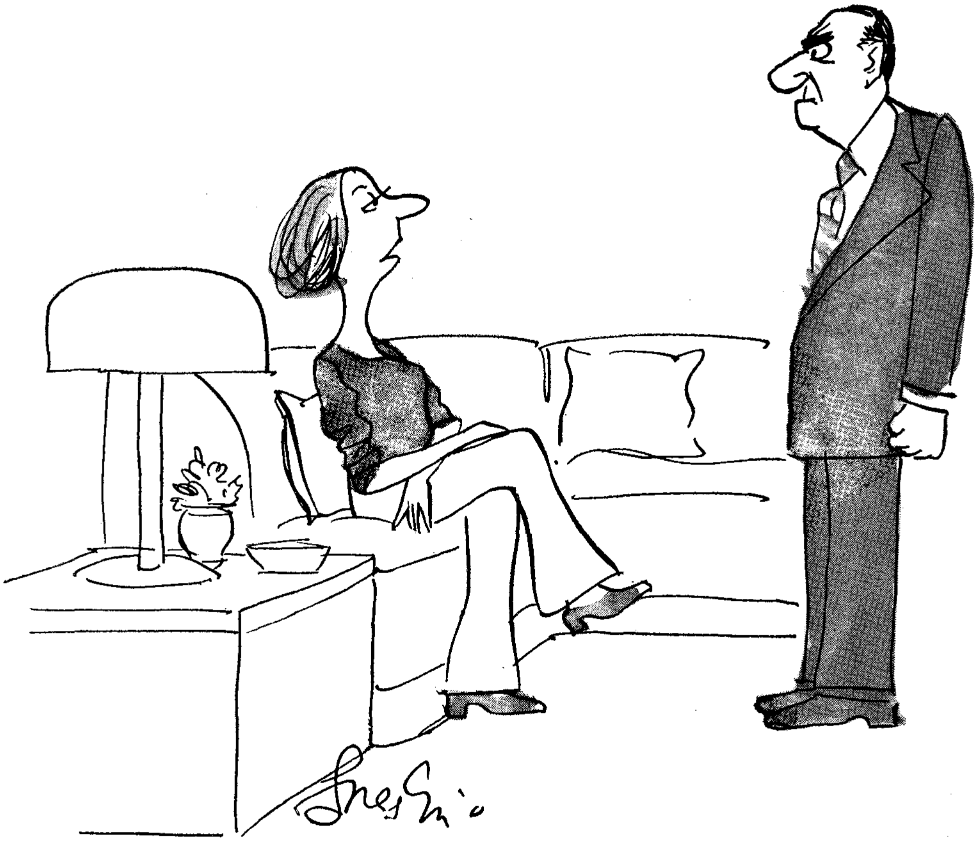
Adventures

IN his two operas, "A Life for the Tsar" (1836) and "Russlan and Lyudmila" (1842), Glinka laid the foundations for, first, the historical epics ("Boris Godunov," "Prince Igor," "War and Peace") and, second, the glittering fairy tales ("The Golden Cockerel," "The Firebird," "The Stone Flower") that have been Russia's special contribution to the lyric theatre. All the history books stress Glinka's importance. Outside Russia, companies seldom perform him. Yet the few times that I have caught productions of "A Life for the Tsar" and "Russlan"—usually as brave student or opera-club ventures—I have felt that they have a stronger claim to be in the repertory than many operas that do get done. The Opera Company of Boston opened its season, this month, with a bewitching presentation of "Russlan," and that feeling turned into certainty as far as "Russlan" is concerned. A simple reaction to the show was "Why does the Met waste its time on dull rubbish like 'Esclarmonde' when it might be doing 'Russlan'?"

Championship must be careful. Glinka's latest biographer, David Brown, remarks, "The saddest thing for the Western student of Glinka is that he knows, for all his commendation of the riches in 'Russlan and Lyudmila,' that what he writes is less likely to prove a testimonial that will gain the work's admission to the opera houses of the West than an obituary." He admires the music but calls the piece "a dramatic disaster . . . so flawed dramatically that there is no hope that it will ever become a repertoire piece outside Russia." Nevertheless, with Sarah Caldwell as its director—she both staged and conducted the Boston performance—"Russlan" became a dramatic as well as a musical delight. Miss Caldwell revealed a "quest opera" and "rescue opera" whose situations are more colorfully fantastic but no sillier than those of "The Magic Flute," "Siegfried," and "Die Frau ohne Schatten."

With the verse fairy tale "Russlan and Lyudmila" (1820) the young Pushkin established his reputation; his death in 1837 dashed Glinka's hope that the poet would adapt the tale as a libretto for him. In the opera, three suitors set out from Kiev in search of Lyudmila, who has been abducted by the wicked magician Chernomor. One is Farlaf, the bass, a Varangian warrior and blustering braggart. (His brilliantly energetic and catchy rondo was made famous in a recording by Chaliapin.) He allies himself to the witch Naina, behaves very badly, carries off Lyudmila after Russlan has rescued her, but is unable to wake her from an enchanted sleep. Another is Ratmir, the mezzo, an Eastern prince. A fickle and susceptible youth, he is deflected from his quest by the charms of Naina's Persian attendants when, like Klingsor's flower maidens, they surround him as he enters Naina's castle. The third is Russlan, the baritone, who wins Lyudmila in the end, partly through his own perseverance and valor, partly through the help of the good magician Finn. When Russlan shows sign of falling for Gorislava, a former flame of Ratmir's, Finn recalls him to his mission (and reunites Gorislava and Ratmir); Finn provides the magic ring that wakens Lyudmila from her sleep.

A seeker after symbolic meanings could no doubt discover some significant allegory in all this. But there is no need to. It is an eventful, diverting, and sometimes touching tale, told in music of uncommon brilliance and beauty, and that is enough. One scene makes a profound and disturbing impression: Russlan comes upon an ancient battlefield, strewn with bones, and sings an aria that Mr. Brown rightly describes as "noble heroic music of Beethovenian strength." When mists lift in the background, a gigantic head is revealed, which addresses Russlan solemnly in a voice represented by a unison male-voice choir concealed within it. Victor Braun, the Russlan of the Boston performance, excels in a vein of romantic yet virile melancholy (as shown by his Hamlet, in Humphrey Searle's opera, and his Orestes, in Krenek's opera), and he made much of this scene. Lyudmila was Jeanette Scovotti, delicate, precise, and appealing in the first aria (when, before the abduction, Lyudmila bubbles with joy and playfulness), and affecting in the long, passionate spans and tricky, extended chromatic arabesques of the second. (Antonina Nezhdanova recorded a great performance of this aria, in 1907.) Ratmir was Eunice Alberts; she did not efface my memories of Yvonne Minton (who made her mark in London, twelve years ago, in this role), but she was pleasing, direct, and musical, and she moved through the mazes of the Persian dance with a grace that few mezzos command. The choreographer was Ben Stevenson, who also played Chernomor (a non-singing part), doing so with a wicked glee reminiscent



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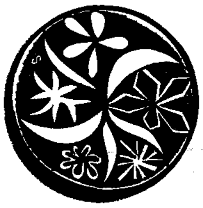
of Sir Frederick Ashton in the cognate role of Kashchey in "The Firebird." John Moulson, from the Berlin Comic Opera, was charmingly rueful and narratively graphic in Finn's fine ballad (which is based on a Finnish melody). Joseph Evans was lyrical and winning as the Poet, who introduces the action to the audience. Marianna Christos (Gorislava), Edith Evans (Naina), Giorgio Tozzi (Farlaf), and William Fleck (Svyetozar, Lyudmila's father) completed the large cast. The opera was sung in English.

Of course, by Imperial Russian standards the singing lacked smoothness and sweetness of timbre. But it was good enough to show that "Russlan" contains marvellous music, of considerable variety. Gerald Abraham, that acute critic of Russian opera, once remarked that Glinka's thought is "always simple, usually individual, and often extremely beautiful," and spoke of the light that seems to shine through his work. It was this beauty and luminosity of thought, not merely of execution, that Miss Caldwell's direction revealed. She gets under the surface of a work. All the colors—the exotic melodies, timbres, harmonies, and rhythms that Glinka brought together from many lands and made his own—were there: all the grace, the verve, and the lyricism of the score. But the Boston production also seemed to convey some "inner sense," of an imaginative voyage through fantastic and romantic adventures, which makes the opera more than a diversion and prompts thoughts of "The Magic Flute." This was a poetic performance. Rimsky-Korsakov's fairy operas are glittering, and delectable in their melodies, their instrumentation, and their spectacle; so is "Russlan"—and something more besides.



The staging was an enchantment. Herbert Senn and Helen Pond had designed scenery and Carrie F. Robbins had designed costumes in the style of Palekh paintings—richly colored, finely detailed, captivating folk images. The action soon got off the ground; the duel in midair between Russlan and Chernomor, high above the palace rooftops, was very exciting. Boston productions at their best carry all before them. The limitations and discomfort of the Orpheum Theatre, the pickup nature of the orchestra and chorus (admirable players and some good singers but not regular year-round ensembles)—everything is forgotten except the exhilaration of being rapt in an opera brought to life in all its details. This is the Caldwell miracle. She doesn't work a miracle every time, but in "Russlan" she did.

Half-German, half-Italian, Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari established his reputation in Munich with two Goldoni-based comedies, "Le Donne Curiose" (1903) and "I Quattro Rusteghi" (1906), translated into German and decked in music of the most delicate and delightful charm. Josef Rheinberger trained him; study under that composer of substantial, solidly made organ sonatas seems an odd preparation for operatic soufflés, but perhaps it accounts for the excellence of Wolf-Ferrari's craftsmanship. Among his musical ancestors we can discern on the German side Mozart and Schubert and on the Italian Rossini (for high-spirited invention), Bellini (for purity of lyric melody), and the Verdi who wrote the minuet in the final scene of "Falstaff." This is not to say that Wolf-Ferrari is in all things their equal—only to suggest a kind of felicity that was his. And, in the words of "The Record Guide," he "wrote for the voice with a Mozartian delicacy unknown to the rest of the modern Italian school."

Yet his operas have no sure hold on the repertory. Are the comedies too finely worked, not red-blooded enough, for those whose taste is Italianate, and too slender in both manner and matter for those whose taste is Teutonic? Is it just that modern singers—and modern stage directors—are too coarse to do them anything like justice? I don't know. I do know that I have never encountered one without being ravished by its deftness and wit, without marvelling at the composer's ability to go on spinning new, pretty surprises from his tuneful material. Wolf-Ferrari is a composer who makes one happy; and the Manhattan School of Music's production of "I Quattro Rusteghi," this month, was a happy occasion.

The piece was done in Edward J. Dent's English translation but not in the setting of eighteenth-century London whither Dent had transferred it, from Venice. The title—as at the City Opera in 1951—was rendered "The Four Ruffians," and "ruffians" is not really right for *rusteghi* (curmudgeons, boors). Dent called his version "The School for Fathers" and suggested their characters by the names he devised for them: Mr. Crusty, Mr. Hardstone, Mr. Gruff, and Sir James Pinchbeck. Louis Galterio directed the Manhattan

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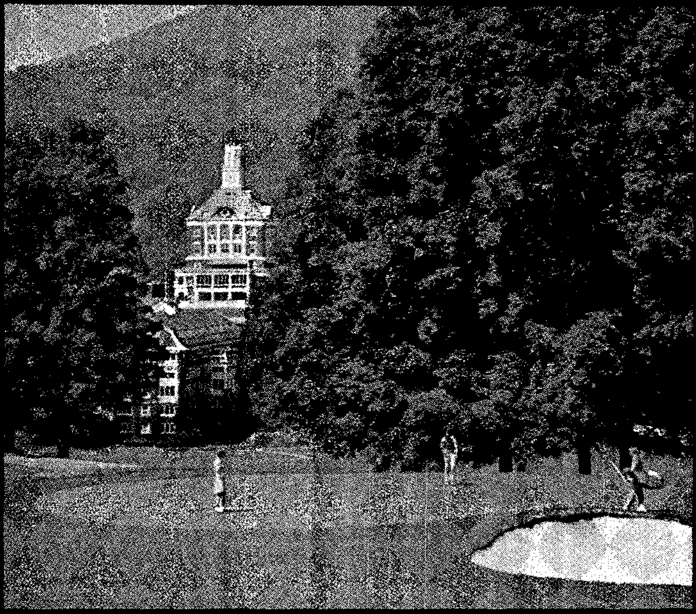

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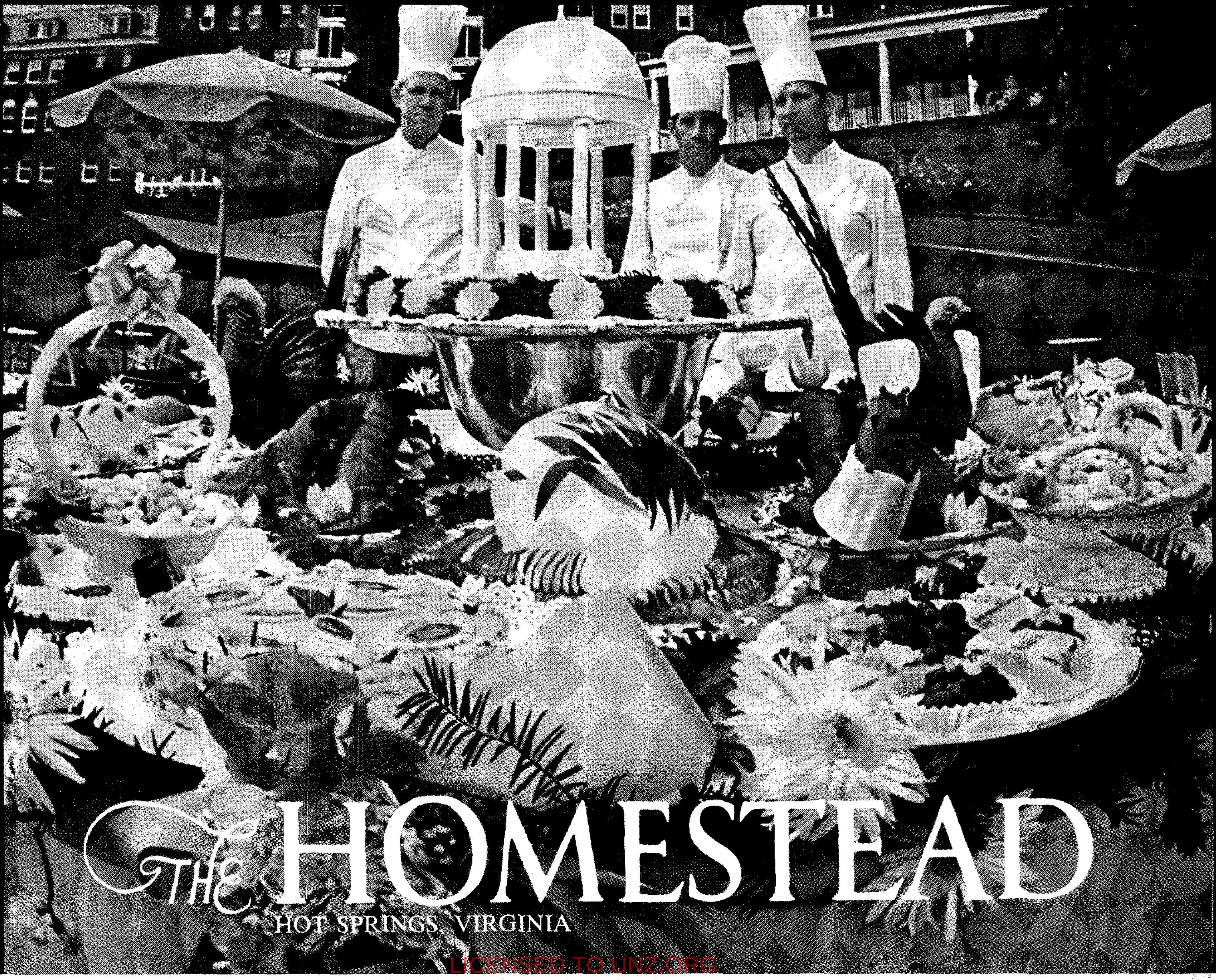


performance. Once or twice, he allowed his actors to overstep the bounds of permissible eighteenth-century behavior (whether Venetian or British), but on the whole his sense of style, of fun produced by quiddities of character, not by imposed "business," was sure. Imre Pallo conducted, lightly and exactly, in the Giulini rather than the Beecham manner—which means that his tempi and textures were elegant and the effect of the whole was refined, but that occasionally one missed a (Beechamesque) lilt and "smile" in the phrasing. The student cast was pleasing, and its use of words bore testimony to Dorothy Uris's coaching. This was the school's first operatic production since John Crosby (founder and director of the Santa Fe Opera, and president of Opera America) became its president. One looks forward to subsequent shows. Opportunities for hearing opera on this level in a house of human scale (the school's auditorium seats under a thousand) are not common in New York.

A POSTSCRIPT to my account, last June, of the fourteen newly discovered Bach canons based on the first eight bass notes of the "Goldberg" aria: The canons have now been recorded by a group of Marlboro musicians, for the Marlboro Recording Society, in a version scored for a small broken consort (winds and strings). Some are done gravely, some gaily, and all are played with memorable beauty of tone and phrasing. This performance persuades me that the canons are indeed a balanced and ordered set, not a random series of contrapuntal exercises. Here is much music in little room. On the other side of the disc, David Singer and Rudolf Serkin give a dedicated account of Max Reger's thorough, discursive Sonata for Clarinet and Piano, Opus 107.

—ANDREW PORTER

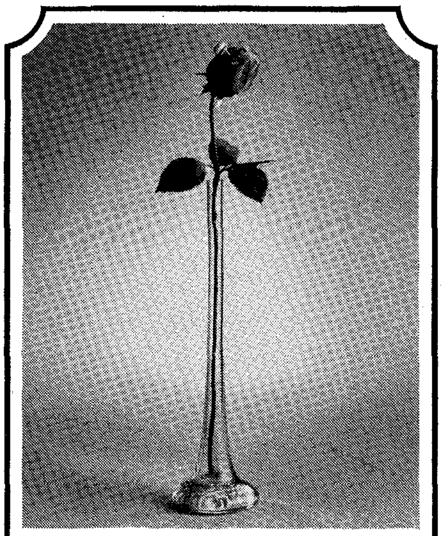
CONCERT RECORDS

Grand Operas

QUITE a few complete-opera recordings have been issued recently, nearly all of them of top quality. Indeed, it is rare nowadays to encounter a poor opera recording, partly because the same gifted singers are apt to turn up again and again. First let me consider Jack Beeson's and Sheldon Harnick's "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," which is based on an old play by Clyde Fitch (RCA ARL2-1727; four sides). I am completely ignorant of the true identity of Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines (who fed his horse on corn and beans, as the old song has it), but according to this opera he was a New York opera buff who wagered that he could seduce, and then fell in love with, a certain Mlle. Trentoni, who made her début, as a member of Colonel Mapleson's celebrated opera company, in Verdi's "La Traviata" somewhat before the turn of the century. There are complications to this plot, but all ends happily, and Mr. Harnick, a very experienced man with Broadway lyrics, has contributed a charming and skillful libretto. Mr. Beeson's music is by far the best he has written since "Lizzie Borden." It is genuinely lyric and melodious most of the time, fashionably atonal in only a few places, and, on the whole, quite enjoyable. The opera is performed by members of the Kansas City Philharmonic, under the baton of Russell Patterson, with Robert Owen Jones, Carol Wilcox, Eugene Green, George Livings, Keith Harmon, William Latimer, and many other young singers. The entire performance is first-rate.

Having paid tribute to a couple of contemporary Americans, I will now go on to report on more conventional operatic recordings. Deutsche Grammophon has issued Verdi's "Macbeth," with Shirley Verrett, Piero Cappuccilli, Placido Domingo, Nicolai Ghiaurov, Antonio Savastano, and others, accompanied by the orchestra and chorus of La Scala, Milan, with Claudio Abbado conducting (2709-062; six sides). Miss Verrett shows herself to be probably the finest Lady Macbeth alive today, and the whole undertaking is of such splendid quality that I would say it supersedes all previous recordings of this opera.

London has made a new recording of Bizet's "Carmen," as performed by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, the John Alldis Choir, the Boys' Chorus from Haberdashers' Aske's School, in Elstree, and Tatiana Troyanos, Placido Domingo, Kiri Te Kanawa, José van Dam, Norma Burrowes, and others, all under the baton of Sir Georg Solti (OSA 13115; six sides). This is not the "Carmen" we are used to. A German musicologist named Fritz Oeser recently discovered the original conducting score of Bizet's masterpiece; it contained a good deal of material not ordinarily heard, and in the album Solti has included some passages from this original score. Moreover, he has chosen to do the work with the spoken dialogue (somewhat cut, to be sure) that was part of the first performance, in 1875, instead of Guiraud's customary recitatives. The result is at least an approximation of "Car-



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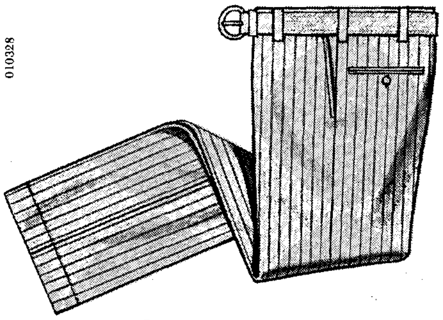

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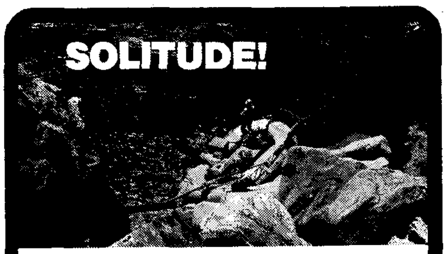

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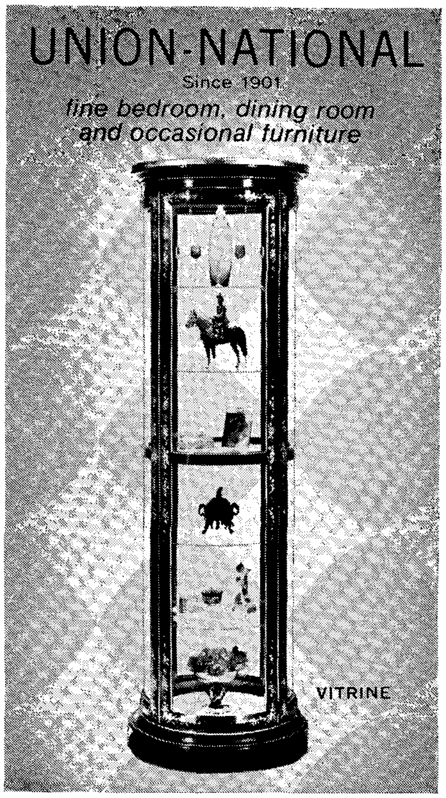
men" as Bizet wrote it, and we should be grateful, I suppose, for the opportunity to hear this version. Miss Troyanos proves to be a truly great Carmen, and Miss Te Kanawa is an unusually robust Micaëla. Mr. Domingo's gifts are almost too well known to comment on. The performance is everywhere tense and brilliant, but I confess to a preference for the work with Guiraud's recitatives.

Gustave Charpentier's "Louise" has finally reappeared after a long absence from the record catalogues. It has been beautifully recorded by the New Philharmonia Orchestra and the Ambrosian Opera Chorus, conducted by Georges Prêtre; the singers include Ileana Cotrubas, Jane Berbié, Michel Sénéchal, Eliane Manchet, Placido Domingo, Gabriel Bacquier, and Lyliane Guitton (Columbia M3-34207; six sides). The cast is ideal and the performance spirited. All those street cries of old Paris come through admirably, and Miss Cotrubas and Mr. Domingo sing their hearts out.

There is a new "Tosca," with Galina Vishnevskaya (in the title role), Franco Bonisolli, Matteo Manuguerra, Guido Mazzini, Antonio Zerbini, and others. Accompanying this cast are the Orchestre National de France and the Chœurs de Radio France, under the direction of Mstislav Rostropovich (Deutsche Grammophon 2707 087; four sides). This is not a very satisfactory "Tosca," I'm afraid. Though Miss Vishnevskaya brings both style and temperament to her role, and the Scarpia (Mr. Manuguerra) is good, the tenor (Mr. Bonisolli) is undistinguished, and Mr. Rostropovich's conducting is, for me, remarkably eccentric—unrelated to tradition and, most of the time, terribly slow.

Massenet's seldom performed "Le Cid" has been excellently recorded by the Opera Orchestra of New York, Eve Queler conducting, with Grace Bumbry, Placido Domingo, Paul Plishka, Eleanor Bergquist, Arnold Voketaitis, and Jake Gardner (Columbia M3 34211; six sides). It is not difficult to account for the unpopularity of "Le Cid." The opera deals with a blood-and-thunder story, uncongenial to the talents of Massenet, who was at his best in the subtle portrayal of feminine psychology. It is also a mass of clichés so overpowering that even an excellent cast cannot redeem them.

"Luisa Miller," an opera from Verdi's early middle period which has not been seen onstage very often—though it made an appearance at the Metropolitan fairly recently—has been issued



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by London (OSA 13114; six sides). The forces involved are the National Philharmonic Orchestra and the London Opera Chorus, conducted by Peter Maag, with Montserrat Caballé, Sherrill Milnes, Bonaldo Giaiotti, Luciano Pavarotti, Richard Van Allan, Anna Reynolds, and others, and they all give superb performances. "Luisa Miller" is a hearty, melodious opera, but its plot, based on Schiller's "Kabale und Liebe," is slightly ineffective.

FINALLY, a new recording of Massenet's "Thaïs" presents Beverly Sills in the title role, Sherrill Milnes and Nicolai Gedda in the other principal parts, the New Philharmonia Orchestra, and the John Alldis Choir, Lorin Maazel conducting (Angel SCLX-3832; six sides). This recording invites comparison with another recent "Thaïs," in which Anna Moffo sings the leading role (RCA ARL3-0842; six sides). Those who would sacrifice everything to beautiful singing tone will prefer the Moffo version, but Miss Sills is one of our greatest singing actresses, and her command of the dramatic inflections of the voice makes her "Thaïs" the better one, in my opinion. She is highly expressive in this recording, and Milnes is superb. Just one cavil: Mr. Maazel should stick to conducting. His performance of the famous violin solo the "Méditation," which he has undertaken in addition to his job as maestro, has a patch of poor intonation.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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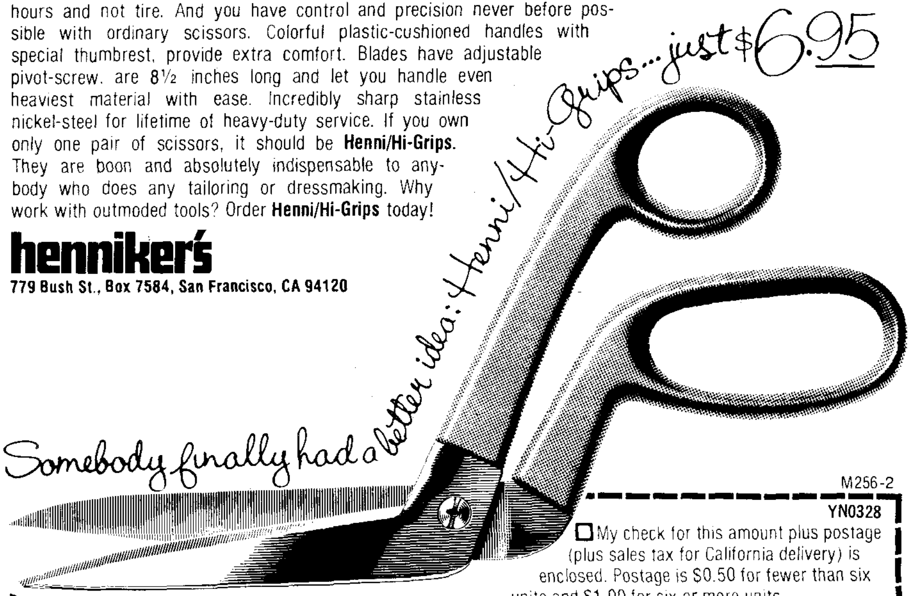
When I was ten God sent
two arrows, meant
for my eyes. Two arrows,
two capsules of snow
that shattered, so the bandage
froze to my face.
When they took it off
I was blind. Nurse,
how strange the darkness is,
not black at all but the passive
color of absence, as though one
afternoon
an image came—of autumn, of a
garden
where all color had converged to fade—
and faded and was not replaced.
I listened:
I heard voices, I heard my own voice
rising from the still
transparent body of an angel
as calmly as the wind lifts the edges
of the curtains, letting in
the measured light.

—LOUISE GLÜCK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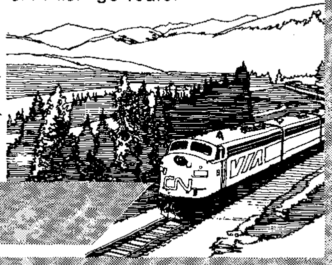

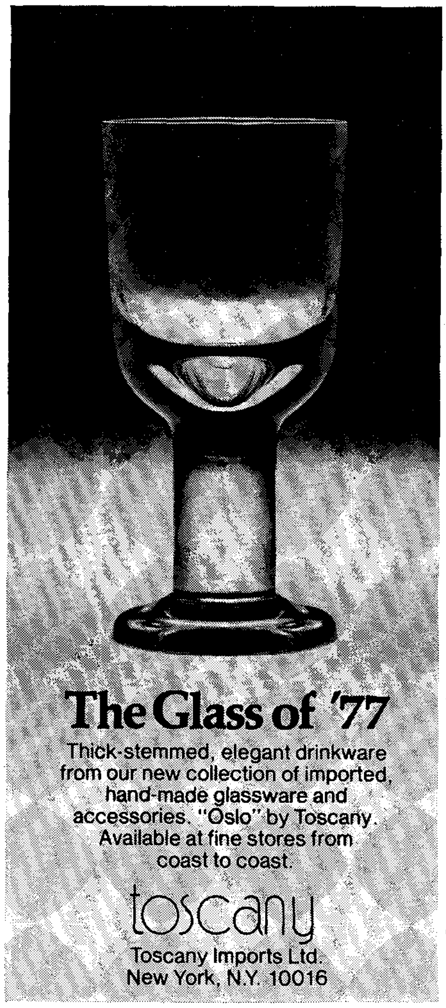

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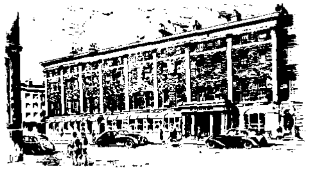

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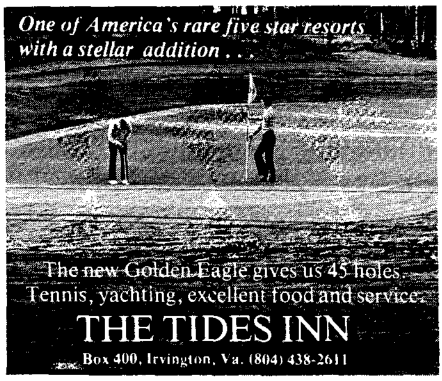

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THE RACE TRACK

Now the Flamingo

SEATTLE SLEW will go for the Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah on Saturday. He will be a very short price in the mutuels, and will no doubt race a small field headed by Coined Silver and Ruthie's Native—winners of the Florida Derby, which was run in two divisions—and containing colts put in by owners who want to see their colors up in the race. Trainers down there must still be talking, as they are at Belmont and Aqueduct, about Seattle Slew's first race of the season, a fortnight ago, which he won by nine lengths, covering seven furlongs in the sizzling time of 1:20⅗—even though he was eased up through the last furlong. Taking one thing with another, your correspondent picks Seattle Slew as the probable winner of the Flamingo. Shortly after the race, he will come to Long Island for the Wood Memorial Stakes at Aqueduct on April 23rd—his prep race for the Kentucky Derby on May 7th. I doubt if he will run in the Gotham Stakes on April 9th. A horse whose last race was at a mile and a furlong usually doesn't run at a mile the next time out.

AT about the same time the Flamingo is being run, Royal Ski, winner of five stakes and $309,704—more prize money than any other two-year-old last season—and weighted only a pound below Seattle Slew in the Experimental Free Handicap, is expected to make his first start of the season in the Bay Shore Stakes at Aqueduct. His training in Florida had been interrupted by a bout with a virus. Horsemen think that his stable could have picked a softer spot for his return, because he will meet, among others, Cormorant, to whom they give high marks on his form this winter, and Hunch, winner of the recent Swift Stakes by four lengths in 1:09⅗ (he passed the half-mile in 0:44⅕) over the all-weather track.

Sigmund Sommer and Pancho Martin, who trains Sommer's horses, continue to do all right at Aqueduct. Their Great Above, ridden by Cauthen, won the eighty-fourth running of the Toboggan Handicap last Saturday. This race used to open the spring meetings at Belmont Park, and old-timers say that, long before that, it was a star attraction at Morris Park, a track in the Bronx of which no trace remains. Cauthen, who has not ridden many stakes winners in his remarkable tally of a hundred and sixty-five victories this season, was at his best, sending his mount through a narrow opening on the rails in the stretch to beat Full Out, ridden by Cordero, by a neck. Patriot's Dream was third. An hour earlier, Cordero, on Festive Mood, had beaten Cauthen, on Sommer's Turn and Count, in a driving finish. A crowd of 28,472 was in the stands.

THERE have been two hundred and thirty-eight nominations for the Belmont Stakes on June 11th. This will be the hundred-and-ninth running of the mile-and-a-half gallop, and it seems to have attracted all the better three-year-olds (as well as some that are probably not so good). Supplementary nominations of slow developers can be made at twenty-five hundred dollars each—ten thousand dollars more if the animal starts.

AS you know, there was no racing in Maryland last week. The pari-mutuel clerks and other employees of Bowie Race Course—including the jockeys' valets and the starting-gate crew—struck over a new contract. The walkout continued through the end of the meeting last Saturday, and the $100,000 John B. Campbell Handicap was not run. Pimlico, which was also involved in the contract negotiations, didn't open on Monday as scheduled. It is expected, however, that an agreement will be reached before the running of the Preakness Stakes there on May 21st.

—AUDAX MINOR

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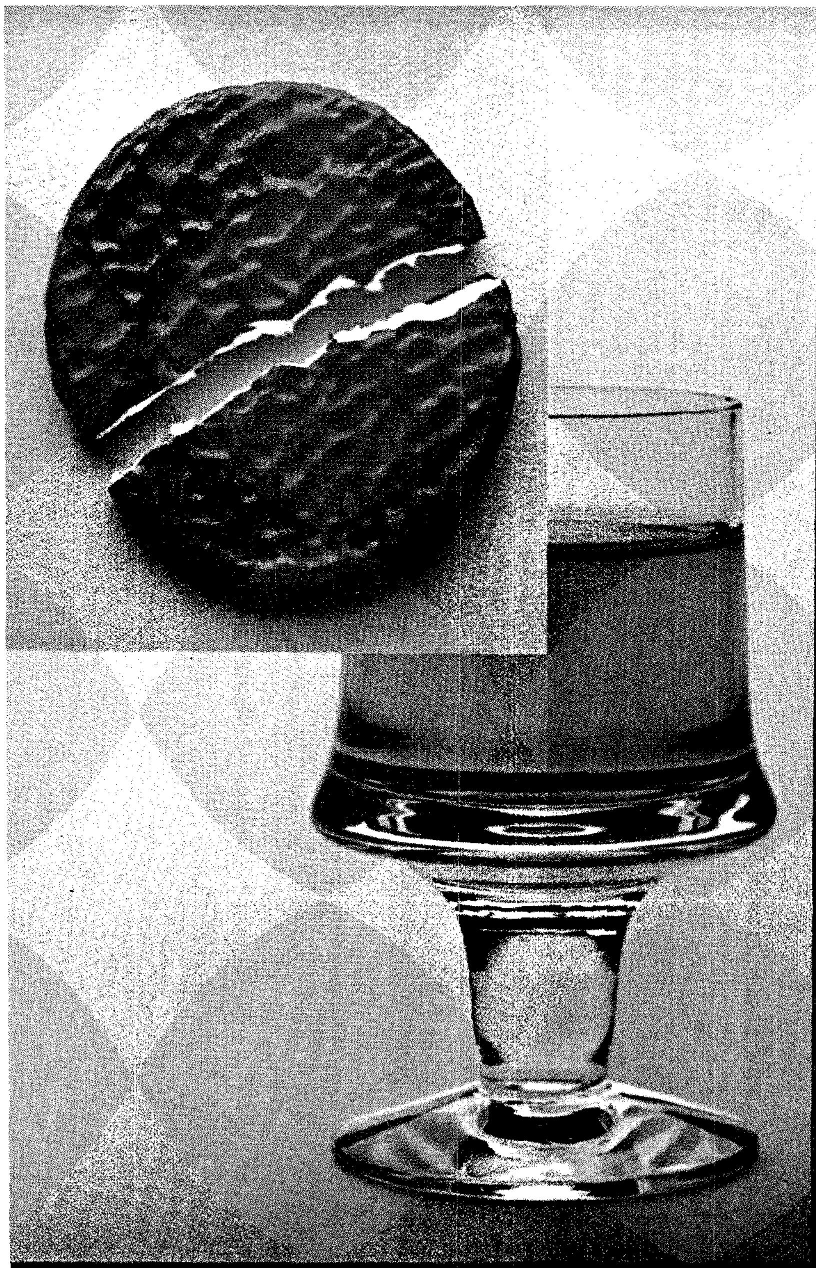

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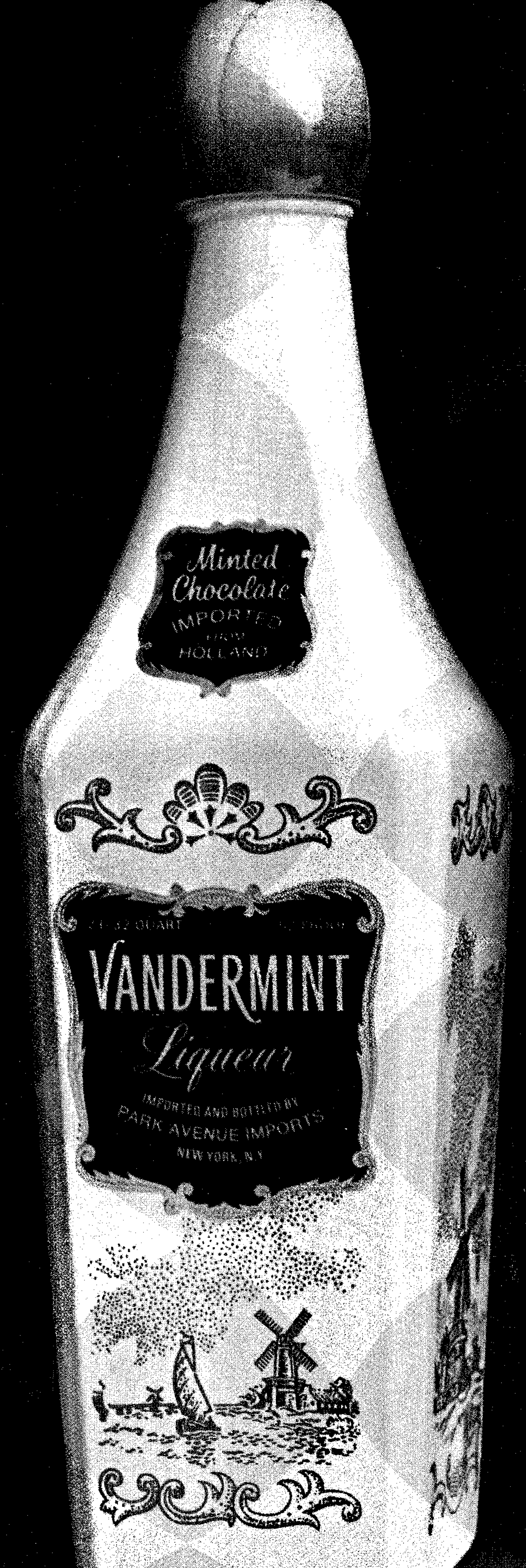
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DANCING

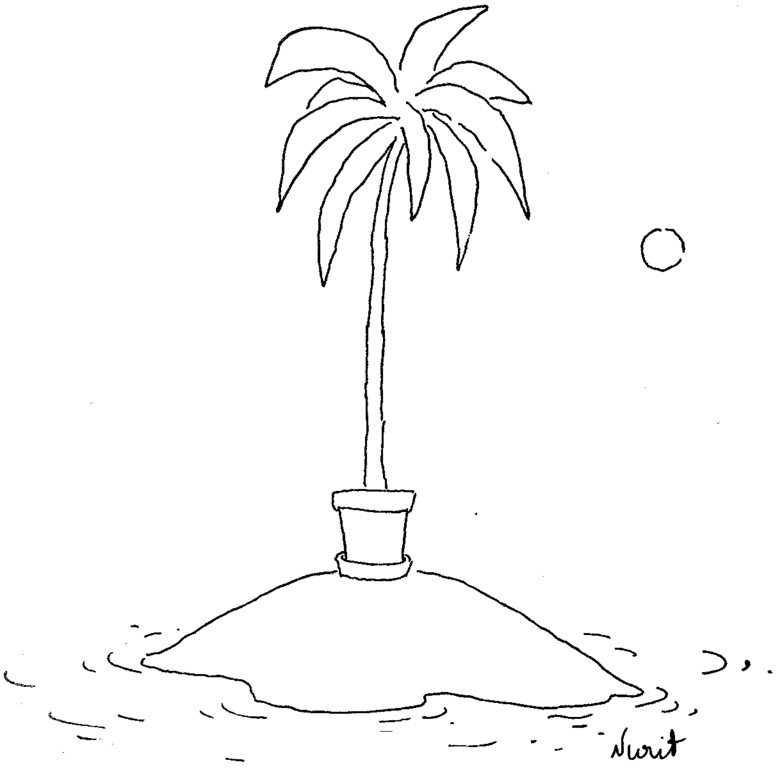
Rudner's Turn

SOLO recitals used to be a series of numbers with intermissions, costume changes, and stage waits while the pianist played Scarlatti or Chopin. Now they're more likely to consist of uninterrupted dancing, with the soloist scarcely pausing to take a breath. At her first New York recital, a year ago, Sara Rudner danced for an hour in white sneakers and a black-and-white pants ensemble over red leotard and tights. She didn't unlayer as she went along, though she did stop periodically to towel off. At this year's recital, performed to an overflow crowd at the Cunningham studio, she wore one less garment and was all in black except for the white sneakers. As before, there was no music, and the audience held on to the silence even when she took a refreshment break. Rudner is our champion marathon soloist. She dances the way she dresses—ascetically yet with lots of baggage. When she appears in one of her compound practice kits, it's almost a prefiguration of the program she's going to lay before you: units of closely integrated sequences that develop a rare intricacy of expression and bit by bit make up a picture.

The picture is of Sara Rudner dancing. She does not compose an independent structure, like a choreographer; she refines a procedure or solves a problem, like a soloist. Passionately absorbed in detail, she succeeds in absorbing her audience. Together, we grow ever more fastidious, ever more entranced. Although her technique is not dramatically expressive, it is, I think, innately musical, and I wonder whether these exercise-tasks that she sets for herself, with their unpredictable yet consistently taut rhythm, were not originally organized to music. Each movement—for example, a wonderfully slow backward bend from the knees while holding a high relevé—takes the time it needs to happen in, but she never seems to be moving ad lib or to be relying purely on physical rhythm in moving from one phrase to another. Nor does she limit herself to habitual or idiosyncratic gestures. Two of my favorite Rudnerisms are appearing less and less often. One is the turned-in spraddling jump; the other is that hot-foot dance—three or four lightning shifts of weight in wide plié on dithering toes—which she often accompanies with rapid headshakes. These unique items, as well as a small repertory of spinal shudders and pelvic flips, have found their way into some of Twyla Tharp's ballets. (Rudner, one of the first members of the Tharp company, will rejoin it as a guest artist in May.) The spinal undulations, minutely controlled down to the last vertebra and spaced like waves of the sea, are very special Rudner specialties; she now does them lying prone or supine and sometimes while inching along the floor. Many of the things Rudner does, humorous or sexy in themselves, would be impossible to perform as straight formal exercises without the delicate adjustments that her great dynamic versatility makes possible. She is an acrobat of dynamics. But then she is an unusually gifted dancer in many respects.

Rudner's greatest fascination, for me, lies not in her extremes but in the liveliness and fluency of her middle range. Last year's solo concert was more exciting in its catholicity than this year's, which became at times a little hairsplittingly precious. When I close my eyes and think of Sara Rudner in action, I don't "see" her separating her spine from her stomach, I see that whole area as a continuing focus of interest in her moves through space. Rudner is extraordinarily well placed, with a high center of gravity and sturdy, articulate thighs. One thinks of her as a "seated" dancer. One thinks, too, of her collected weight in transitions, her punctual one-piece arrivals in finishing steps and poses. She has presence in the most physical sense of the term: she's always entirely and unreservedly *there*, a solidly filled silhouette when seen from a distance, a compactly energized figure, palpably primed and brimming, when seen at eye level. Her medium build, fair proportions, rounded limbs, and full head of curly black hair harmonize by nature, and the beauty of her line completes what nature begins. It's an elastic line, with so much inside stretch that it doesn't need to be seconded by outside reach. That kind of line has its counterparts in the ballet world, but only on the highest levels.

A week after last month's solo, Rudner gave one performance of another set of dances at Roundabout Stage One and repeated the set twice at the Cunningham studio. Billed as "November Duets/Molly's Suite," these dances incorporated some of the material from the solo and added a few new ideas. Music, for one. Peggy Stern, a jazz pianist, played for Rudner and her partner, Wendy Rogers, who wore twin congeries of silk lounging pajamas, sarongs, leotards, shorts, and pullovers—a different combination for every dance. Rogers shadowed Rudner faithfully and well, but the material was arranged for the most part as double solos rather than as duets, and it was Rudner I watched. Apart from her, the piece has no life, yet of the various non-solo attempts at choreography which she has made in recent years I found it the most watchable. The variations in dynamics were remarkable. There was one amusing "anti-dynamics" number that was done sitting in chairs. The dancers shot up an arm or kicked a leg in equalized robotlike accents as Miss Stern played "Darn That Dream." And there was a real duet at the end—a rousing take-off on the Lindy with Siamese-twin convolu-



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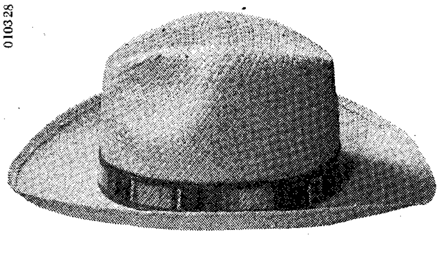

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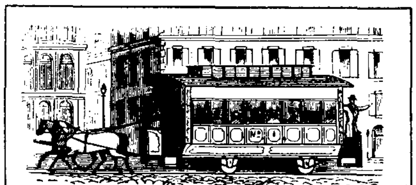
tions, danced to "Toot, Toot, Tootsie." At the second repeat performance, Rudner was dancing more wonderfully than I had ever seen her. One step, typical of the sudden contrasts she likes to use, was a flop forward with taffy knees (like Petrouchka) which then lifted and transformed itself into a taut attitude balance. That attitude was as flawless as its appearance was sudden. Ideally, I like to see Rudner among her peers and dancing true choreography. Dancing the phone book, as she does when she's on her own or with lesser dancers, she's still a unique object of contemplation, as satisfyingly smooth and perfect of form and color as a brown egg.

TWO companies also appeared on the Roundabout program: Rachel Lampert and Dancers, and Senta Driver's group, Harry. Rachel Lampert is a mama-doll-size girl who looks like a young Ruth Gordon and who practices a dying genre—the theatrical anecdote, or revue sketch. "Issue" is a domestic vignette built on two types of old-time adagio act—the one that had an extra person trying to join in and the apache dance, where the partners beat each other up. A bourgeois couple waltzes decorously with violent interjections; Lampert is the child they ignore. Later, as they go into their apache routine, we hear them quarrelling over the still decorous strains of the waltz. Meanwhile, appearing to step out of character, Lampert tells us how when she was five she used to devise stratagems—which she then demonstrates—to exorcise an imaginary household monster. At the fade-out, having tried exorcism one more time, she's humming and waltzing by herself. The association between the parents and the monster is made without being forced, the comedy of the dancing is well done, and though the sentiment isn't fresh, it isn't false. "Home," a baseball number, starts with some motifs that abstractly resemble bat-swinging and ball-throwing, and develops into a real Moiseyev-style game. There isn't much to see in this piece besides its gimmick, and I found the setting to Haydn disrespectful rather than irreverent. Judging by frequency of performance, "Home" is Lampert's most popular piece. The other things of hers that I have seen have had degrees of brightness and opportunism which are mutually annihilating, but because so few of her contemporaries are even half as good a judge of the audience's ticklability as she is, I think she'll go far.

As for Miss Driver, she has already



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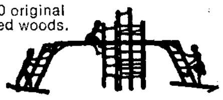

gone far in a much less anachronistic style. Philosophically balanced on the remains of avant-garde experimentation, she creates out of perplexity. Her satire is very much *en famille*, but she can keep an audience guessing what she's up to and interested in the possibility that she may be up to nothing at all.

ELIOT FELD's new "folk" ballet, "A Footstep of Air," is conventionally arms akimbo and ho-ho, but, like Miss Lampert, Feld knows a cute trick or two. The Shepherd of "Behold, My Love" scrapes dung off his heel, and the Sally of "Sally in Our Alley" is a maniacal Coppélia. The folk songs, all Irish or Scottish, were arranged by Beethoven and then rearranged for Feld by Sol Berkowitz. Perhaps when Feld gets out of the City Center, where he has a full orchestra, and back to the Public Theatre, he'll revert to Beethoven's scoring, but that wouldn't make the piece more agreeable to see. The cuteness is only part of the problem. Feld's tight, repetitious choreography squeezes the breath out of the songs. One number, toward the end, for the male corps was expansive and free. The applause, bountiful throughout the piece but especially enthusiastic here, showed that the audience had caught the difference. Feld's own solo, as a dotty Prince Charlie, hit the audience in the same way. It may be because he can't consistently project his personal timing onto the company that Feld is driven to overchoreograph and overdrill. In any case, he certainly produces the most joyless romps.

"Variations on 'America'" is also joyless, and it's *under*choreographed. Here Feld, with the powers of Mikhail Baryshnikov at his disposal, selects the corny variations that Charles Ives did on the patriotic hymn and has the great dancer perform highlights from the "Don Quixote" pas de deux dressed as Captain America. Christine Sarry is in there being tossed around, and Feld adds comical touches: salutes sliding to a nose thumb, Indian wah-wah pantomime, and worse. It could have been the biggest throwaway in dance history, but big throwaways take big choreographers. All Feld has is a big dancer. —ARLENE CROCE

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"FORCE—it's the only way. Guns, hostages, blackmail," says an anarchist to the heroine of Rainer Werner Fassbinder's "Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven," talking to her, at the end of the film, about means of getting the German public to recognize what in truth happened to her dead gentle factory-worker husband. The husband has been represented by a magazine as a lout who in a fit of mania murdered a fellow-worker and then killed himself, and she desperately wants the record corrected. But a gun isn't the way to do it, she knows.

"It sure would start people thinking," says the anarchist.

"You can't blackmail people to do that," replies the woman, in her soft and stoic way, making one of the tonic points of all Fassbinder's films. He isn't a man to force an audience to ponder by planting a pistol in its ribs.

The prodigiously productive director, born in 1945, has already made and written close to thirty films in a career of ten years, and has also acted, directed his own theatre company, and worked in TV and radio. "Mother Küsters" was made in 1975. At the start of the film, we see Mother Küsters working at a Frankfurt kitchen table. She might be peeling onions. *Kinder, Küche, und Kirche.* But the West German economic miracle has happened, so this modest, quail-shaped woman is not slicing vegetables or rocking a baby but keeping the economy going. Screws are being put into endless numbers of identical electrical parts. Piecework at its worst. Yet Mother Küsters brings to it her own placid bonhomie. Woman's work is here, implies this far from ordinary housewife with a characteristic suppressed merriment—though her output fell by a hundred the week before, which mildly depresses her. Mother Küsters is played by Brigitte Mira, one of Fassbinder's regular acting troupe. She has a face that looks as if it were made of melting tallow, the brisk walk of the plump, and interested eyes. She regards electricity with less fellow-feeling than she would have for *Apfelstrudel*, or even for her smugly pregnant daughter-in-law, Helene (Irm Hermann). For a woman like Mother Küsters, dealing with electricity is like living in a cold-storage room, though a warm draft blows in when members of her family enter and take over some of the work from her while they talk to her, as naturally as though she were making a cake and they were beating the eggs. Her son Ernst has always wanted to be a builder. Oh, to build something, instead of fitting screws into plugs for Lord knows whose offices or houses. *Ach!* Well, on with the pile. A radio in the kitchen reports that a man in a chemical plant has run amok, killed the boss's son, and then killed himself by throwing himself into the machinery.

A man comes to the front door, a factory colleague, and tells Mother Küsters that the man was her husband. She can't take it in. Her Hermann was never a violent man. All he did was say, sometimes, "We're not getting any younger." Her face trembling, she telephones her daughter Corinna (Ingrid Caven), who is working in a far-off night club as a cheap chanteuse. The manager of the club doesn't give a damn about the news. He slouches. "Who has any family nowadays?" he says. Fassbinder deals in a particular kind of sullen nonchalance about crisis. The girl's face, apparently made up with sable eyelashes and strawberry jam, looks like a child's at a party that has gone wrong.

Once the story of the factory murder is out—interpreted by the boss class as mutinous, by the left as revolutionary—reporters are ravenous for gossip. The pregnant daughter-in-law gloats over the attention paid to her. One of the journalists (Gottfried John) promises a sympathetic story but publishes a monstrosity of sensationalism, having won Corinna into his bed by assuring her of fame from his account of her father's brainstorm.

So: On one side, the West German miracle. On the other, the Thälmanns (Karl-Heinz Böhm and Margit Carstensen), very elegant Communists, whose manners remind them to offer their condolences. They are genuinely kind and dangerously naïve. When the officious daughter-in-law moves herself and her husband out of Mother Küsters' apartment, after answering want ads on her mother-in-law's telephone, Mother Küsters finds friendship with the Thälmanns and goes to speak at one of their Communist meetings. The occasion is full not of rabid politickers but of quiet-faced kids in jeans and placidly married couples. We might be at a church social, with the Thälmanns there as the local lord and lady of the manor. It is all gracious, affectionate, imperturbable. Hermann Küsters knew

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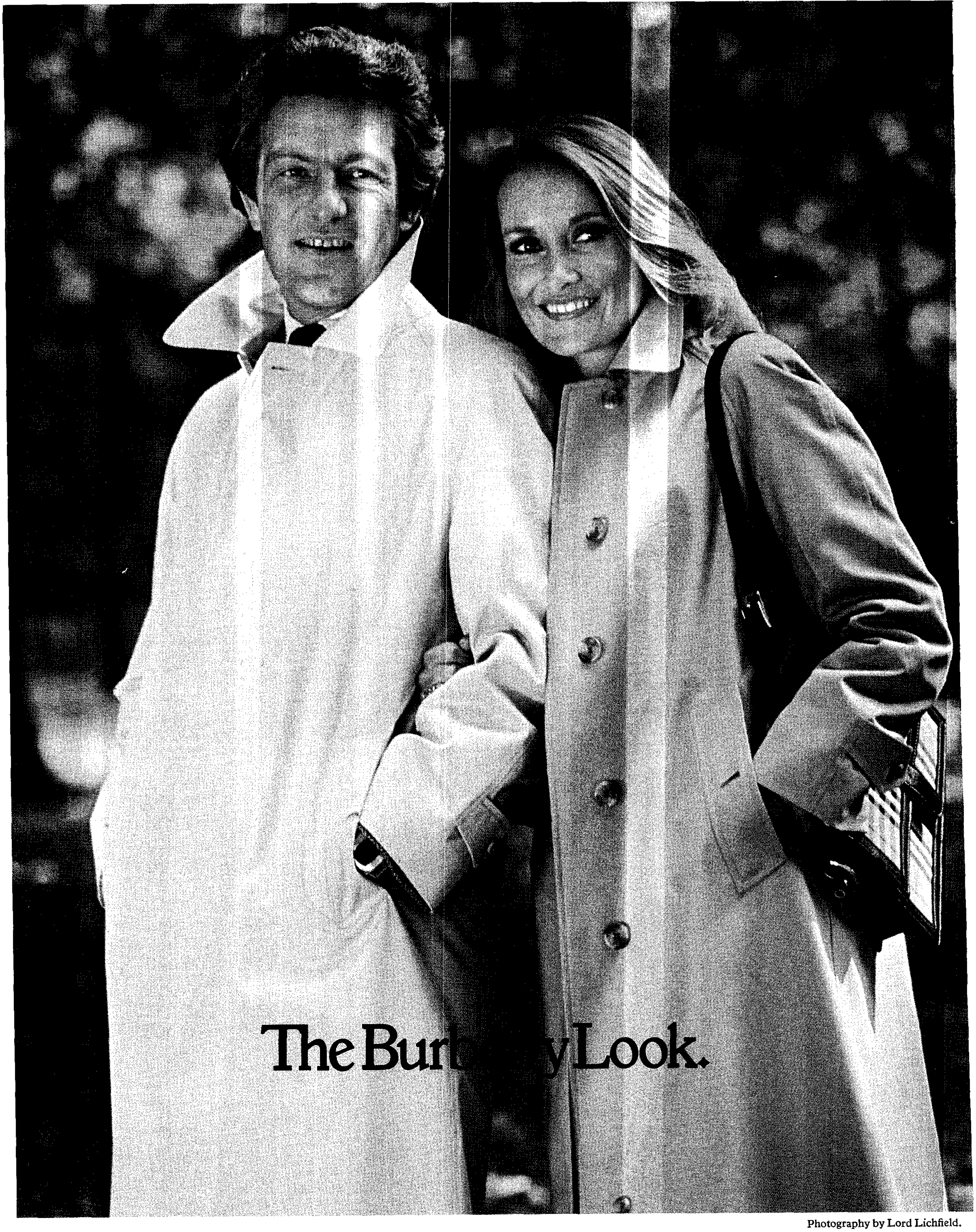
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that there had to be change, but he effected change in the wrong *way*, says Herr Thälmann with vehement banality. Good point, agrees the audience.

A little later, the anarchist advocate of guns proposes to Mother Küsters a sit-in with him and his group—a group consisting of one subdued-looking member—in the offices of the magazine that published the sensational article about Hermann Küsters. She agrees. By closing time, the sitting militants have got hungry and quit. Mother Küsters stays on, out of her depth but staunch. It is the night watchman who eventually gets her to move. After all, he says, she can come back tomorrow morning to go on with her all-night vigil, and tomorrow, and tomorrow. Meanwhile, he offers a dinner menu of "heaven and earth"—sausage and apple dumplings. Responding to the first practical offer she has had in many a long day—much more sound than the Communists' or the anarchist's—she gets up from the floor, uncrossing her black-stockinged legs, which must have gone to sleep, and leaves the deserted and foodless revolutionary picnic place.

As West Germany is torn down and rebuilt, so the wreck of Mother Küsters' life is propped up for an evening by the night watchman—a widower—who has offered her the heaven and earth. Food is not heaven, but the watchman's is probably nearer to it than anything else that has happened to her recently; the Communists' courtesy was hardly manna.

"Mother Küsters" is full of a skeptical comedy that is very much Fassbinder's. His early films were greatly influenced by American gangster movies; like Godard's, though, they implant doubt. His abiding theme is the person who wishes that he had made something of his life which he never did. Mother Küsters has this wish and discerns it in others. She even seems to have sympathy for her daughter-in-law's paltry tight-little-family goals. Mother Küsters is a noble woman. Who is to say how much passion was expended in all those hours of putting together electric plugs with a screwdriver? People suffer most because they can't express grief.

The film—written by Fassbinder and Kurt Raab, longtime actor and designer with Fassbinder's group—is like Brecht's plays and poems in declining open sensibility, but all the same its coinage is care for people, with a guttersnipe wit about the self-deceptions that slaughter intent. Probably the journalist is not so bad a man as he seems, but he is doing something lethal to Mother Küsters by getting her to reënact phony scenes of cooking and bedmaking for his camera, because he is getting her to create a replica of the same dulled life that made her husband go berserk, and coming nowhere near the truth of what made them love each other. And probably the well-bred Communists truly mean to be kind; but one of the most touching scenes in this pungent political comedy is an overhead shot of Mother Küsters alone in their cultivated drawing room, automatically taking the stiff-backed, armless chair beside the big armchair that belongs to the master. The shot is precise, unstressed, troubling. The film has a melodramatic plot, but it is no melodrama. Any work of fiction is beyond melodrama when its logic is clear and large enough. The picture tells us that rhetoric is no escape; that a guru-disciple relationship between sexes or classes is damned; that primitivism of expression—losing one's mind, having a tantrum, using emotional bribery—makes savages of us all; that, since no film artist would hand you the keys to character, the only thing to watch is outward conduct. Mother Küsters does not, of course, go to heaven, as the title bitterly states. But she has made the best choice with her sausage and dumplings, and to have choice is, indeed, a sort of heaven on earth. The Communists were not the answer: they were hilariously hemmed in by their inherited classiness, and someone less lonely than Mother Küsters would have broken down their well-bred walls to find out what they really felt. The anarchist was not the answer, either: he seemed made for the oddly baleful fête champêtre of the magazine-office sit-in. And the pugnacious pregnancy of Mother Küsters' daughter-in-law was certainly not the answer: no new way of life was going to be born from that. The film, like Fassbinder's "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant," has sins of hypocrisy on its mind: play-acted phone calls, plagiarized sensitivity. Fassbinder's style paradoxically makes an ideal of theatricality rather than of naturalism. In his attitude toward his characters, he is like a burglarious child shaking a piggy bank to get out the hoard: rattling them upside down and from side to side to try to get the truth out of them.

FASSBINDER is the wunderkind of German cinema, born in Bavaria of a doctor father and a translator mother. He went to drama school, and calls

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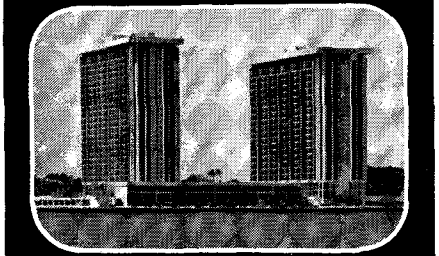

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himself an autodidact apart from this apprenticeship as an actor. His first feature film was titled "Love Is Colder Than Death" (1969). Again and again, at febrile speed, he has explored the "Mother Küsters" theme of the withering of emotion between people living together, forcing them to exist in a way that fragments their spirits and often ends in death. Setting his films in contemporary Munich and Frankfurt, where new and uncertain buildings are going up on bombed sites, he generally uses as his décor the houses and wallpapers and knickknacks of the petit bourgeois. Though there is a lot of Brecht in him, perhaps it is not as much as he would like: Brecht was confirmed in his sardonic nonbelief, and one has the feeling that Fassbinder is hectically looking for what not to believe in. Certainly the answer for him doesn't lie in investigating his own grand-bourgeois family background. It is part of his poet's nature that he has jumped over his own shadow.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

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Rupert, Hoover. *Where Is Thy Sting?* Nashville: Graded Press, 1969. A study book in the United Methodist adult curriculum with helpful teaching-learning suggestions to provoke discussion or death.

—*"The Abingdon Funeral Manual," by Perry H. Biddle, Jr.*

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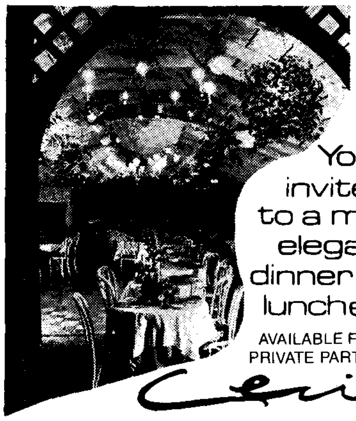

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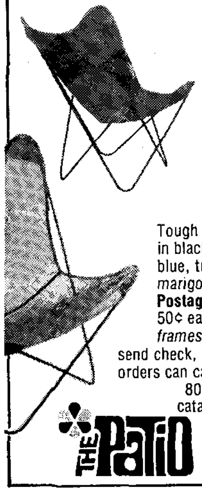

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BOOKS

The Personal Touch

ADVANCES in intimacy since the time of Cheops have led many to face themselves at the typewriter who would otherwise have buried their egos in the faceless drudgery of third-person narration, moral philosophy, or vegetable gardening. Particularly encouraging to writers was the discovery of the power of the pronoun "I" to ease the reader into a confidential relationship from which it was impossible to escape without feeling rude. Writers have never been quicker than they are today to test the reader's manners with expressions of their hopes, fears, dreams, and domestic arrangements, or the hopes, fears, dreams, and domestic arrangements of fictional first persons not unlike themselves (to judge from the pinup shots and capsule biographies on their book jackets). The personal touch can be found in works of fiction and fact, adding warmth to accounts of mystical visions or of the inevitable pomp of public life, generating sympathy for wayward heroes and heroines, exerting a tenderizing influence on the most uncompromising polemics. (I have in mind here a book called "Our Blood," by Andrea Dworkin—a collection of fierce exhortations to revolutionary feminist action which starts out with "I want to tell you something about my mother. Her name is Sylvia.")

What I am leading up to, if not, in truth, trying to avoid, is the confession that I have spent the past month in the company of seven women writers without coming to a single general conclusion about women writers. In fact, I was struck by their differences, although not so that I want to go into them. What did catch my fancy was their unanimous attention to certain personal matters, and I have prepared a dialogue to illustrate this, using the authors' own words. First, I'd better introduce you:

Andrea Dworkin, "Our Blood: Prophecies and Discourses on Sexual Politics" (Harper & Row).

Betty Friedan, "It Changed My Life: Writings on the Women's Movement" (Random House).

Barbara Marx Hubbard, "The Hunger of Eve: A Woman's Odyssey Toward the Future" (Stackpole).

Colette Dowling, "How to Love a Member of the Opposite Sex: A Memoir" (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan).

Suzanne Brøgger, "Deliver Us from Love: A Radical Feminist Speaks Out," translated from the Danish by Thomas Teal (Delacorte).

Anne Roiphe, "Torch Song: A Novel" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux).

Gael Greene, "Blue Skies, No Candy" (Morrow).

(Gael Greene's book, although unlabelled, is a novel. Its heroine's name is Kate. The heroine of Anne Roiphe's novel is Marjorie.)

ANDREA: I want to tell you something about my mother. Her name is Sylvia.

BARBARA: My earliest memory is of standing in a crib, angry, clutching the bars to keep from falling. I had been put to bed early.

COLETTE: I was quite young when I first experienced moments of sorrow at the thought of my mother and her lot in life.

KATE: I am remembering my mother at forty, how dry and fussy and finished she seemed to me, her pale blond hair pulled into a beyond-style French twist, the perfect transparent skin stretched over high cheekbones.

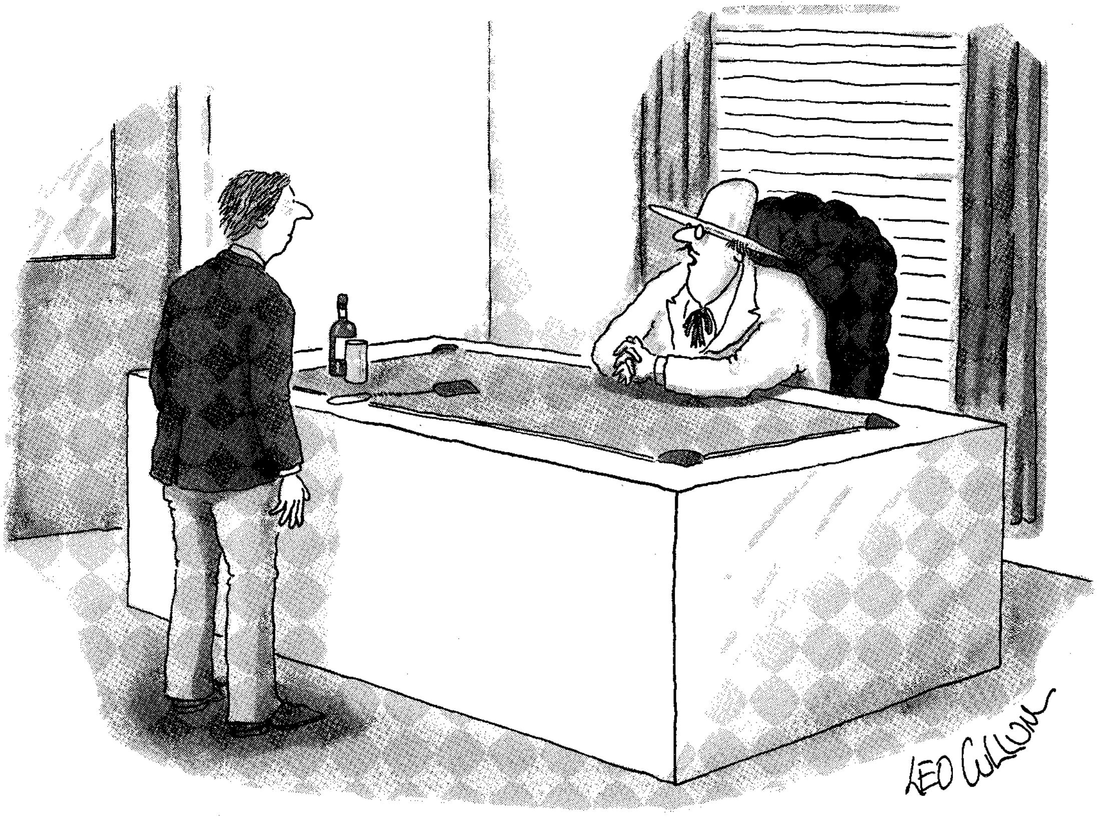
BETTY: That night my mother, who is seventy-three, drives from her retirement village in Laguna Hills to meet me at the NOW convention. Her third husband died last year.

MARJORIE: My mother would not have been pleased that I was spending my nights in the White Horse with drifters and multicolored outlaws who sneered and joked at the very things she held most sacred.

SUZANNE: My own despair about the nuclear family is based "merely" on the fact that

1. I spent my childhood in an unhappy family.
2. Both of my parents came from unhappy families.
3. The families of my parents' friends were unhappy.
4. Most of my own friends' families are unhappy.

BARBARA: My father, a toy manufacturer, was a strong, vital, successful, self-made man. I was secure in his love. I can still remember the aro-



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ma of his cigar, the excitement of being taken to opening nights at the theatre, sledding in Central Park . . .

Marjorie: My father was not a happy man. He had migraine headaches once or twice a month, and sometimes, sitting outside the closed door to his room, I could hear him scream as if his brain were being torn apart by a pack of vicious dogs.

Betty: My father, who loved me, saw in me the dreams that circumstance did *not* let him realize himself. His armor against the pain a man can't admit he suffers doomed him to early death, but he could not bear my pain as a woman.

Suzanne: I don't say that all fathers and mothers are worthless.

Colette: My father is tall, over six feet two inches, and thin, with pale-blue eyes and fine, crinkly skin on the backs of his hands like my own.

Andrea: My father made his children his art, and he devoted himself to nurturing those children so that they would become whatever they could become.

Kate: Daddy so handsome and clearly bored peering into the backs of people's eyes, into their brains, cutting out of his office, fleeing the dilated pupils and clouded retinas at four o'clock, to sit motionless in a marsh or lightly wooded field watching an anthill, taming a chipmunk, *writing angry poems* full of blood images and violence.

Betty: D. H. Lawrence, in "Women in Love," got the whole dynamic right—

Kate: I am reading Joyce Carol Oates in paperback, "Marriages and Infidelities." I am suddenly struck by the lush femaleness of so many words: silk, ripe, peach, open, full, creamy, bloom, wanton.

Barbara: When I first read Genesis in my youth, I was on Eve's side.

Colette: I remember so vividly the opening of "The Golden Notebook." Two women, friends, savoring the sensual perfection of strawberries in season and thick cream in pure white bowls.

Marjorie: We had read Mann's "Doctor Faustus" and I understood that the artist was connected, twinned to the demonic part of Jim, the drinker, the lunatic who sometimes stood in a corner waving his hands before his unseeing eyes (a gesture I noticed years later in blind children who have retreated from human contact), who complained of a restlessness nothing could ease but sufficient booze and sometimes the sexual practices that I knew belonged in a case history and yet accepted as a normal routine of my life.

Suzanne: But for me, the most crucial part of Moscovici's book was his theory of the incest taboo as the original discriminatory mechanism in sexual relations, and as the basic prerequisite for both social inequality and male domination of women—the incest prohibition as the pillar of patriarchy.

Andrea: I ask myself, what did I learn from all those books I read as I was growing up? Did I learn anything *real or true about women?*

Betty: I keep getting asked "Why did you write 'The Feminine Mystique'?" and "What happened in your life that made you start the women's movement?" and I never knew how to answer.

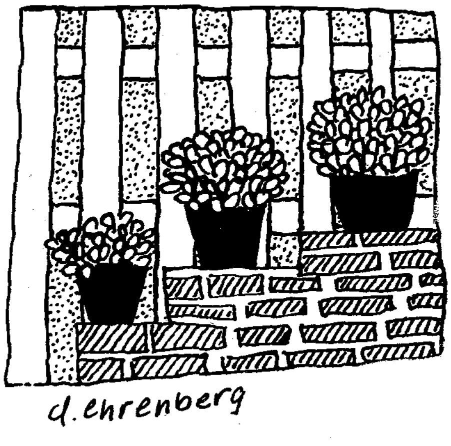
Suzanne: I once wrote an article called "Let Us Abolish Private Life"—and I still think it's a good idea, even though I never dreamed that one of the daily papers would run right over and abolish mine.

Colette: I think I should tell you that writing on that subject—women's preoccupation with the quality of their sex lives—wasn't a natural step in my progression as a writer but one that took a strained surge of rebellious energy.

Kate: He's gone now to do some bubblegum rock for iced tea in a can *and I can lie here bruised and fragile* till the flesh heat ebbs and the compulsive writer's ego reaccelerates the motor of my mind.

Barbara: *In a flash of excitement* I decided to start my own publication. I would find people all over the world who had the joy inside, write to them, ask their ideas about the next step for the future good, and offer to publish excerpts of their thoughts in *The Center Letter*, to share with others on the same frontier.

Andrea: It happened sometime after I left my husband, when I was living in poverty and great emotional distress. It happened slowly, little by little.



A week after I left my ex-husband I started my book, the book which is now called "Woman Hating."

MARJORIE: If love could redeem his suffering and release the wellspring of his talent, I would provide it. It was all I wanted for myself, to be the greenhouse in which the orchid, the cross-bred, prize-winning, original orchid could grow to full magnificence.

COLETTE: At first it disturbed me, seeing the woman in him. Partly it was his hair, so long and soft and flowing I liked to put my face in it.

KATE: Now his face is more familiar, warm strong square face with grey-green eyes and a soft mouth, maybe vulnerable, or perhaps, simply sensual, and those baby fine ash-blond ringlets . . .

BARBARA: He had a large, aristocratic head, with thick, curly, dark hair, and full lips.

MARJORIE: His long blond hair reached down his neck. He looked partly like a jazz musician, partly like an eighteenth-century composer. He was complicated, anguished, and absolutely articulate.

SUZANNE: He had a short, slightly rumpled, cinnamon wig, big cinnamon lips, large cinnamon fingernails on a pair of powerful fists, and a little, light-blue summer dress with puffed sleeves, ruffles, and a crinoline. I couldn't help thinking that transvestites are always twenty years behind the fashion.

ANDREA: I am speaking here of a sensual passion as deep and mysterious as the sea, as strong and still as the mountain, as insistent and changing as the wind.

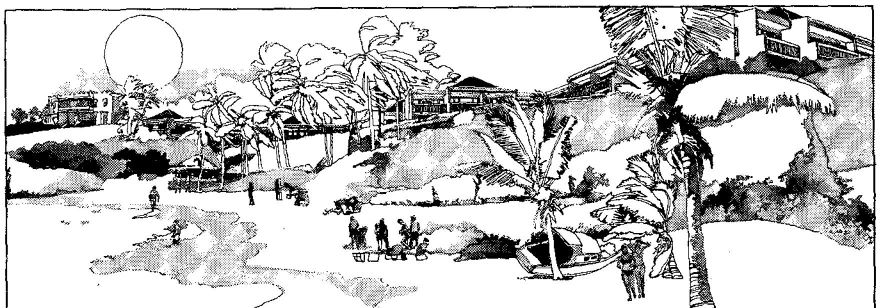
BETTY: I would not want to deny the importance of sex in its mysterious reality.

MARJORIE: I even began to be disgusted with myself and to think seriously of leaving Jim. But he beat me to it.

COLETTE: I cannot move now. I live on the hot, dry plain of self-knowledge, unable even to sweat. But I will commit myself to this: to my need to be loved and loving, abundantly as the earth needs rain.

KATE: I suppose this is how I will function if they ever announce the world is about to end. A quick trip to M. Marc for a comb-out. A few minutes of indecision at the closet. Shall I be tailored and elegant or soft, monochromatic or subtly sexy, irrepressibly earthy?

SUZANNE: The problem is, how shall all those of us who are stuck with the



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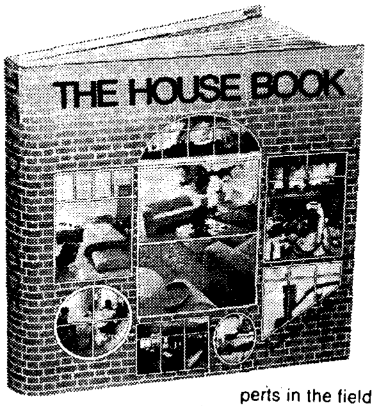

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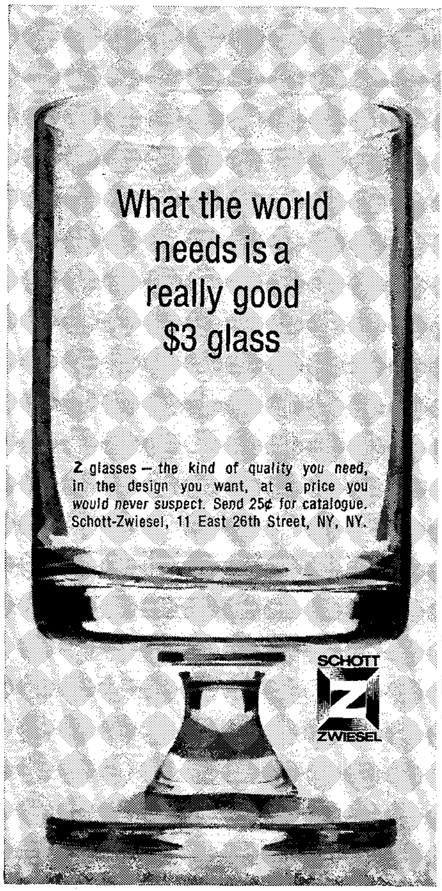

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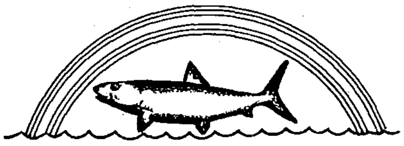

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standard clichés—feminine/masculine, subordinate/dominant, masochistic/sadistic—ever adapt to a less prurient but more desirable and ideal and egalitarian world?

BETTY: And, I think to myself, do I really want to run for the Senate?

BARBARA: It came over me with a wave of certainty from within that I should run for the presidency of the United States in 1976.

ANDREA: What are we to think?

—SUSAN LARDNER

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

SHACKLETON'S BOAT JOURNEY, by F. A. Worsley, with an introduction by Sir Edmund Hillary (Norton). Sir Ernest Shackleton (1874-1922) was one of the most indomitable and, in some ways, the most luckless of the Antarctic explorers of the early twentieth century, and this remarkable book—a first-hand account of his 1914-16 expedition—shows him both luckless and lucky, and supremely cool and courageous throughout. The expedition had as its goal the crossing of the land mass of Antarctica, but it was almost at once a disaster. Shackleton's ship was trapped in ice before it even reached the continent, drifted with the ice pack for almost a year, then was crushed and sank. The party (twenty-eight men in all) trekked across the frozen Weddell Sea, dragging three small boats, to the northern edge of the ice, and sailed for about a hundred miles to a landing on barren, glacial Elephant Island. It was from there, in an attempt to get help, that the boat journey of the title began. Worsley (1872-1943) was the captain of Shackleton's ship, and his book, now published in this country for the first time, is an amplification of a journal that he incredibly managed to keep. The boat journey, undertaken by Shackleton, Worsley, and four others (while the rest remained on the ice-and-cobblestone Elephant Island beach), was a passage of some eight hundred miles at the beginning of winter in a twenty-two-foot sailboat to South Georgia Island, the nearest inhabited land within reach; this was followed by a forty-mile climb over mountains and glaciers (and a plunge down a waterfall) to the island's only settlement. Worsley writes without heroics (he errs, if at all, on the side of jocular understatement), but he makes us

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feel to our marrow the sub-zero cold, the endless soaking wet, the hunger and thirst, the stink and misery, the winds that ranged from gale to hurricane, the constant danger that the party endured before all hands were rescued. Hillary, in his introduction, seems to speak no more than the truth when he remarks, "I wonder how our 'hard men' of today, with their fancy equipment and 'instant rescue' by radio and helicopter, would have survived under such conditions. Danger is one thing, but danger plus extreme discomfort for long periods is quite another." It should be added that Worsley emerges from his narrative every inch as stalwart a man as the leader he revered. Photographs and maps.

THE INTERNATIONAL MONETARY SYSTEM, 1945-1976: AN INSIDER'S VIEW, by Robert Solomon (Harper & Row). As the Federal Reserve System's specialist in international affairs, the author has first-hand knowledge of his subject, and he is frank, sensible, and practical. He is alert to the ways that domestic political considerations affect every nation's foreign economic policy, and his account of wrangles, imbalances, uncertainties, and adjustments is not only lucid but open. In 1945, the United States, guilty over its past economic isolationism, took on the job of monetary overseer to the world—a role no longer necessary by about 1960. The world, however, remains ambivalent: France, for example, wages monetary war on the United States in full confidence that whenever the franc is in trouble the United States will come to the rescue. (It has.) Overall, though, this is a record of success: the degree of international economic coöperation among the hundred and twenty-nine members of the International Monetary Fund is unparalleled in history.

EXODUSTERS: BLACK MIGRATION TO KANSAS AFTER RECONSTRUCTION, by Nell Irvin Painter (Knopf). This work of black history tells of the mass flight to freedom from several Deep South states after it became apparent that Southern whites would not accept emancipation. Professor Painter (history; University of Pennsylvania) describes the widespread violence that kept blacks in the Deep South from running for office, from voting Republican—from voting at all—from merely questioning their landlords' accounts. The author tells of black leaders, who, frequently

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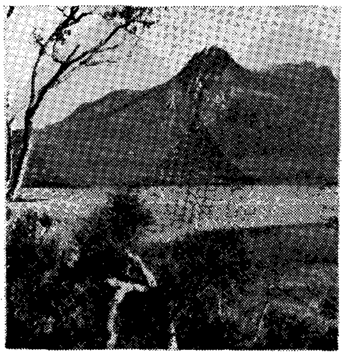

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through service with the Union Army, had acquired both literacy and experience of a wider world. Many such men were assassinated, and others driven away, until terror among blacks reached a peak in the violence surrounding the election of 1878, the first held after the withdrawal of federal troops from the South. With that, blacks had no further doubts about leaving home. Most of them hoped to go to Liberia, but they could not—and whites would not—pay for the transportation. Kansas was a second choice, and many emigrants endured appalling hardships to get there; in time, most did, and did indeed better their condition there.

THE DRAWINGS BY SANDRO BOTTICELLI FOR DANTE'S DIVINE COMEDY, with an introduction by Kenneth Clark (Harper & Row). Lord Clark points out that since the only other way to see these ninety-two late-fifteenth-century drawings in their entirety is to travel to the state museums of East and West Berlin (which have most of them) and to the Vatican Library (which has seven of them), it is a privilege to be able to see them all together in this carefully printed, elegant book. A privilege, it must be said, for those with the eyes of eagles. For people who have merely twenty-twenty vision, most of the pale, graceful lines of the metal-stylus drawings will be a challenge (even though they are reproduced here at three-quarters of their original size), and for the myopic they will seem like the fruit and drink of Tantalus. With the aid of a magnifying glass, however, one can indeed see that the biscuit-colored birthday cake on page 29 is an illustration of Hell, with minuscule sinners, not coconut, running down its sides. And so on. After a while, one becomes aware that the sublime airiness and simplicity of Botticelli's drawings meld perfectly with Dante's clear, economic writing (a translated text is provided on the pages facing the drawings), and though few works would be worth such effort, this one is. Fifty-five dollars.

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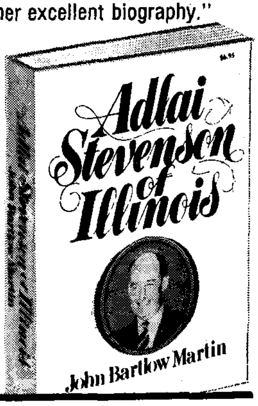

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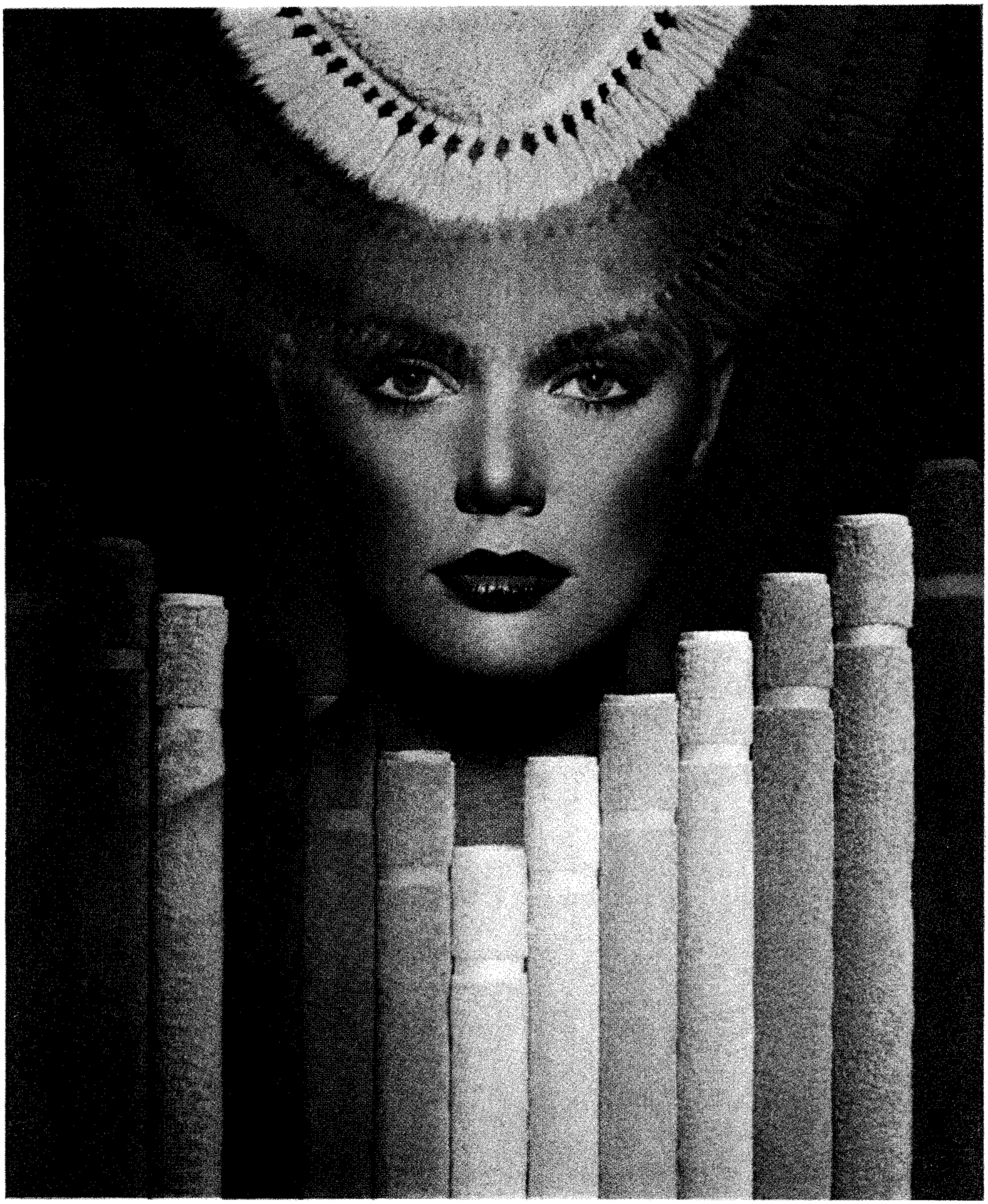

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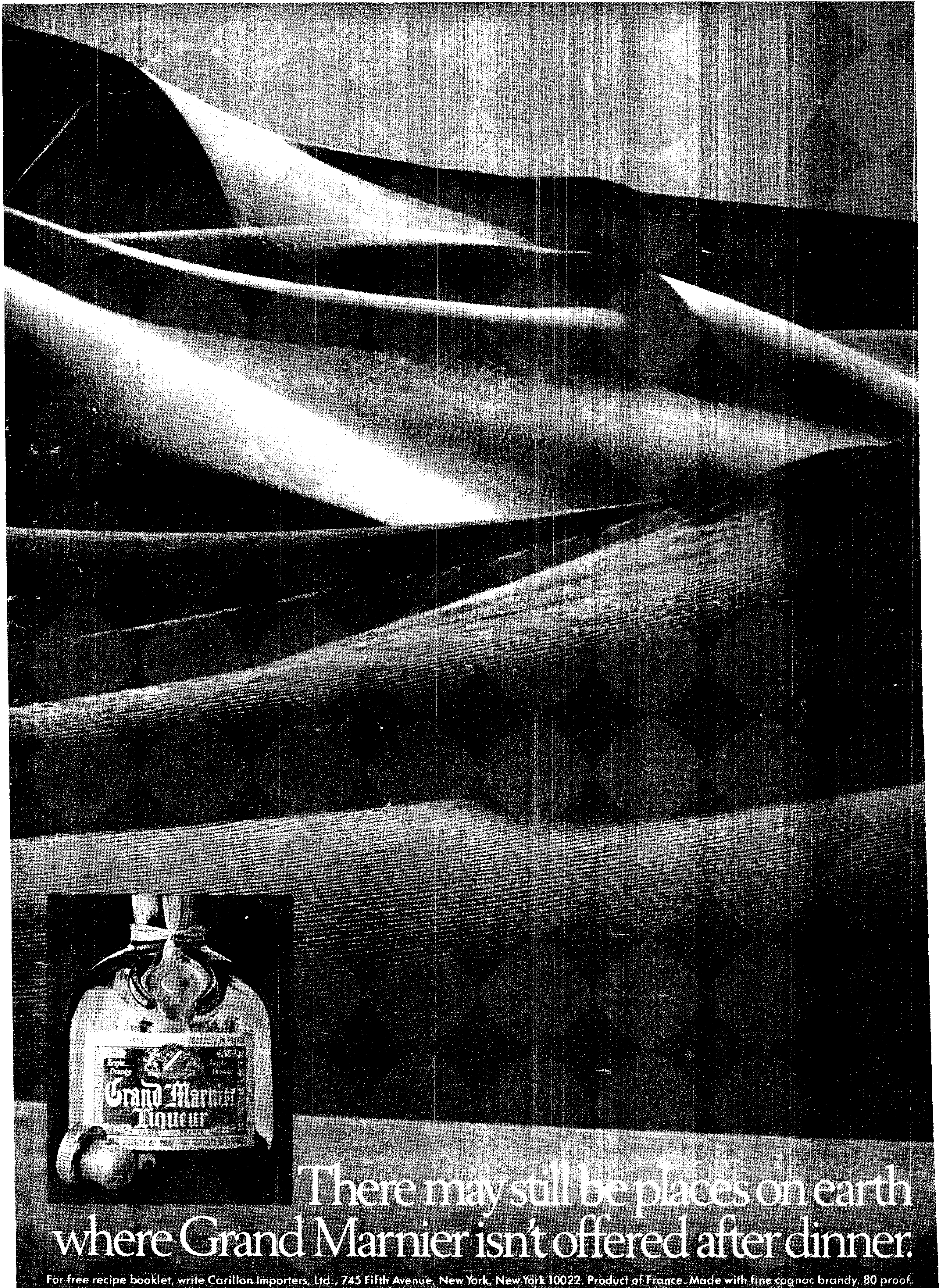

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